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THE
VOICE OF PITY
FOR
South America.

"And seeing the multitudes He had compassion on them,
because they were scattered abroad, as sheep having no
shepherd."

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1851.

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THE NEW YEAR AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

"God doth devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him."

THERE is something irresistibly touching in the first dawn of a New Year. To some it brings a deep feeling of sadness, as it ushers in strange scenes in the journey of life. To others it causes Hope to palpitate with fresh vigour, as another weight of the Past is flung aside, and the Future appears before them fresh, and clear, and beautiful. Whilst a few hail its coming—not with unmingled joy or sorrow, as regards their estimate of the Past or their hope for the Future—but with feelings of chastened solemnity and thankfulness, and with earnest aspirations, not merely to feel henceforth, but to *act*. It were not amiss, at such a moment, to invite the Christian Traveller to consider some of the objects upon which this practical thought may be well applied. In order to aid him in his investigation, let it be suppose^d

that there is placed before him a map. It is such an one as has not been sanctioned by geographical design, for it is a map consisting entirely of CIRCLES. There is an innermost one which closely surrounds that central spot which we suppose to be occupied by an individual man. Larger and larger the circles extend round each other, until the outermost is partially hidden by clouds, which conceal its Northern Pole.

That small central circle wound round the individual man is the sphere of HOME. If he who occupies the centre is a child of grace, there will be diffused from his sanctified spirit an atmosphere of holy love. The love of Christ which burns within him will attract towards it the band of kindred hearts around him, and that influence will be felt in daily kindness and forbearance, and above all will be earnest and untiring in prayers and efforts for the salvation of their precious souls.

That next circle, not far beyond the inner one, embraces those chosen friends and more distant relatives, towards whom, though it may be in a less degree, the influence proceeding from the centre is powerfully felt. Here there is scope for

many a word in season, many a helpful assistance, many a self-denying act of benevolence.

Beyond this, we fix the bonds of Christian Communion, that household of faith which, encircling each child of the chosen family with its privileges, draws largely upon his sympathies, his charities, and his labours of love.

Next comes the circle which Patriotism delineates, and which warmth of christian zeal will preserve unbroken in any of its parts. Its circumference will include, without distinction, every inhabitant of those favored Islands which Britons rejoice to call their home, and toward it will be attracted that love which, as occasion shall demand, will not merely clothe the naked and feed the hungry, but which will bring the Lamp of Truth to the darkness of ignorance and sin—which will point every son of England, Ireland, and Scotland (abroad as well as at home) to “the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”

There is yet the outermost circle, and we have done. “God hath made OF ONE BLOOD all nations of men, that dwell on the face of all the earth.” Here is the explanation we would offer you—

the furthest boundary of our map. What! will you exclaim, can it be that each single individual is in your sense encircled *by the world!* Can it be that his energies, his sympathies are bidden to expand around so large a range? Yes! Christian friends; you may not contract yourselves within a smaller limit. Have ye not heard of One made like unto you, His brethren, whose deep and sacrificing love, whilst it pervaded with matchless influence the innermost and its surrounding circles, reached in full power to the most distant? Neither mother, nor kindred, nor disciples, nor country was forgotten in His thoughts of mercy. But there was a wider sphere which He also embraced, and which He bid those who would own Him embrace also: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel TO EVERY CREATURE." Blessed be God! the Church has in a large measure fulfilled this message of her Lord. Yet has she failed to span its extended circumference. There are nations yet unreached by the influence of christian love—nations who have never even been told of that kind word which HE once spake for them, who yet remains, as far as they are concerned, their unknown Friend.

Can we then have a worthier object with which to consecrate this New Year than that of extending the circle of gospel influence to some of those poor neglected ones, who have been hitherto aliens and outcasts from all the privileges of Christianity? Does God, as a tender Father, so pity the forlorn wanderer as to devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him? and shall we, the recipients of a Father's bounty, feasting on the fatted calf and clad in the best robe, regard with indifference the heathen brother who is feeding on husks, who is, as regards the things of the kingdom, "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked"!

To such outcasts we would point you in South America. And will ye not, led on by the Good Shepherd, *devise means* that these banished be not longer expelled from your Father's house? Were ye not wanderers even as they are now? And have ye not in grateful remembrance the joy which burst in upon your souls when ye were first led into that favored enclosure which is marked by the footsteps of the flock? Have ye not often looked back upon that day when unmerited mercy was shown to you, and cherished the thought of

present bliss compared with past misery — of present safety compared with past danger — of present hope compared with past despair? Do not such grateful thoughts thus stirring within you, sometimes burst into a joyous song — such an one as will perhaps find expression in Bonar's beautiful strain—

I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled ;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold !

I was a wayward child,
 I loved afar to roam ;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love my home !

If it be so, (and for this blessed work we can only appeal to the hearts of those who have experienced the power of converting grace) then can you better own your Saviour's love to yourselves than by manifesting it to others? Let your sympathies reach to the full extent of His willingness to save. Forget not the innermost circle of domestic ties, nor the various spheres of friendship, country, and colony ; but give your hearts full

scope to expand to the very outermost circle of Humanity.

We have much to say to you for the great Semi-continent, for which, AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, we plead a share of this extended sympathy. We ask for it your consideration, your prayers, and your silver and gold. "The Lord giveth *liberally*." Ah! do ye not know it? Do ye not rejoice in the thought? Will *ye* not give liberally also?

We have said that our outermost circle was hidden at its highest Pole by clouds; and the idea which we would leave with you is this. When love is expanded so that it embraces earth—all the earth—every creature—then it becomes that blessed grace which, if we may so speak, forestalls its coming portion, and even here breathes the atmosphere of heaven. The circumference begun in the visible extends to the invisible. And what is true of the individual Christian may, in another sense, be also said to be true of the collected Church. "The gospel must be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, *and then shall the end come.*" In other words, when the Church has embraced

within her pale representatives of all nations, then shall the Church embrace her Lord. The circle whose first extension owed its origin to the message of an ascending Saviour, shall, when completed, reach round to that Saviour again; and happy in that day shall be the individual, happy the Church, which shall have diffused the warmest influence to its distant edge!

WHICH WAS THE DYING MAN?

OR, SKETCHES FROM TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

On a desolate, rock-bound shore, famished, homeless, and fainting lay a solitary man. He had just gathered up his little remaining strength to crawl from his lonely bed—

“Where no brother, nor sister, nor friend
was near

On their lov'd one's pale brow to let fall
the sad tear”—

with a last hope perchance that his glassy eye might even at that extremity catch some welcome

sign of human help at hand. But he looked in vain ; and the pulse grew feebler in its beatings ; and the breath began to pass away from the frail tenement which enclosed a living soul. It was the last struggle before emancipation !

That famished, homeless, fainting sufferer was even at that appalling moment watched over by Him whom having not seen he had loved. No earthly arms were supporting him, as he rested on his stony pillow ; but underneath him were the everlasting arms, and he was soon to prove (O how joyfully!) that even on that dreary spot there was a ladder upraised for him, by which he should be brought safe to Heaven. Yes ! that solitary stranger, brought nigh unto Jacob's God by the precious blood of His dear Son, was on the eve of awaking from his sleep on the cold ground to behold not the gate of heaven but Heaven itself : he was departing from a foreign land, and drawing near to his happy home. The sinking pulse, the failing breath were to him but the preludes of a blessed state of new existence, where Life should be no longer allied to Death—where the ransomed soul should enter into peace, and be for ever taken away from all evil to come.

The earthly house of his tabernacle was dissolving, but there was prepared for him a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens ; and though heart and flesh did fail, God was the strength of his heart, and his portion for ever.



Not many miles distant from this unfriendly beach, roaming over woody banks, climbing steep mountains, and crossing brooks and rivers, a stalwart hunter pursued his energetic occupation. The air resounded with the echo of his wild cry, and the terrified creatures of his search vainly sought to elude his sure and well-practised aim.

He was young and vigorous ; his muscular strength had never been enervated by luxury ; his step was firm and rapid ; and his eye, kindling with savage ferocity and intelligence, wandered to and fro over the scene of his march.

After satiating himself with spoil, he turned towards a rude tent — the home in which wives

and children were clustered, anxiously awaiting his arrival with the dainty morsel which should satisfy the claims of hunger. There he stood among them, scarcely bowed with a touch of weariness; and the evening repast was prepared and the abundant meal re-invigorated that powerful man for another morrow in the chase.

But there was written on that hunter's destiny these fearful words, "WITHOUT HOPE, AND WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD." Brought up in the land where Pagan darkness, like the chaos of old, reigns undisturbed, the living soul which his Creator had breathed into him was wrapped round with a thick veil of ignorance and sin. Of the fountain of Christ's blood, sufficient to wash away the guiltiest stain, he had never heard, and all his energies were engaged in provision for this poor perishing life. This life! O how short will it prove to him! Man in his *best* estate is altogether vanity: what then is he in his worst? This life! in every case it is but a vapour—a shadow—a fading flower.

Cast your eyes then again, my readers, on the suffering heir of immortality, as he lay on the desolate shore. Bring into comparison with

the vigorous but untutored savage, and then say-- Which was the dying man? And oh! if ye will confess that the heathen peopling the vast plains and islands of South America are *dying* — if ye contemplate for a moment what the death is to which they are hastening, can ye need any other plea quickly to send them LIVING WATERS!

**“WE CANNOT ATTEND TO NEW
CLAIMS.”**

Such is the reply with which an appeal for the Patagonian Missionary Society is often met. “There is so much work yet to be done by the larger Missionary Societies and so many calls at home that we do not feel inclined to support anything new.” “We are tired of religious meetings, first for one cause and then for another : it is impossible to give to everything.”

Such remarks as these give a fair specimen of that mistake into which many of the members of the Christian Church fall, with regard to the dis-

posals of their substance, and prove that they practically forget that all that they have is not their own but the Lord's. O how melancholy must be the state of heart when the Lord's stewards regard a fresh call for the money which He intrusted to them as a *tax*, instead of a privileged duty! They are willing to receive from the Giver of all good, gifts as large as He is pleased to bestow, but how seldom is the munificent donation poured back into the treasury of the Lord!

Of how little value does £20, £30, £50 appear when furniture, dress, or ornament is concerned—how costly does it become when it is asked on behalf of the perishing souls of men!

What is the real state of the case? If our money is not our own but God's, what right have we to refuse to give it when, by means of *any* opportunity for spreading His gospel, He sends to us for it? What we *give* to advance His kingdom is in fact the only part of our wealth which becomes truly *ours*—"a treasure in the heavens which faileth not"—a treasure which has no contingency; being transferred to a Bank divinely guaranteed against loss, and where the interest

bears no proportion to the capital for vastness. We have a command to this prudent self-interest: "LAY UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURE IN HEAVEN."

Let us ever remember that however gratifying it may be to the eye to look round on a well-furnished house, however the ornaments of that earthly home may delight the senses, however legitimate it may be to expend wealth in scientific apparatus, in works of art, in volumes of amusement, in park or pleasure-ground — these things will yield no profit in the next world; these things will, if we may so speak, be buried with us in our graves, whilst the simplest work done from love to Christ will be held in everlasting remembrance, and will bring joy to our souls when all earthly things shall have passed away. There is an abundant reward promised to the liberal soul, a reward not of debt (for what can our poor defiled services merit?) but of grace; and whilst we must ever feel the worthlessness of all we do, and keep our eyes fixed on the bleeding Lamb, trusting only to Him for salvation, who purifies both us and our works, and makes them through His spotless holiness

acceptable to God — we should be in earnest to obtain that reward and to be rich in good works.

Christian friends ! do not be afraid that an increase of your gifts to the Lord shall involve you in bankruptcy. Rather let the calls for such gifts take the *first* place in your calculations. You find yourselves able to meet an increased expenditure when it seems necessary for any worldly advantage, but when calls are made upon your purses for an extra sovereign for God's purposes, how grudgingly are they often met !

In the early days of Christianity men sold their possessions, and placed the proceeds at the feet of the Apostles, for distribution to any man as he had need. The principle was sound and christian-like, though its development in the same form is not practicable for all times. The principle, living and acting in the breasts of the children of God, would make them grateful for any opening presented to them, in which they might do good to the souls of men.

To apply these remarks to our present object, let us ask, What are we told with regard to Patagonia ? We are told that there exists, in its miles of territory, a race of men who are left un-

cared for to live and die in a state of heathenism. There is no room left for us to suppose that these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves, for the fact is broadly set before us that the unusually savage and ferocious character of these heathen, presenting no invitation for the gospel, has deterred the managers of Christian Missions from attempting their conversion. We believe this, on the part of the Church Missionary Society, to be a resolve of prudence. It has already a great work to do. Let it go on and prosper ! May God abundantly bless it in those fields which by its instrumentality are become already white unto the harvest !

Yet does the fact of such a resolve (however prudent) and the great necessity of the case become a strong reason to urge for especial and separate effort on behalf of the people in question. There are but two alternatives : we must leave them to their hopeless fate, or we must make self-denying efforts to relieve them. As long as Christians delay in sending them the gospel, so long does the work of Satan go on undisturbed—so long does the peopling of hell (except, as we may trust, in the case of dying infants) keep

pace in those regions with the peopling of earth. And can any christian sleep quietly with such a thought, if he has wealth within his reach which would materially aid in setting at work the machinery which is necessarily connected with a mission, and thus be the means of preaching to the perishing ones Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

O say not, "We cannot attend to new claims;" say rather, "This claim is so important that we *must* attend to it. Patagonia must not perish for want of gospel light! The silver and the gold, O Lord, is thine. Accept it as a freewill offering, and bless the work to which we rejoice to devote it!"

A GEOGRAPHICAL CHAPTER.

It is possible that some of our readers, hearing for the first time of the Patagonian Missionary Society, may enquire, And where is this Patagonia?

If our friends have access to a map of South America, and cast their eyes to its furthest ex-

tremity south, they will perceive that the continent narrows from the districts of La Plata and Chili until it terminates in almost a point. The narrow tract of country which this includes, from which the Island of Tierra del Fuego is separated by the well known Straits of Magellan, is PATAGONIA.

The name is said to have been bestowed on it by Fernando Magalhaens, the first discoverer of its eastern coast and of the Straits called by his name. It was derived from a tribe of savages called "Patagons" by him, and was afterwards extended to the whole tract south of the Spanish settlements. Its utmost central length from 37° S. lat. to the southernmost point of the Straits of Magellan 54° S. lat. is 1175 British miles. From the vast saline plains that skirt its eastern shore it is marked 'Comarca Desierta' or 'The Desert of Comarca' in the Spanish maps.

It has been ascertained by a recent traveller in South America, a Lieutenant in the United States' Navy, that the language spoken in Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia, in the South of Chili, and in the Pampas of La Plata is one and the same, viz :

the Mapuche language. From this it will be readily seen that when once the gospel is planted in Tierra del Fuego or Patagonia, there will be a large field over which its influence may spread, without encountering any of the obstacles which difference of speech necessarily causes. And you will also judge of the reason with which we hope that when, by the blessing of God, the Society is enabled to extend its branches so far upward, it shall then have the opportunity and the privilege of overleaping the Mapuche boundary, and in every district of South America of sowing the good seed of the kingdom.

In future numbers we purpose giving short descriptive accounts of the climate and scenery of this distant country, in order that our readers may gain some definite idea of the place towards which we would fain draw their sympathies and their efficient aid.

ANECDOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

THE RICH MERCHANT.

On one occasion a clergyman to whom Mr Thornton had promised some assistance to a cause in which he was deeply interested, called

at his counting house to receive the promised contribution. He sent in his name. While waiting, however, in the outer room, he was informed that Mr Thornton had that morning received intimation of a serious failure, involving the loss of no less a sum than £20,000. The clergyman regretted what he could not but believe was an ill-timed visit. In due time he was introduced. He informed Mr Thornton of his business, but apologized by saying that had he known of the loss he had sustained, he would not have called. Mr Thornton took him by the hand—"My dear Sir, the wealth I have is not mine but the Lord's. It may be that He is going to take it out of my hands, and give it to another. *It is a reason why I should make a good use of what is left.*" He then doubled the subscription.

THE POOR BLIND MAN.

A blind man in America, who was exceedingly poor, earned his living by the sale of a few books, which he carried from house to house. In the course of his rounds he called upon a kind gentleman, who not only bought some of his books but gave him besides a little gift of money—two shillings. On the next Sabbath, there was a collection in the church which he attended, for building churches elsewhere. The blind man was much stirred in his mind. He wished to contribute his two shillings, and yet feared that his benefactor might feel that he did wrong to give away his means of livelihood. Benevolence prevailed: he placed the money in the plate! There were hundreds and thousands of shillings given on that occasion, but this was the most *valuable* gift of all—it was all he had.

GLEANINGS OF THOUGHT.

WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED DAY.—Awake to duty ! Remember that the night cometh, and that in its deep shadow no man can work. Then be busy while the light lasts, *for the shadows are growing long*. Be earnest, O my brother, in your brief day's task, for the sunset reckoning may be near at hand !

THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.—Have you laid hold by faith of the great salvation provided in the gospel ? Have you done for God what you might have done, or what you have intended to do ? Have you done for a perishing world and a struggling church as you were sacredly bound to do ?

INFLUENCE.—Man's influence survives him. It has no shroud—no burial. It will live and work for centuries to come. We are, every one of us, doing that, every day, every hour, which will survive us, and which will affect for good or for evil those who come after us. In this view how important is it to make a right use of every opportunity which is given us to be made a blessing to others !

THE GOSPEL.

In seasons of profound distress,
 When cares innumerable press,
 And earthly scenes are wrapped in gloom,
 What comes, the prospect to illume?
 The Gospel.

What points us to the narrow road
 That upward leads to Heaven's abode?
 What tells us as we journey on
 That we must look to Christ alone?
 The Gospel.

What speaks of love transcending thought,
 Salvation for lost sinners bought,
 Free grace that meets us when we stray
 And proves sufficient day by day?
 The Gospel.

What tames the savage, makes him mild,
 What purifies the heart defiled—
 And comes majestic to control
 The wayward passions of the soul?
 The Gospel.

And shall we not to others give
 That lamp in whose blest light we live,
 Shall we not far and wide diffuse
 While mercy lasts, that glorious news
 The Gospel.

Yes! let us heart and hand unite
 Where'er the curse has spread its blight
 To send to every child and man
 Sin's antidote, Love's wondrous plan
 The Gospel!

STONES CAST OUT OF THE WAY.

"When there is not the will, then complainings arise,
The task is too hard to be done ;
But when there's the will, there are no fears and sighs,
The work is directly begun."

PERHAPS it was with too strong a feeling of complacency, that we imagined our New Year's Appeal for Patagonia irresistible. We fondly hoped that steering our course along the King's highway, following the simple track of Christian principle, and guided by the pole-star of Christian love, we should have encountered no opposition bearing on the worthiness of our object, but that rather our brethren would have rejoiced to have journeyed on with us—

‘One in heart, in interest, in design’—

when we asked them to give their support to that human instrumentality by which, if owned by a blessing from on high, the ends of the earth may see the salvation of our God.

But we have discovered that we were too sanguine ; and instead of having before us a smooth and even path, we find that our road is thickly crowded with stumbling-blocks—some of

which are of so massive an appearance that not a few of our fellow-travellers have been seriously dismayed by them, and others have refused to let their sympathies or their purses be decoyed into such a doubtful and dangerous direction.

We feel quite sure that however opposition to a good cause (as we have already hinted in our motto) may be traced to the want of an earnest will, on the part of Christians, to go beyond their usual track even in the service of God—that primarily it is the work of a hidden but most active agent, who is not yet tired of resistance to the preaching of the gospel. We may believe that such resistance is plied with unusual energy when any fresh attack upon his dominion is planned—when the places where he has reigned alone are threatened with tidings of ‘another King, one Jesus ;’ and that at the moment when Christians are gathering up their forces, and are about to herald the Saviour as King of kings and Lord of lords, the Prince of this world is everywhere opposing them, in order that his captives may not be wakened at the sound of ‘the name which is above every name.’

‘Yes!’ we say, as we look round upon the stumbling-blocks, ‘AN ENEMY HATH DONE THIS.’ But, by God’s help, the enemy’s work may be frustrated ; and for the sake of keeping up the courage of our firm friends, and for winning back

deserters, we will endeavour to cast a few of these stones out of the way.

We will begin with one that has been flung in our path by many. It is this—"The past history of the Patagonian Missionary Society proves it to have been a rash undertaking; and as we do not yet see that there is a sufficient opening for the preaching of the Gospel there, it appears to be but a waste of money to aid it, and will most probably only become the means of further waste of life."

Taking, then, these points separately, we find the first objection to be of this nature: "The past history of the Patagonian Missionary Society proves it to have been a rash undertaking."

Although we are not going to say that no want of prudence could possibly have mingled with Captain Gardiner's burning zeal to carry the gospel to the benighted tribes of South America, (there is ever an allowance to be made on the score of human frailty,) yet it does seem to us a heartless and a thankless reflection, made by the Christian who is at home at ease, upon the earnest and simple-minded efforts of the devoted man and his coadjutors, who planned, and to the best of their ability carried out, the mission to Patagonia.

Is failure in a good scheme the unerring proof of rashness? Is disaster the test by which we

may judge of a man's course of action? If it be, then we are no longer to behold God's favored children in adversity—no longer are we to recognise the presence of a thwarting foe, when we are engaged in the work of the Lord—no longer are we to own the blessed truth, that our heavenly Father chastens his sons even grievously, for their profit.

A brief recapitulation of the circumstances connected with the work begun in Patagonia, will, perhaps, better enable our readers to judge for themselves as to its nature.

As long ago as the year 1821, whilst serving as Lieutenant in H.M.S. *Dauntless*, Allen Gardiner—then a very young man—was impressed with the idea that some attempt should be made for the spiritual benefit of the independent Indian population of South America. A missionary spirit thus ardently kindled within him, led him to use every opportunity which he could gain, in visiting many parts of South America. In these journeys, he was forcibly struck with the aboriginal inhabitants existing on the borders of Chili and Buenos Ayres, because they had never, like the tribes of the interior, been brought under Papal influence. He argued from this that they would be more open to the reception of gospel truth, and that with them rested the hope of eventually undermining Jesuitism in the whole of South America.

On his return to England, he endeavoured to interest Christians in their behalf; but proving unsuccessful, he was obliged, for the time, to give up his plans for their benefit, and it was not until after having turned his own missionary labours into another channel, viz: South Africa, that he was, by a providential occurrence, led again to visit the country which awakened his first hopes.

With a great deal of personal sacrifice, and amid much disappointment, sickness, and difficulty, he spent a great part of several years in travels through different parts of South America, ever keeping in view *one object*—to make search for openings for the gospel. The result of these journeys was the increased conviction that the strongholds of Popery could not be immediately attacked, and that the Indian tribes which at first excited his attention were alone accessible to Protestant missionaries.

Again returning to England, and being again disappointed in finding that the Church Missionary and other kindred Societies were not prepared to undertake a new mission of any sort, and not being able to give up the cause of these poor heathen, he tried the effect of a general appeal to the Church of England. The result of this was **THE BIRTH OF THE PATAGONIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**

A few friends at Brighton, where Captain Gar-

diner resided, met together, and out of them a Committee was formed to promote the Christian object of a mission to the Patagonian Indians, in the hope that afterwards it would be extended to many other tribes of South America. It was agreed that the Society should be conducted, both as respects doctrine and discipline, in conformity with the Church Missionary Society; and the expectation was cherished that it might, at some future period, become the adopted child of that noble institution.

A sum of money, only sufficient to pay the expenses of one missionary, being raised, Captain Gardiner, with his accustomed liberality, offered to accompany him at his own cost. This first mission to Patagonia, as well as another pioneering attempt at Tierra del Fuego, was discouraging as to its immediate fruit, but yet profitable, inasmuch as it so far ascertained the rapacious and cunning character of the natives, as to prove that the idea of a mission settlement among them in their then uncivilized state, must be abandoned, and that the only chance of success and safety for the missionaries rested in their being provided with sufficient accommodation, in the way of boats, for keeping their property on the water, and by gradually and cautiously working their way among the barbarous people on the shore. Captain Gardiner, *at that time*, though he named

boats, said how much better a Vessel of 80 or 100 tons would be for the purpose, but this alas! he knew was entirely beyond the means of the Society to provide.

At the time of his leaving on this occasion, he thus beautifully writes. "Long after we had quitted our snug anchorage, my glass was directed towards Banner Cove; and although both it and Picton Island have passed from my view, and are now far sunk beneath the horizon, I trust that it is not the last farewell which I have taken of these interesting shores, but that ere long, by the blessing of God upon our exertions at home, a mission upon a suitable footing may be established there, and the banner of the Cross displayed because of the truth. From all that I have heard, and what I have now seen, it is my full conviction that there is no impediment in the way of commencing a mission to those islanders, beyond those which might be expected under similar circumstances—that the door is as completely open for the labors of a missionary either in Picton, or Lennox, or New Island, as could be desired, with the exception above referred to, viz: *that the Mission establishment, for the present, must be afloat.*"

Former experience having thus helped him to this decision, he again made untiring efforts in Germany, Scotland, and England to obtain more

friends and more funds for his philanthropic scheme; and at length his heart was cheered by the munificent donation to the Society of One Thousand Pounds from Miss Cook, of Cheltenham, and the willingly offered services of Catechists and crew for his Mission boats.

Ah! had he not laboured long and faithfully? and ought Christian brethren at home to have suffered that earnest heart to have yearned so long in vain? Was it a praiseworthy thing for so many years to have, as it were, tried to 'starve out' his Christian zeal? We think not. We think that instead of the two Mission boats which could but barely promise security and shelter, it would have reflected more credit upon England and England's Church had she spontaneously and liberally provided the heroic Captain and his devoted band with one of her best 'Hearts of Oak!'

But it was not so done for one of her noblest sons, and cheerfully and hopefully taking what was given, he, the storm-tossed soldier of the cross, tried again to cheer poor dark Fuegia with the blessed light of the gospel. **AND HE PERISHED IN THE ATTEMPT.** The boats proved quite inefficient as protection to the party. The supplies of food from every quarter failed. There was no means by which relief could be obtained, and the Missionary hero became the

Martyr, and laid his bones where he had hoped to plant his faith.

Shall such a course be characterized as rashness—a course which a thinking mind had planned through years of investigation and experience? O forbid the thought! Let Captain Gardiner's fate rather reflect upon those who drew back from his help—who would not give him the means of being as prudent as they now say he ought to have been—who would not enable the Society, who protected him to the utmost of their power, to supply a more liberal equipment and a more plentiful table to such a valuable man.

We have flung aside the charge of rashness; let us come to objection the 2nd. "There is not sufficient opening for the Gospel, even now, in Tierra del Fuego; and it will be a waste of money, and perhaps a further waste of life, to attempt to introduce it." In other words, "Let these heathen perish without an effort to save them."

"With the precedents of New Zealand and the South Seas," writes Dr. Hamilton, "There is nothing in the treachery, the barbarism, nor even in the cannibalism of these nations to make a Christian philanthropist despair. Whilst, in their position as a possible inlet to the vast Indian population of the mainland, there is a *powerful inducement to early and untiring*

effort." * * * "Besides their lessons of self-devotion, (he thus alludes to Captain Gardiner and his companions,) HAVE NOT THESE GOOD CONFESSORS LEFT TO THE CHURCH A LEGACY OF DUTY? Have not their writings, so remarkably preserved, come back from the ends of the earth as a cry to go over and help these poor degraded Indians?"

The objection raised from the hazardous nature of the undertaking, and the supposed sacrifice of life which is involved in a new attempt to evangelize this distant country, has less foundation in reason than in imagination. Imagination conjures up the harrowing tale of Captain Gardiner's miserable death, and retains it as *the certain type* of all that is hereafter to result from Missionary labour—Reason, on the contrary, points to other scenes which in early years commencing with disaster, are now bright with success and hope. Nor has it merely *this inference* on which to rely.

The plan of the mission to Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, is now so matured by past experience, that excepting those difficulties always attendant on the commencement of Missionary work, and providential hindrances which may be permitted to arise, no obstacles are expected.

The Missionary party instead of being cast upon a savage Island to perish, are to be located

among *their own people*—the Falkland Islands, a British settlement being selected as their resting-place; these Islands furnishing in abundance all the necessaries of life, and being under the protection of a resident English Governor. In order the more fully to ensure all the care that is necessary, a Captain in the Navy, who has resided several years in the Falklands, is purposely going there for two years to give his assistance to the first arrangement of the Mission, and superintend the buildings which will be necessary for it.

Between the Falkland Islands and Tierra del Fuego, there is a distance only of about from 30 hours' to 3 days' sail, and until some blessing is given to the first efforts, the Missionaries will only visit the natives at intervals, giving their goodwill by means of barter, and obtaining from them a few of their children and youths to instruct in their schools. For this purpose, the vessel to be named THE ALLEN GARDINER is now building, and it is hoped, that as soon as she is ready to be used in the important work, there will be no delay needed, but that the funds required will have been raised.

The objection alluded to in our last number, "that the Mission to Patagonia ought to be included in the General Missionary Society is answered by the fact, that the Church Missionary

Society has declared itself unable to undertake it, on account of its peculiar difficulties. The few devoted men whose Christian sympathies have been awakened on behalf of South America, have sought earnestly to get it included in the scope of Missionary labour, which is under the direction of the Church Missionary Society. But this large Society has already so many fields calling for all its zealous labourers, (China for instance—the Punjaub, &c.) that it cannot spare the force necessary for the difficult and (as we trust it will eventually prove) *extensive* Mission to South America. At all events, the present feeling of the Committee is this, “We cannot include it in our Missions until *a work of grace is begun* there.” Such a decision (doubtless wisely made) clearly points the way for *separate effort*, unless the thousands of South America are still to be left to perish.

Reviewing the whole case, we cannot but conclude that the strong desire in the hearts of many of God’s people, to send the Gospel to those benighted regions, which no opposition will quench—which has survived through disappointments and disasters, calculated to give the death-blow to any mere enthusiastic scheme, is OF GOD, and is the earnest of the dawning of light.

Another fact not to be disregarded is this—

Not only are the friends of the Patagonian Missionary Society desirous to *send*, but Missionaries are ready to *go*. The Secretary has already received several offers unsolicited, from men, who in the full knowledge of all the scenes of suffering which have passed, are not afraid to undertake this Christian enterprise.

Should there not then be a readiness, instead of an unwillingness to give the *least*, (silver and gold) when others are waiting to give the *greatest* (themselves and their labours) to this work of the Lord?*

TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

The Archipelago known by the name of TIERRA DEL FUEGO consists of almost numberless islands of different magnitudes, lying between $52^{\circ} 30' S.$, the latitude of Cape Orange, and $55^{\circ} 58' 30''$, the latitude of Cape Horn; and in longitude extending from Cape Diego $65^{\circ} 7\frac{1}{2}'$ west, to Cape Victory $74^{\circ} 58'$ west, being a range in British miles from North to South of 208, and from East to West of 350.

The largest island of the group, which is properly TIERRA DEL FUEGO, is many times larger than all the rest put together: in form resembling a V, with its point toward the S.E.; and contained

* See Advertisement on last page of Wrapper.

by the South Atlantic on the East, the Beagle Channel on the South, Magalhaen's Straits, Magdalen Channel, and Cockburn Channel on the North, whilst the hollow in the midst is formed by Admiralty Sound.

The next largest island, lying South-west of the former, is of somewhat similar shape, only its apex is turned westward, and its hollow lies to the East. This is called **HOSTE ISLAND**, after Admiral Sir William Hoste. In a wide opening between Hoste Island and Tierra del Fuego Proper, is **NAVARIN ISLAND**; and these two form the south wall of Beagle Channel.

At the entrance of Nassau Bay, formed by Hoste and Navarin Islands, is **WOLLASTON ISLAND**. **GORDON ISLAND** divides the Beagle Channel at the western entrance into two arms, and beyond this, to the west, are **LONDONERRY ISLANDS**. The rest being small need not be named in this sketch.

Tierra del Fuego was first discovered by that enterprising Portuguese navigator, Fernando de Magalhães or Magalhaens, (the last is the native way of spelling the name, though the English, following the French, call him Magellan.) This was about the 20th October, 1620.

He gave the name of Tierra del Fuego (Portuguese for 'Land of Fire') to the country, from observing the smoke ascending from the shore;

being produced by the signal fires which the natives make from cove to cove to summon their numbers to assemble for different purposes.

Our countryman, Sir Francis Drake, was the first navigator who sailed to the south of Tierra del Fuego, and saw Cape Horn, in 1578. But Schouten, a Dutchman, in the 17th century, sailed between Staten Island (named by him after the United States of Holland) and Tierra del Fuego, in the channel called after Jacob Le Maire, the son of his owner. The same adventurer fixed the position of the southern point of the archipelago, and called it **CAPE HORN**, after Hoorn, in Holland, his native place. The correct date of this is 1616. A Spanish expedition under the command of two brothers, Bartolomeo Gracia de Nodal and Gonzales de Nodal, completed the circumnavigation of Tierra del Fuego, in 1618.

The discovery of Nassau Bay took place in 1623, when the Nassau Fleet, commanded by Admiral Jacob l' Hermites entered it, and at the same time, Orange Bay and Schappenham Bay were named after the Stadtholder and the Vice Admiral of the fleet.

A party, sent to examine the neighbouring coast, reported that **TIERRA DEL FUEGO** was divided into several islands—that without doubling Cape Horn, a passage into the South Sea might be effected through Nassau Bay, which was open to

the east as well as to the west—and that through some of these openings, it was presumed, ships might penetrate into the straits of Magellan.

(To be continued.)

“HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.”

We think we cannot more fitly introduce two anecdotes which have reached us, exemplifying the truth of these words in reference to Captain Gardiner, than by placing before our readers a quotation from a sermon of the Rev. Henry Melvill, from which we hope much encouragement may be drawn even from that dark dispensation which, for a time, shattered the hopes of the Patagonian Missionary Society.

Referring to Phil. i. 12 to 14, he thus writes. “It was as a captive that St. Paul mastered rulers, and with his chain that he struck off their fetters. We cannot but think that a great lesson was thus given us, as to God’s power of overruling evil ‘for good, of producing the most signal results, when the employed instrumentality appears the least adequate. How ready are we to lament over what we call a mysterious dispensation, as the Roman Christians may have done over the imprisonment of St. Paul. But who shall say that it does not often come to pass, that the minister preaches far

more effectually from his sick bed than ever he did from his pulpit? * * * * Or again, was it whilst they were free to move through a land, and to wrestle boldly with prevailing errors and superstitions, that martyrs and confessors did the most for the cause of God and of truth? Was it not rather when they were actually within the clutches of the persecutor, pining in dungeons, or dragged to the scaffold? The flame which consumed them, prevailed most to the scattering the spiritual darkness, AND THEIR DUST WAS AS SEED, WHENCE MORAL VERDURE SPRANG. A true Christian is never (to use a common expression) laid by. God makes use of him in sickness and in health, in life and in death; and the influence which proceeds from him when languishing on his couch, reduced to poverty, or overwhelmed with affliction, is often incomparably greater than when, in the fulness of his strength, with every engine at his disposal, he moved amongst his fellow-men, and took the lead in each benevolent enterprise. It is on sick-beds that the sustaining power of Christianity is most displayed; it is amid multiplied troubles that its professed comforts are put to the proof; it is *by dying men* that its best promises are shewn to have been indeed made by God.

“And even when the grave has closed upon a righteous man, is it not often true that ‘he, being dead, yet speaketh?’ His memory admonishes and

encourages, and that, too, more powerfully than even his living example."

Of this the two following anecdotes are striking illustrations.

THE REPORTER.

The Rev. Mr Hoare, late of Ramsgate, now of Tunbridge Wells, was once travelling with a man, who appeared, by his conversation, to be quite an infidel.

Some months after, he again met with the same person. He was surprised to find his conversation completely changed. The scoffer had ceased to scoff: the infidel had begun to believe. Mr H. remarked upon it, and told him how much his former conversation had pained him. The man assented, and immediately added "I am a reporter to the *Daily News*, and in preparing the account of Captain Allen Gardiner's death, this thought struck me—'Surely all this faith and confidence *must* have a foundation.' The impression remained on my mind; I was led to thought and prayer; and I am now humbly relying, with a full hope, on that Saviour he loved to serve."

A POPISH ARGUMENT ANSWERED.

A Baronet, in the Isle of Wight, was lying on a bed of death. His son, a pervert to Popery, visited him, and endeavored to induce him to leave the Church of England for Antichristian Rome.

Among other arguments, by which he tried to support the Divine authority of the latter—the zeal shewn by its missionaries, and their readiness to meet death in its cause, was quoted by the son.

“Hold!” said the father, “WHILST WE HAVE THE RECENT DEATH OF CAPTAIN GARDINER BEFORE US, WE NEED NEVER LEAVE THE CHURCH WHICH HAS BORNE HIM!”

MEETINGS ON BEHALF OF THE PATAGONIAN MISSIONS.

We are gratified to be able to state that the Society has had attentive audiences and encouraging collections at Rugby, Great Grimsby, Beverly, Leamington, Barnet, Brighton, Birkenhead, Glasgow, and Edinburgh during the month.

At Brighton, the Association has been resuscitated under Sir Thomas Blomefield, as President, and Paul Foscett, Esq. as Secretary.

The Clergymen present were the Rev. C. D. Maitland, the Rev. — Lancaster, the Rev. E. B. Elliott, the Rev. W. Marsh, and the Rev. G. P. Despard, Honorary Secretary. Captain Sullivan, who has spent some considerable time in the country, gave an interesting account of the natives of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego.

FAITH, THE OVERCOMER OF DIFFICULTIES.

"Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
 And looks to that alone;
 Laughs at impossibilities,
 And says, 'It shall be done.'"

Once, in those days when Godhead, veiled in flesh, Christ the Lord, went about among men on earth, doing good, came a poor man to Him, craving the employment of his miraculous power to cure his son of a sad complaint. His words were, 'Lord, if Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us.' The Lord replied, 'IF THOU CANST BELIEVE: all things are possible to him that believeth.' (Mark ix. 22, 23.)

We come spiritually before the Lord, with feelings of compassion in our hearts for tens of thousands of our fellow-sinners, wandering over the Llanos, the Gran Chaco, the Pampas, the waste plains of Patagonia, and the rock-bound shores of Tierra del Fuego: and we desire of Him that healing power may be put forth in the preaching of the word unto those poor heathen. Let us not, then, doubt His power, but believe His assurance, and hope for His compliance with our prayers.

All things are possible to them that believe! Yes! it is possible, if the Almighty Breaker go

before us, to pass through whatever exalts itself against our confident advance, whether that be the political barrier of Roman Catholic States, the physical impediment of desert coasts, the long-cherished antipathy to white men of Araucanian warriors, the wandering habits of Patagonian nomads, or the boisterous gale of Fuegian cliffs.

Yes! it is possible, if Jesus whisper into the heart of Christians at home, 'Remember me' to rouse them who are *asleep* over their *privileges*, to sow to the Spirit in gifts of the treasure which passeth away, for conversion of the perishing souls of the heathen, that they may reap of the same Spirit, at that great day, eternal life.

Yes! it is possible, for them that believe, to find men of like mind with our beloved Gardiner and his six fellow-labourers, and willing to go and search in South America for the tribes dispersed through it, and try to bring them by the call of the gospel, as long wandering sheep, unto the fold of the One Shepherd.

Yes! it is possible, for them that believe, by the word of Christ's gospel, applied by the Holy Spirit, to soften the hard heart of the savage, to unbind his mind from millennial fetters unto a free expatiation on the ways of wisdom and truth; to change the spring of his actions, by substituting the love of God and man in place of nature's instructive impulses; to refine his habits; and to

release his hope of post-mortal good from the prospect of hunting-grounds and licentious indulgences unto certain assurances of a pure heaven, in presence of the most holy God.

Only let us not doubt, but with faith and perseverance use the appointed means, and this generation shall not pass away without the cheerful tidings reaching our ears—‘**THAT GOD HATH TO THESE GENTILES GRANTED REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE!**’ *From “Hope Deferred not Lost,” by the Rev G. P. Despard.*

HOPE FOR FUEGIA.

Rev. vii. 9, 10.

Mark xvi. 15.

When the belov'd Apostle saw,
 In vision round the throne,
 A countless throng of ransom'd souls,
 Redeem'd by grace alone :
 Think not, that earth's remotest bounds—
 The wild Fuegian shore—
 Had yielded up no chosen ones,
 Their Saviour to adore !
 Of every people, nation, tongue,
 The Church elect shall be !
 And is there not, O Christian man !
 A voice in this to thee ?
 How shall these distant ones believe
 Without the preached word ?
 How shall they learn to trust in Him
 Of whom they never heard ?

How shall the messengers of peace,
Though ready now they stand,
 Go forth, unaided and unsent,
 To that benighted land?
 Awake then brother!—sister wake!
 Nor slumber at thy post;
 With gold and silver speed the bark
 That seeks FUGIA'S coast!

Say not, it is a barren soil—
 A waste and desert place—
 Nor think there's any thing too hard
 For all-subduing grace!
 Remember well how Jesus strove
 Thy stubborn heart to win;
 How long He waited at the door
 'Ere thou would'st let him in.

But now that love, with sweet constraint,
 Hath gain'd an entrance there,
 And 'Lord, what would'st Thou have me do?'
 Becomes a daily pray'r—
 His parting word shall answer be—
 "GO INTO ALL THE WORLD,
 "AND LET THE BANNER OF MY CROSS
 "BE EVERY WHERE UNFURL'D."

"Preach the glad tidings far and wide,
 "To earth's remotest bound;
 "Nor rest till all from north to south,
 "Have heard the gracious sound!
 "Lo! I am with thee—is not that
 "Security for thee?
 "Come life, come death, 'twere gain to die
 And find thy crown with Me!"

Daniel xii. 3.

GLEANINGS.

No church can be true to Christ, the Great and Living Head of all His churches, which is not a missionary church ; and I should be a faithless and thankless member of the Church of England, if I were to disregard the parting charge of our Divine Redeemer: "Go preach the gospel to every creature."

Rev. C. B. Taylor.

I TRUST I speak to Christian men, who remember that the Lord of Glory came from His throne of splendour, suffered, bled, died, and rose again that we might live. Recollect, my dear Christian friends, what Christ has done for you : and when I ask your expressions of aid, recollect that question, "HOW MUCH OWEST THOU UNTO MY LORD?" Remember, too, that when you have given all, you have given but an inadequate specimen of what you ought to give. Recollect, also, that "*it is more blessed to give than to receive.*" Now, just test that maxim—make the experiment. No man's Christianity is at its right pitch, who does not feel it a greater joy to give a sovereign than to get one. You will always find that the men who are always giving are always growing happy, and that the men who are always hoarding are never happy men. The more a man approximates to a miser, the more miserable he becomes ; and therefore *miser*, or rather *miserimus*, is his proper name.

Rev. J. Cumming, D.D.

NONE BUT JESUS.

"Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

How extensive is the view which this short sentence gives us of the love of Jesus! What a vast sweep does His divine compassion take in our wretched and ruined world! The Son of God stands alone; and with the whole calamity of Earth exposed before Him in its every minutest delineation, He undertakes unaided the whole rescue.

Yes! broad as the expanse of the wide field of creation, wherever the lofty mountain-top meets the first sunbeam, wherever the smiling valley glistens with the morning dew-drop, wherever the sea with its own magnificent melody causes the firmament above it to vibrate with waves of song, wherever the river runs cheerfully through fields of pasture or by the dwellings of man—in the land of perpetual sunshine, and in the land of perpetual snow,—in the deep solitudes of arid deserts, where but here and there a homeward traveller pursues his march, and in the thickly peopled cities, where man is full of energy, and

enlivened by companionship—wherever a human soul dwells, or rests, or journeys—wherever there is air, and light, and life, the daily proofs to us that our abode is still ‘under heaven’—*there* is the name of Jesus given to us, whereby we may be saved.

It is a blessed thought, whenever with pitying eyes we glance at this lost world’s misery, whenever with earnest love we seek to bring a wanderer back to his forgotten Father—we ask, *Is there hope?* and the words which thrill through our hearts are, “THERE IS A NAME GIVEN, WHEREBY WE MAY BE SAVED.” Yes! and that name is offered not to a solitary country, a solitary man, but to every country “*under heaven*,” and without distinction declared “*among men*.” The grace is free, the salvation full and complete, and we rejoice to take up the gospel invitation—“WHOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME.”

But we pause. “There is *none other name*.” Do these words fall upon our souls with their full emphasis? Do we read them in their simple meaning, and not attempt to explain them away? And have we, by means of them, come to be persuaded of the solemn truth that every soul who has not come before God with “*the name of Jesus*” is a lost soul?

Men reason often subtilly about the state of the heathen. They say, “Surely God will not pun-

ish those who have never believed, because they have *never heard* the name of Jesus." Such reasoning is unscriptural. God says, "Neither is there salvation in any other." He says likewise, "Let the heathen know this." There is no injustice, therefore, on the part of God. The cruelty lies with those who have received the message, and withhold it from those poor perishing ones—who, in spite of God's declaration, whisper quietly to themselves, "They shall not surely die," and leave so many of them to their fate.

We are not underrating the missionary efforts which are already made when we speak thus, but we say that the neglect of *one heathen*, without the most self-denying efforts to give him the knowledge of salvation, can by no means be justified in the sight of God.

THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME WHICH CAN BRING SALVATION BUT THE NAME OF JESUS. Reader, do you believe this? Has this name sounded sweetly in your ears? Have you forgotten your own worthless name, and asked God to forget it, and do you come before Him only with the name of Jesus? Then let your sense of its preciousness lead you to speak of it to others, and where you cannot speak of it yourself, help others to speak of it.

When any one tells you that he wishes to

gladden some dark land with the sound of the name of Jesus, do not turn away and say, "I have helped to send that name to so many lands already, that I cannot aid in spreading it any further." Do not answer, "That land is a smaller land than others; there are not perhaps in it more than 100,000 inhabitants." Would you coolly, as far as you are concerned, give over 100,000 precious souls to be lost? Would you, with a kind Christian heart consign 100,000 of those for whom your Saviour died, to the bottomless pit, when you might be the means of sending to them salvation, forgiveness, eternal life?

Perhaps you have never, in this serious light, considered your refusal to give your help to any particular work of the Lord. But we would ask you prayerfully to weigh the matter, and decide for yourselves. Is it right to refuse, from any secondary motives, to do all you can to aid in sending the gospel to every land? Is it right because you have sent the gospel to China, to be careless about sending it to Fuegia?

You are not asked to plan the scheme which shall make Christ known to this distant land; others, full of love to your Master, have done this for you. But you are asked to help, as you are enabled by Him who has given you all good things both for soul and body, to help in carrying out the scheme, to freight the ship which will soon

be ready to embark, to provide for the missionaries who are willing to venture to their arduous post. You are asked to give as large a proportion as you can afford of the £3000 which is needed for an effective mission to Tierra del Fuego, whose object shall be to tell its benighted islanders that to them, as well as to us, is given **ONE NAME ONLY BY WHICH THEY MAY BE SAVED.**

FUEGIA BASKET AND HER COMPANIONS.

CHAPTER I.

The Missing Boat.

IN the early part of the year 1830, as well as in preceding years, H.M.S. *Beagle* was employed in a surveying voyage on the coast of South America. The enterprise was by no means an easy one. In strange lands travellers must expect to encounter strange vicissitudes; and so it happened to the captain and crew who manned the *Beagle*. Not merely had they to struggle with the tempests of the ocean—the trial of long exposure to the dan-

gers of the sea, but the coast which they were appointed to investigate was unusually perilous, and the natives who peopled it unusually barbarous.

The ship had touched at Monte Video for awhile, on making her passage from England, and it was decided that her first survey should be directed to the southern coasts of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, including the Strait of Magalhaens. It was at the conclusion of this survey that the following incident occurred.

On an unpromising morning, with respect to weather, in the month of February, a trusty deputy was sent, by order of the commander of the expedition, on his way to Cape Desolation, to search for a good harbour. A fine whale-boat was his conveyance; and as he knew well how to guide its helm, he was considered (as far as human skill could ensure it) perfectly safe, notwithstanding the increase, towards the evening, of the threatened gale.

During the days that elapsed from his quitting the ship, some little anxiety was felt about him, but it was quelled by the assurance of his skilful management. What then was the surprise and vexation of the whole party on board the *Beagle*, when, about nine days after, they perceived three of the whale-boat's crew paddling towards them in a clumsy canoe, made like a large basket of

wicker-work, covered with pieces of canvas, and lined with clay, very leaky, and difficult to manage; and to be told that the whale-boat, the firm, good, whale-boat, was lost—stolen by the natives; and that the master and the rest of their companions were at a cove under Cape Desolation, where they had touched the first day.

This was by no means pleasant news for the ship's company, especially when there was added to it the fact that all the provisions were consumed, and that the hapless inmates of the cove were in dire expectation of the return of the natives to plunder and perhaps kill them. The Cape had indeed proved to them deserving of its name: it was *desolation*!

No time was to be lost. The canoe had been more than four and twenty hours on its passage, and the men, worn out with fatigue and hunger, (having only had one biscuit each) had been guided to the ship by means of the well-known bark of a sailor's dog, after almost despairing of reaching it. Captain Fitzroy had another boat immediately prepared, with a fortnight's provision for eleven men, to search for the wanderers and the captured boat. By God's mercy, Mr Murray (the master) and his men were discovered in safety, but there was no tidings of the boat. It appeared, on closer inspection of the island, that the natives who must have taken her were living

in two wigwams, in a little cove about a mile from the place where she was moored, the wigwams being so hidden as to escape the observation of the boat's crew; and it is supposed that, watching their opportunity, they stole her while the sailors slept.

As soon as the strength of the party was recruited, it was determined to give chase to the thieves, in hopes of retrieving the lost property. "North and east," writes Captain Fitzroy, "as far as the eye could reach, lay an extensive bay, in which were many islands great and small, and westward was a more connected map of large islands, reaching apparently to the foot of that grand chain of snowy mountains which runs eastward from the Barbara Channel, and over the midst of which Sarmiento proudly towers. I was resolved to trace the confines of the bay from the west towards the north and east, thinking it probable that the thieves would hasten to some secure cove at a distance, rather than remain upon an outlying island, where their retreat might be cut off."

After many adventures and one serious skirmish, a device was hit upon which was deemed likely to succeed with the wily Fuegians, viz: that of surprising a party of them, and making them prisoners, then detaining them as hostages for the return of the boat. This was accordingly

done; but English sailors were outwitted by Fuegian men and women. In the course of the night they escaped from custody, and swam across to their own island, leaving only three children in English hands. This juvenile establishment by itself was rather too much to undertake at once, and two of the children were soon after returned to their own country; but the third, a little girl of about eight years old, was so healthy and happy that Captain Fitzroy determined to retain her and try to teach her English. This young child was named FUEGIA BASKET, in remembrance of the basket-like canoe by which they received intelligence of the loss of the boat. As soon as the little girl was cleaned and dressed, she was much improved in appearance, and quickly became a pet on the lower deck.

Soon after the introduction of Fuegia on board, some of the natives approached the *Beagle* in a canoe, and seemed anxious to come on board also. At first attempts were made to drive them away, but these proving ineffectual, and it being thought that by getting one of the men on board, there would be a chance of his learning English enough to be an interpreter, and that by his means they might obtain some clue to their missing property. The youngest was invited to come into the *Beagle's* boat, which he did quite

unconcernedly, and sat down apparently contented and at ease. He was soon in conversation with Fuegia Basket, who told him all her story, at some parts of which he laughed heartily. The name given to this man was YORK MINSTER, which was hit upon as being the name of a rocky cliff, near which the vessel was anchored at the time, which is further described on page 69.

Our hero on his location on board vessel, was at first sullen, yet his appetite did not fail, and whenever he got more than he could eat at a time he stowed it away in a corner. As soon, however, as he was well cleaned and clothed and allowed to go about where he liked, he was much more cheerful.

Not long after York Minster's arrival, the crew of the *Beagle* was assailed by some hostile Fuegians, and one of the party, a young man, who vainly endeavoured to swim away, was captured. By way of perpetuating the remembrance of the series of disasters connected with the stolen boat, this new-comer was named BOAT MEMORY. He seemed frightened at first, but not low-spirited, and after eating enormously fell asleep.

The meeting between him and York Minster was very tame, for they hardly appeared to recognise or even speak to each other, though, as in the case of the others, a little ablution and

comfortable apparel set him more at ease, and the whole party, thus singularly brought together, were in good spirits, and laughed, and tried to talk, by imitating whatever was said.

BOAT MEMORY was remarked by Captain Fitzroy to be the best-featured Fuegian he had seen, and, being young and well-formed, a very favorable specimen of his race. YORK MINSTER was one of the stoutest he had observed among them, and as strong as any two of his men. Little FUEGIA BASKET was almost as broad as she was high, and soon began to learn English, and to say several things very well. She laughed and talked with her countrymen incessantly, and seemed quite pleased with her new home. On one occasion some of her countrymen came alongside in a canoe, and being told, in jest, that she had better go and live with them, she was so frightened that she burst into tears, and ran below to hide herself.

We have one other young Fuegian to introduce to our readers. About two months after Boat Memory's capture, when the *Beagle* was taking the most direct course towards the communication between Nassau Bay and a newly-discovered channel—on the crew's landing for dinner and rest, they found themselves close to a wigwam, whose inmates ran away at first, but soon returned on seeing them quietly seated by the fire. From

these people they bought fish for beads, buttons, &c. and obtained a very fine dog, which they were very reluctant to part with, in exchange for a knife.

On the boat's continuing its route, three canoes came up to it, filled with natives anxious for barter. After buying some fish of them on the usual terms, without any previous intention Captain Fitzroy asked one of the boys in the canoes to come into his boat, and gave the man who was with him a large, shining, mother-of-pearl button. The boy got into the boat directly, and sat down. He and his friends seemed quite contented; and thinking that this accidental occurrence might prove useful to the natives, as well as to themselves, he was taken on towards the *Beagle*.

The boat's crew, on account of his price, dubbed this lad JEMMY BUTTON. The young Fuegian seemed pleased with his change, and fancied he was going to kill guanaco, as they were to be found near that place. The meeting between him and his now polished countrymen was droll enough. They laughed at him; called him 'Yapoo;' and begged that he might have more clothes put on him directly.

It was very amusing, after a little while, to witness 'York' and 'Boat' making bargains with the 'Yapoos,' as they called the Fuegians of an-

other tribe. The same men who, two months before, would themselves have sold any number of fish for a bit of glass, were seen going about the decks, collecting broken crockery-ware or any trash to exchange for the fish brought alongside by these 'Yapoos,' not one word of whose language would they appear to comprehend. This was their first march towards civilization.

"YET THERE IS ROOM."

Yet there is room ! The Saviour's blood
Is fresh as when 't was spilt ;
And plunged beneath that purple flood,
Each soul is purged from guilt.

Yet there is room ! The Holy Ghost
The sleep of ages breaks ;
And still, as erst on Pentecost,
Soul after soul awakes.

Still cries the vineyard's Lord to all,
" I watch, I wait for you ; "
Shame on our sloth, that hears him call,
Nor runs to call them too.

Though now the world's eleventh hour
The shades of evening tell ;
Still sounds to them the voice of power,
Come ye, and serve as well !

Come Fuegia ! let our lips respond ;
Come, islands of the main !
And ye that idle stand, beyond
Andes' majestic chain !

All people, nations, kindred, tongues,
Our Master bids us call ;
Throngs may succeed to countless throngs,
His love has room for all.

O for more room in my poor heart,
 Set free from selfish bands ;
 O for the tender tears that start
 For ruined pagan lands !

More of the unction from above
 That softens, kindles, burns ;
 More fixed, more sacrificing love,
 That o'er lost heathen yearns.

So, till heart fails and eye grows dim,
 My highest joy shall be
 To spend and to be spent for Him
 Who gave His life for me !

SKETCHES OF ARAUCANIAN WARRIORS.

The knowledge of mankind with each other is often very superficial. Every one must be aware to how great an extent the workings of his own mind are concealed from all observers. He must acknowledge his ignorance of the thoughts and feelings of many around him.

If it be thus easy to form a wrong estimate of the characters of our neighbours, how much more liable are we to error with respect to our fellow-creatures in distant countries ! Yet as ignorance begets carelessness some may be ready to exclaim, "What matters it? We have nothing to do with them." But is it so? Has not God made of one blood all nations of the earth? Was not one

Atonement provided for all? Are not the same blessings offered to all? And if we are made depositaries of that Word which is able to make men wise unto salvation, what shall we say for ourselves if there are nations still lying in darkness—nations, with whose very *names* we are unacquainted, and to whom we have never attempted to send that Word which is entrusted to our care?

Many a child, doubtless, thinks that he knows all about South America, because he knows what his Geography-book tells him of its position, discovery, and conquest. He can point to Brazil, La Plata, Chili, Peru, &c., but has perhaps never heard of the Puelches, Pecuntos, Williches, Cheriguanos, Matacos, &c. Yet it is true that, belted round by the Empire of Brazil and the Spanish American States, many tribes exist, the remains of nations of warriors, still priding themselves on the independence which, though impoverished and circumscribed they have valiantly maintained.

So hostile has been, for the most part, the intercourse between them and Europeans, that our notices of them are very imperfect; yet from the annals of their conquerors we may glean that the bold, patriotic spirit of Caractacus and Bruce may find its equal among the aborigines of South America, and by discovering what no-

bleness of character has distinguished individuals among these savages, we may gather from it much hope of what the gospel will effect when brought to bear upon their now uncultured minds. From many instances mentioned in Guzman's History of Chili, published at Santiago, in the year 1834, we select the following notices of some of those brave men of whom South America may boast as *her own sons*, who nobly did their part in her struggle for liberty.

After the Spaniards had subjected Chili to their rule, Valdivia, (one of their distinguished generals) having extended their frontier beyond the Biobio and founded the cities Imperial and Valdivia, the drooping spirit of liberty was again revived among the Araucanians. (This name we have adopted as in common use among Spanish authors, but it is not strictly correct, for it is indiscriminately applied to the Puelches, Pehuenches and Williches.) It is at this epoch in South American history that we are introduced to

CANPOLICAN.

It was about the year 1652, that an aged warrior named Colocolo summoned the principal chiefs to renew their league against their Spanish invaders. Their first work was to elect a Toki general or generalissimo of their forces. Canpolican was unanimously chosen. He took up the

battle axe—the emblem of office—named his vice toki and other subordinates, and immediately began operations. In a very short time two fortresses fell before his victorious arm, and so completely on the alert and so prompt for action were his army, that the first notice Valdivia received of his proximity to the enemy was the sight of his own scouts suspended from the trees!

The first impulse of the horror-stricken troops was to fly, but being arrested by the exhortations of their officers, they eagerly sought to avenge the death of their comrades. A bloody action ensued. The Araucanians were superior in numbers, the Spaniards in arms. The victory was long doubtful, but patriotism gained the day. Valdivia himself was taken prisoner and was immediately conducted into the presence of Canpolican.

He had often faced death in the excitement of battle, but could not calmly look upon its terrors. He felt its sting in all its poignancy and the strong man trembled and earnestly pleaded for life, promising if it were granted him, to return with all his troops into Spain. The warrior chief was disposed to accede to his request, but an old Cacique, enraged at hearing the mention of pardon, struck the head of the unhappy prisoner with a furious blow of his mace, saying, “Thus

discussions are cut short. What madness it is to yield to an ambitious enemy who, if he escapes from this danger, will laugh at his oaths and at our credulity in believing him !”

Thus fell Valdivia, the conqueror, by the hand of the vanquished. Victorious in many battles, he was subdued by an enemy whom he had despised. What mattered it then to him that he was called the Conqueror of Chili, or the founder of cities ? He would have given all his wealth and honours to prolong his life. So must all feel whose treasure is laid up on earth.

Canpolican, doubtless elated by such signal success, marched on towards further victory, but the tide turned against him. Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, reinforced by 2000 men, resolved to carry the war into the Indian territory. On one occasion twelve chiefs were captured by the Spaniards and their lifeless bodies hung in trees to terrify their dauntless countrymen. One of these twelve was Galvarino, who had before been made a prisoner and deprived of his hands ; but who, notwithstanding, had followed the army and incited his countrymen to deeds of valour.

The Spanish general repulsed the Araucanians, ravaged the country, and rebuilt Valdivia. But Canpolican's courage and patriotism were not yet quenched. He waited till things had become quiet, and then boldly issued from his retreat,

intercepted provisions destined for the new-built city, and marched to its attack. For five hours he and his men sustained the Spanish fire, but were then compelled to retreat. After this he sent a trusty officer named Pran, who, pretending to be a deserter, entered the fort as a poor man, and left it without suspicion. He observed that the best time for an assault was when the Spaniards were taking their siesta at noon. Having met with a former comrade of his, an Indian, called Andrew, now in the service of the Spaniards, he communicated to him his project. Andrew warmly entered into the plan, and agreed to open the gate for his countryman.

At the appointed hour Canpolican and his troops approached in silence, and a large body of them entered at the open door. But what was their consternation when they perceived the gate closed behind them, and the Spaniards starting up from the sleep which had been feigned to mislead them. It was too evident that Andrew, faithful to his new masters, had basely betrayed his countrymen.

A dreadful carnage ensued, both within and without the walls. Canpolican himself was seized about five leagues from the city, where, taking advantage of some broken ground, he and ten valiant comrades had posted themselves. His wife, who had incessantly exhorted him rather to

die than to submit, seeing him a prisoner, threw their infant before him, saying, "*Take base man thy son, I wish for nothing connected with a coward!*"

Canpolican was conducted to Reinoso, who ordered him to be impaled. The prisoner, without losing his dignity of manner, besought Reinoso to spare his life, saying, "From my death, O general, you will reap no advantage, but will inflame yet more the burning hatred which my countrymen feel against your nation. From my ashes will arise many Canpolicans, perhaps more fortunate than I have been. On the contrary, if you spare my life, I can use my great authority to promote the interests of your sovereign, and contribute to the propagation of your religion."

Reinoso was not to be moved. Canpolican, finding his death determined on, petitioned for baptism—perhaps thinking to soften his conquerors by embracing a religion for which they professed so much zeal. Perhaps imagining that they would not torture one whom they acknowledged as a fellow Christian—for when led out for execution, he saw the instrument of torture, and a negro ready to be his executioner, he was so much enraged that with a violent kick, he hurled him from the scaffold, crying out, "*Is there no sword, nor any hand more worthy*

to kill a man of my consequence? This is not justice,—this is the mere vengeance of people without honour or education."

But, being taken by force, he was cruelly put to death.

YORK MINSTER.

The promontory of York Minster is a black, irregularly-shaped rocky cliff at the south of Tierra del Fuego, 800 feet in height, rising almost perpendicularly from the sea. From its presenting an appearance resembling a huge mass of building surmounted by two towers,—its name was given in commemoration of that majestic work of sacred art which nature, sublime even in her craggy loneliness had seemed to resemble. And does it not awaken hope, when we find this stern rock of Fuegia thus connected in thought with the goodly pile of sacred architecture in England? Yes! we love to think that the day may not be far distant when the sounds which echo through York Minster at home, the sounds of prayer and praise and christian instruction may gladden the dreary neighbourhood of York Minster abroad.

Will our friends (at York especially,) make a

vigorous effort to hasten such a happy day, so that the name of their venerable cathedral may prove to Fuegia the endorsement of a better privilege than mere name—as a guarantee that “Jesus Christ and Him crucified” shall enlighten the darkness of their desert land, as it has enlightened the homes of privileged England?

“Awake then brother,—sister wake !
Nor slumber at thy post ;
With gold and silver speed the bark
That seeks Fuegia's coast !”

MEETING AT GLASGOW :

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF CAPT. ALLEN GARDINER.

The friends of the Patagonian Missionary Society will be cheered by the report of a very encouraging Meeting on its behalf in the City of Glasgow.

Several interesting speeches were delivered on the occasion, and an association of active members was formed at its close. The following is extracted from the address given by CAPTAIN SULLIVAN.

“When the news of CAPT. GARDINER's death reached this country, a number of his friends proposed to erect a monument to his memory, and the Mission Committee

suggested that the monument which CAPT. GARDINER himself would most have desired would be one which might help to forward the cause which, during his life, he had so much at heart. After a little deliberation upon this hint, it was proposed that a FLOATING MONUMENT, in the shape of a vessel, bearing the name of ALLEN GARDINER should be constructed, and that it should be employed in that service in which he lost his life.

“The keel was laid at Dartmouth, in November, and she might be ready to start upon her voyage by May, if the funds were forthcoming. Amid much difficulty” he remarked, “we have many encouragements to go forward with this work. Not long since a clergyman who had been with CAPT. GARDINER in the Zulu country read an advertisement in the *Record* in reference to the Tierra del Fuego mission, the concluding words of which were, ‘With the blessing of God, this Mission will be maintained.’

“Asking himself who would maintain it now that CAPT. GARDINER was dead, he suddenly felt as if he heard a voice sounding in his ears, ‘Thou shalt maintain it.’ For some time he struggled with the impulse, reasoning with himself that it was not for an elderly man like himself, in charge of a parish at home, to engage in such an enterprise—but the feeling was too strong for him, and he at last felt constrained to offer himself for the Mission.

“His son, also, who had been engaged in evangelistic work, had offered to accompany him as a catechist.

“Another gentleman who happened to be in the vessel which first visited the spot where the remains of CAPT. GARDINER were found, and who had often sailed in that quarter as captain of a vessel, has written to the

Mission Committee, anxiously desiring to give them the benefit of his intimate acquaintance with the South American coast in the capacity of Captain of THE ALLEN GARDINER.

“And a young student in London, in independent circumstances, was so impressed by reading a tract referring to the self-denying labours and the fate of CAPT. GARDINER and his brother missionaries, that he resolved to give himself to the Mission at his own charges.”

We would take courage from these facts to believe that a blessing is already showered upon the first efforts for a new commencement of missionary enterprise to South America. Nor can we fail to hope that when other cities besides Glasgow have heard the plan of our intended Mission, they, like Glasgow, will be ready to help us. A vigorous effort, requiring only a little self-denial, would soon place in our Treasurer's hands the £3000 for which we are now waiting. Surely we shall not ask in vain. What! ask in vain when the need expressed is the salvation of ten thousands of immortal but perishing souls! What! ask in vain when to those perishing souls the gift asked would be the means under God of shewing to them the blessed way of life? What! ask in vain when abundance has enriched our own spiritual garners and others have not a grain of the precious wheat! Oh! Christians, it cannot be. “Freely ye have received, freely give.”

COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF THE MISSION TO TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

"The ties of Nature do but feebly bind,
And Commerce partially reclaims mankind ;
'Tis Truth divine exhibited on earth
Gives Charity her being and her birth,
By genial intercourse and mutual aid,
She cheers what else were universal shade,
Calls Nature from her ivy-mantled den,
And softens human rock-work into men."

"If there were no better reason" replied a worthy contributor to our Mission fund, "I should support you on this account alone, that the civilization of the Fuegians and Patagonians would be a commercial boon to England !"

"A COMMERCIAL BOON TO ENGLAND!" The idea struck me, and although it is not desirable that low motives should take the place of high ones in the Christian heart, it may not be amiss to set before our readers the case as it stands in this point of view.

Doubtless all are familiar with the often dreaded name of Cape Horn—we had occasion to mention it in the description of Tierra del Fuego as lying to the southernmost point of the

Island. In many voyages, ships are obliged to go round, or as it is commonly expressed by sailors *to double* this dangerous Cape. Of late years this has been more frequently done, as it lies in the way to the gold regions of California.

Many stories have reached us from time to time (too well authenticated alas!) of ships unable to weather the heavy seas and tempestuous gales of this region—which have here for the last time braved the wind and breasted the wave. How many a fatal leak has been sprung upon the rocks at the foot of Cape Horn—how many a gallant ship has been roughly dealt with by the billows which heave upon its shore, perhaps Lloyd's catalogue would fail to enumerate; though that long list of “missing ships” never more heard of, may perchance be much lessened by subtracting from them all those which have been bound to and from the Pacific, which have shared this fate.

But there is something peculiar about a shipwreck in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, there is something to be dreaded by the sailor who shall find his chance for life cast upon its surf-beaten shore, which is even more terrible than a watery grave. Picture if you can reader, the fatal moment when the seaman feels that he can cling no longer to his ocean home, when spars are snapping and sails shivering, and for his life

he must escape from the goodly vessel which has borne him, it may be for years, in safety o'er the waves. He plunges into the deep, a forlorn, almost hopeless man. But there is before him the sight of land. It cheers his spirit, and within a gun-shot there are the dwellings of some of his own brethren of the flesh. Will not human feeling turn kindly towards him and help him in his misery? Ah! my friend, you are fancying yourself on English shores, or with those barbarous people who once shewed an Apostle that well-timed kindness which brought them within reach of the glad sound of the Gospel.

Our sailor has not drifted thither. Come for a moment and watch his fate. He has reached a rugged rock, and with the energy of terror is climbing to its summit. What does he hear? The startling sound of a wild savage shout; and glancing upward, he perceives, on a rude point over-hanging the sea, partly concealed by an entangled forest, a strange and numerous group, stunted in their growth, their hideous faces be-daubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their clothing a mat of guanaco, their voices discordant. He fancies they can scarcely claim brotherhood with himself. But their strange forms are approaching him—an undefined sensation creeps over

his spirit—with another savage yell they spring upon the unhappy victim, and instead of bringing him back to the joy of life, they deal upon him the blow of death.

We will suppose that his comrades have tried another means of securing safety. Stalking in a different direction from the haunts of the natives, they have clustered with the close companionship of disaster in a sheltered cove about half a league from the scene of their wreck. A few biscuits, the only food they had time to secure from the sinking ship, is all their sustenance. This is soon devoured, and they lay them down to rest. Wearier than another's waking is their anxious sleep, for dreams of cannibal debauchery haunt their minds, and the groans of the dying seem to ring in their ears. Morning comes; the fishes leap in the sea; the birds dart through the air; the guanacoes herd in the plain; but yet no food can be obtained by these hungry ones, and they lie down again faint and despairing. Another morning and another; a few branches of seaweed still for awhile the gnawings of want, but the morsel palls upon the taste. They lie down again, and they die.

This is no overdrawn statement. It is the simple record of facts which have transpired within the last two years. The coast of Tierra del Fuego is a murderous coast, and for the crew of a wrecked vessel on its shores there are but

two alternatives—death by the ruthless blow of a human hand, or death by the slow miseries of starvation. This fact is so well-known, that however dangerous be the storm to which any vessel is exposed, she dare not touch upon the Island, lest the savage inhabitants should surround her whilst in distress and founder her.

In proof of these statements, we may mention the circumstances alluded to in the narrative of Capt. Gardiner's labours. When Capt. Smyley discovered his remains in Banner Cove, he found sixteen Danish seamen, castaways from a vessel hiding in Staten Island, in the last stage of starvation. A letter lately received from Capt. Sullivan, who is well acquainted with the locality, confirms the account of the danger of the Fuegian shores, owing to the barbarity of the people. "From the large trade round the Horn," he writes, "and the heavy weather so frequently experienced, no one can doubt that vessels are occasionally lost on those shores, or that they founder off them; in either case it is almost certain death to those who may reach the shore alive, either through starvation or by the violence of the natives, and that this sometimes occurs is proved by the instances we have of crews of vessels just escaping a similar fate. In Capt. Fitzroy's voyage there is a case in which the crew, after suffering fearfully and being nearly

starved to death, saved themselves by building a shallop from the wreck and reaching the Falklands. Near the spot on which they were wrecked, they found portions of the wreck of a large ship, whose fate was unknown. We have also recently the case of Capt. Wallinger barely escaping from the determined attacks of three hundred Fuegians, who, when the vessel lay high and dry, surrounded her and attempted to set fire to her. Had that occurred on any of the Southern Coasts, where the rocky shores would have knocked a hole in her bottom, in all probability nothing more would have been heard of her or her crew. One vessel came into the Falklands while I was there, in a sinking state, having nearly foundered off Tierra del Fuego, a little to the westward of Cape Horn. * * In the South Seas it is well known that before the Missions there had changed the character of the natives, crews of wrecked vessels were often put to death, and when sailors have escaped in boats, they have preferred encountering the extra risk of going hundreds of miles, to landing on nearer Islands which no Missionaries had ever visited."

In Dr. Hamilton's interesting Memoir of Richard Williams, we find a passage which well bears us out in our view of this important question, and so graphically does he draw the picture

of Missionary improvement, that we give it to our readers in full.

“Nor should we omit a subordinate and selfish reason for attempting to evangelize these islanders and their Patagonian neighbours. Within the last five years, the Straits of Magellan and the ocean highway round Cape Horn have been traversed by an unprecedented amount of shipping; and, as long as this continues the main route to San Francisco, the traffic through these seas is likely to increase. In such a dangerous navigation we need not say what casualties are likely to occur; but woe betide the ship’s company which is thrown into the hands of these savages! Last winter the ship *Porcupine*, of Liverpool, was passing through the Straits of Magellan, on her way to California, when she grounded. Next morning she was surrounded by numerous canoes, full of natives, carrying lighted pine-branches, who endeavoured to set the ship on fire; and it was not till after a desperate conflict, in which two emigrants were killed and others severely wounded, that the assailants were repulsed, and the disabled vessel was floated off and worked back to the Falklands. And it is only five or six years ago when the Captain and crew of the brig *Avon* were murdered by the same barbarians, and two English gentlemen whom they had inveigled

ashore were carried off and put to death, and their bodies, it is believed, were devoured. Similar casualties are too certain to recur; and even although the governments of England and America should send war steamers to the station, they cannot be ubiquitous; and, on the coercive system, nothing short of an extirpation of the wretched natives can secure the castaway from the knife of the cannibal. **HOW MUCH BETTER—HOW MUCH MORE WORTHY OF A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY, AND HOW MUCH CHEAPER—TO RECLAIM AND CIVILIZE THEM!** This the Missionary, with God's blessing, alone can accomplish; but the same agency which, all through the Southern Archipelago, has secured for the merchant and whaler depots of provisions and refitting stations, and the assistance of clever mechanics, where formerly the war-club was his only welcome,—this agency may soon stud with gardens, and farms, and industrious villages these inhospitable shores. The church-going bell may awaken these silent forests; and round its cheerful hearth and kind teachers, the sunday-school may assemble the now joyless children of Navarin Island. The mariner may run his battered ship into Lennox Harbour, and leave her to the care of Fuegian caulkers and carpenters; and after rambling through the streets of a thriving seaport town, he may turn aside to read the papers in the

Gardiner Institution, or may step into the week-evening service in the Richard Williams' chapel. When the day arrives, a grateful population will survey Cook's River and Pioneer Cove, if not with emotions as sacred as those with which our old world pilgrims visit St. Paul's Bay in Malta, and the grotto in Patmos, at least with feelings as tender as the Christian Briton has often confessed on the rocks of Lindisfarne, and among the ruins of Iona."

SKETCHES OF ARAUCANIAN WARRIORS.

No. 2.

LANTARO

Was an Indian by birth, but in the service of the General Valdivia. He followed him as a page to his fatal encounter with Canpolican. In the early part of that engagement, seeing victory incline to the Spaniards, his patriotic spirit was roused. Deserting the apparently victorious for the vanquished party, he roused his countrymen to renew the attack with redoubled vigor, and his exertions mainly contributed to their success.

After the rout and tragical death of Valdivia, Canpolican publicly acknowledged his obligations to the youthful warrior, and made him acting Toki extraordinary, appointing him to guard the frontier. Lantaro

fortified himself on the heights of Marigueno, on the road between Arauco and the Biobio. There he was attacked by Villagran, upon whose troops he hurled stones and other missiles. Six field pieces, by means of which Villagran sought to dislodge him, were carried by Leucoton, when Lantaro and his troop rushing out from their retreat speedily dispersed their enemies. 1000 Araucanians and three times as many Spaniards fell in this skirmish. Villagran escaped to Concepcion; sent the aged and helpless, by sea, to Valparaiso; and marched himself with the rest of his troops for Santiago.

Lantaro entered the deserted town, and committed great havoc on the houses and property; but finding no enemy, returned for orders to Canpolican. After some engagements of inferior note, Lantaro marched from the Biobio to the Maule. He ravaged the country, and fortified himself on the banks of the Claro. Here he repulsed Villagran in three successive attacks, and then, moving his position, attempted to inundate the Spanish quarters by night, opening an arm of the river upon them. This danger Villagran escaped by retiring into Santiago that very night.

Villagran shortly afterwards succeeded in surprising the patriots at night. Lantaro was struck on the breast by an arrow, and fell, unconscious of defeat. His comrades would accept no quarter, but fighting valiantly to the last, were cut to pieces. Great rejoicings were made at Santiago on occasion of the victory, which freed them from an enemy, who at 19 years of age had thrice beaten them. The Spanish historians applaud his talents, and call him the CHILIAN HANNIBAL.

JANEQUEO.

This heroic woman was widow of the Toki Guépolan, and forgot the character of her sex, in her burning desire to revenge the death of her husband. She put herself at the head of a body of Pehuenches, and hovering about the Spanish posts, appeared in the van or the rear of every foraging party, hanging every prisoner whom she captured. She assaulted the fort of Puchanqui, and slew the commandant in a sally. The Marquis of Villahermosa, a tried soldier, who had fought with honor in Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, was successfully repulsed by this female warrior.

Janequeo fortified herself, and from her citadel made daily sallies, so that her name became a terror to her enemies. But at length the Spaniards destroyed her stronghold, and dispersed her people; and she then disappeared.

FUEGIA BASKET AND HER COMPANIONS.

CHAPTER II.*A New Home and an English Grave.*

After further exploring the coast of Tierra del Fuego, circumstances decided Captain Fitzroy

upon steering his course to Monte Video and Rio Janeiro, and having well considered the responsibility, he resolved to carry the Fuegians whom he had with him to England. This was not at all contemplated when they were at first taken on board; it was merely intended to detain them while cruising about their own coasts, and then to return them to their families; but finding that they were happy and in good health, he began to think of the various advantages which might result to them and to their countrymen by taking them to England, educating them as far as practicable, and then bringing them back to Tierra del Fuego.

They were made to understand this intention clearly, were extremely tractable and good-humoured, even taking pains to walk properly, and get over the crouching posture of their countrymen. They helped the crew, too, whenever required, and when taken on shore did not appear to harbour a thought of escape. At Monte Video Captain Fitzroy had them vaccinated, but the virus did not take any effect. Little Fuegia was living several days with an English family who were extremely kind to her, and the others were on shore at different times. The apparent astonishment and curiosity excited by what they saw—extraordinary to them as the whole scene must have been—were much less

than could have been anticipated, yet their conduct was interesting, and each day they became more communicative. It was here that it was first learned from them that there existed among them the horrible practice of eating the enemies taken in war. The women—they explained—eat the arms, and the men the legs; the trunk and head were always thrown into the sea.

During the time that elapsed before reaching England, Capt. Fitzroy was enabled to see much of the four Fuegians, and was disposed to hope favorably with regard to them. "Far, very far indeed," he writes, "were three of the number from deserving to be called savages, even at this early period of their residence among civilized people; though the other, York Minster, was certainly a displeasing specimen of uncivilized human nature."

At the sea-ports which the *Beagle* visited on her way from Tierra del Fuego to England, animals, ships, and boats seemed to engage the notice of our copper-colored friends far more than human beings or houses. When anything excited their attention particularly, they would appear at the time almost stupid and unobservant, but that they were not so in reality was shown by their eager chattering to one another at the very first subsequent opportunity, and by the sensible remarks made by them a long time after-

wards, when we fancied they had altogether forgotten unimportant occurrences which took place during the first few months of their sojourn amongst us.

A large ox, with unusually long horns, excited their wonder remarkably, but in no instance was outward emotion noticed to any great degree, excepting when they saw a steam vessel going into Falmouth Harbour. What extraordinary monster it was they could not imagine. Whether it was a huge fish, a land animal, or the devil, (of whom they have a notion in their country,) they could not decide; neither could they understand the attempted explanations of the sailors, who tried to make them comprehend its nature. But perhaps no one who remembers standing for the first time near a railway, and witnessing the rapid approach of a steam-engine, with its attached train of carriages, as it dashed along smoking and snorting, will be surprised at the effect which a large steam-ship, passing at full speed near the *Beagle* in a dark night, must have had on these ignorant though rather intelligent barbarians.

On landing, the following were the estimated ages of the Fuegians :—

York Minster - -	26.	Jemmy Button - -	14.
Boat Memory - -	20.	Fuegia Basket - -	9.

Captain Fitzroy communicated to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty his views rela-

tive to the subjects of his charge, and received a reply giving him full scope to carry out his benevolent intentions towards them, and promising to aid him with facilities towards maintaining and educating them in England, and giving them a passage home again.

Immediately on their arrival, the Fuegians were taken to comfortable, airy lodgings, where they were vaccinated for the second time. Two days afterwards they were removed a few miles into the country, to a quiet farm-house, where it was hoped they would enjoy more freedom and fresh air, and at the same time incur less risk of those contagious maladies which have so often proved fatal to the aboriginal inhabitants of distant countries when brought to Europe.

Scarcely, however, had a fortnight elapsed, when, despite of all the precaution, Boat Memory was taken ill, and the symptoms of the disorder were like those of the small pox. By the kind arrangements of the physicians at the Royal Naval Hospital, at Plymouth, sanctioned by the Admiralty, he and his three companions who, it was feared, were also affected, were received into that establishment, and thus received the benefit of most valuable medical skill. But skill cannot save a life which its Author recalls, and the sentence of death had gone forth. Fuegians and Britons, barbarians and civilized, young and old, *all*

must die; and Boat Memory had come to a strange land, only to die among strangers, ere his years had numbered twenty-one. He had been vaccinated four different times, but the first three operations had failed, and the last had just taken effect when the disease shewed itself. It was thought that the fatal contagion must have attacked him previously.

Of his death-bed we have no further particulars, and we fear that he died in ignorance of the blessed hope of the gospel. Poor fellow! he was a great favorite with all who knew him. He had a good disposition, very good abilities, and, though born a savage, had a pleasing, intelligent appearance. Unlike the generality of Fuegians, he had also good features and a well-proportioned frame. His premature death was a great grief to those who had been the means of bringing him from his own country, for they felt that they had been the unintentional instruments of shortening his existence.

Fuegia Basket, Jemmy, and York escaped the dangerous disease, the vaccination having taken full effect. While they remained in the hospital, under Dr. Dickson's care, his own children had the measles, and thinking it would be a good opportunity to carry the little Fuegian girl, by God's blessing, through that illness, he prepared her for it, and then very kindly took her into his

house, among his own children, where she had a very favorable attack, and recovered thoroughly.

Some of the dangers to be feared from an English life, being now over, it was necessary to form a plan for providing for and educating the strangers, in order to fit them for a propitious return to their island-home. How this was accomplished we shall next describe.

OUR MISSIONARY SCHOONER—"THE ALLEN GARDINER."

There can be no question that, to use the words of a leading Scotch journal, "the arrangements of a mission to Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia will be incomplete, unless they embrace a substantial vessel, retained exclusively for its service;" and the necessity for such an aid will be little varied by the position assumed for the Mission, whether, namely, it be the Falkland Islands, or, as Capt. Morshead recommended, Banner Cove; for should the Islands be chosen, the vessel will be needed to convey our mission brethren to visit the natives, and bring some of them away to the Station. But should the Cove be decided on, then the vessel will be indispensable for conveying stores from the Falklands, and to serve as a refuge from capricious attacks by the natives. The next question touches the size of the needed vessel. A very small one she must not be, because at

first communicating with the natives, their treachery requires a tolerably strong party to face them, which a very small vessel could not carry. Nor must she be a very large one, as inconvenient for the navigation of the islets and narrow waters of those regions. We have therefore decided on such a size as will give comfortable conveyance to from 18 to 20 persons, will be so high out of the water as to prevent boarding from native canoes, will be sufficient to carry our mission party, house, and stores from England, and yet will not prevent her from running into a very narrow cove in small depth of water.

The shape of the vessel is such as to warrant fast sailing, and yet capacity for stowage. Her fitting up will afford a comparatively large cabin for missionary purposes, and convenient berths for the men, and her rig will be skilfully adapted to the squally temper of the climate. And because the vessel will sail in waters but little known, and means for repair are hard to be got, she will be provided with a solid bottom of oak, which will give her four times the ordinary thickness to resist a blow from rocks. Her shape has been designed by a very talented naval officer of some years' experience in the navigation of the Fuegian and Falkland waters; and the execution of the design is in the hands of a clever architect, himself a seaman of much nautical experience.

The possession of this vessel will not only give the Mission independence of motion towards the scene of its labours, but materially contribute towards its very support; as in the intervals of direct duty, she will be employed, with the captain and crew, in securing a share of that fishy wealth in which the waters of the Falklands are well known to abound; and, when this

booty has been salted, in carrying it to market in South America ; she may also go in freight from Stanley to Monte Video, and earn thus an honest pound. A cargo of timber from Tierra del Fuego will be a very marketable article in the colony, and bring aid to the Mission funds. And occasionally a sealing voyage may be attempted by the enterprising master, and if successful will pay remarkably well. Then the vessel will give conveyance to stock, (oxen, cows, sheep,) to and from the Station, according as required.

Her size need be considered by none as too small—Columbus had no larger for his enterprize—Captain Brisbane, Weddell's companion, sailed from London in a cutter of 65 tons to a degree in the antarctic zone south of any that before or since has been reached, and with but 8 hands on board, visited Tierra del Fuego ; and for a month at a time, communicated very familiarly with the natives of the Tekeenica tribe—and a schooner. the *Valentine Hellicar*, 20 tons less, sailed last year for Australia from Bristol. It is well known that small vessels generally make better weather than large ones. Two of Capt. Fitzroy's tenders, the *Par* and the *Liebre*, were of no more than 15 and 9 tons burden respectively, and rode out gales that might have capsized a three-decker.

The dimensions of our vessel are, length between the perpendiculars at deck, 69 feet ; fore rake, 3 feet ; depth of hold, 10 ft. 6 in. ; beam, 18 ft. 6 in. ; cabin-deck, 25 ft. ; fore-castle-deck, 16 ft. ; and 100 tons burden.

Save a small tablet put up in the church of the country parish in Berkshire, where Captain Gardiner was born, no monument has yet been erected to the memory of him and his companions whose death was very precious in the sight of the Lord, and will add strength to the faith of His saints, as long as the record

of his sufferings and consolations shall be read. Ought this so to be? Shall the ambitious general who has caused the death of millions of his race, have his remains enshrined in a stately mausoleum? Shall the nation give of its treasures to build a resting-place for the hero of naval fight? Shall the storied monument vaunt largely in honor of him whose only merit has been to write in tuneful numbers the fictions of his brain? Shall the philosopher whose investigations have traced out the unerring lines of the Creator's wisdom, stand in marble to be admired of all men, in the court of a christian temple? Shall these things be—and the memory of one who spent his time, his substance, and his life, with the single object to glorify God, by bringing the saving knowledge of His Son to the distant isles of the Gentiles, go out of the minds of his generation, for want of a suitable monument to support it? And what more suitable can be devised than what we are now raising—a vessel bearing the Christian sailor's name, and a chief instrument in furthering the object for which that Christian sailor died! If the good Lord prosper our efforts for the conversion of these savages, in a few years, the approach of this vessel to these shores will be hailed with delight, and her name, teaching His name, will come to be a household word for christian philanthropy.

The hull and spars of our vessel have been contracted for at £985; but there are many other articles necessary to purchase before she can go to sea, the names and prices of which we subjoin in the hope that the servants of our Lord, and brethren of Captain Allen Gardiner and his associates, will be disposed to undertake to supply one or more of them, as their contribution to this interesting Floating Monument :—

THE LIST.

						£	s.
Anchors, 3 (1 given) each	7	0
Ditto 1 (given)	2	10
Ditto 1	1	5
Cables, 2	each	26	0
Boats, 1	18	0
Ditto 2	17	0
Ditto 3	12	0
Cooking Stove	10	0
Compasses, 2 (1 given)	each	5	10
Barometer	2	10
Mainmast	25	10
Foremast	25	10
Bowsprit	9	0
Main-boom	5	10
Fore-yard	4	10
Fore-boom	3	10
Gaffs, 2	each	3	0
Topmasts, 2	each	2	10
Topsail-yard	2	5
Topgallant-yard	1	10
Jib-boom	3	10
Mainsail (given)	12	0
Foresails, 2	each	8	10
Staysails, 2	each	4	5
Jib	3	10
Second Jib	2	10
Flying Jib	3	5
Topsails, 2	each	3	10
Topgallant-sail	2	15
Gaff-topsail	3	10
Try-sail	4	0
Storm Stay-sail	2	0
Square-sail	11	0
Steering Wheel (given)	5	0
Ensign and Signal Flags (given)	7	0
Chronometer	30	0
Rudder	18	0
Windlass	20	0
Winch	9	0
Pumps	9	0

PIONEER CAVERN.

The hallowed spot thus named, to which allusion has already been made, was one of the resting-places of Capt. Gardiner and his suffering companions during the few last months which closed the scene of their trials for Christ's sake. One of the boats appropriated to their use bore the name of "Pioneer," this being cast ashore in January, 1851, was rendered unfit for use, and her cargo being transferred to a cavern near, her name was also transferred. In this spot many hours and days were spent, and we are favoured with the record of some of that Christian experience which cheered its darkness. Our readers will appreciate the following touching lines, by Captain Gardiner, bearing the date of June 16, 1851. They are one of those "Songs in the night" which the God of all consolation puts into the mouths of his dear children, and as such, will be valued by the sons of adversity. Let his companion WILLIAMS describe his position when they were penned. He thus writes in his Journal four days previously.

"June 12th, 1851. Ah! I am happy day and night, hour by hour, asleep or awake, I am happy beyond the poor compass of language to tell. My joys are with him whose delights have always been with the sons of men, and my heart

and spirit are in heaven with the blessed. I have felt how holy is that company. I have felt how pure are their affections, and I have washed me in the blood of the Lamb and asked my Lord for the white garment, that I, too, may mingle with the blaze of day and be amongst them, one of the sons of light. * * We have long been without animal food of any kind. Our diet consists of oatmeal and peas, with rice occasionally, but even of this we have *only a little stock*, sufficient to last out the present month, or a very short period beyond this. The weather is very severe, with a deep fall of snow on the ground. But this is not the worst feature of our case. All hands are now sadly affected."

See, then, how amid overwhelming trials the drooping spirit revived!

"They shall not be ashamed that wait for me."

Is. xlix. 23.

"He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." Psalm cii. 17.

"They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Psalm xxxiv. 16.

Courage comrades, onward press,
 Let not fleeting storms offend;
 We must cross the wilderness
 'Ere we reach the journey's end;
 Before us lies the blessed shore
 Where sin and grief assail no more.

Pilgrims in a stranger land,
 Let us seek no city here
 Dangers lie on every hand,
 But trusting souls have nought to fear ;
 While prayer ascends within the veil
 No Amalek shall e'er prevail.

It is not in *our* strength we run ;
 Did we alone the burden bear
 The heavenly race had ne'er begun—
 O'erwhelmed, we might indeed despair ;
 Jesus has promised to provide,
 And He himself our Shield and Guide !

There is no path so rough, so drear,
 No thorny wilderness so dry,
 But living streams are flowing near
 And one to guide our footsteps nigh ;
 'Tis unbelief alone that hides
 The blessings which our God provides.

Oft in affliction's darkest night
 When all our earthly gourds decay
 The spirit takes her loftiest flight,
 And soars to realms of endless day ;
 In that pure light she sits serene
 And calmly views the troubled scene.

For 'tis our privilege to know,
 Whate'er of suffering we may share,
 A Father's hand inflicts the blow—
'Tis but the children's mark we bear ;
 Those precious balms were never shed
 To break, but to anoint the head.

Take courage then, the journey's short,
 These light afflictions soon will end ;
 By grace thus far we have been brought,
 And grace will still our steps attend ;
 And soon one Ebenezer more,
 For mercies that are still in store,
 Will add to those we've raised before.

Pioneer Cave, June 16. 1851.

PEACE AND THE GOSPEL.

To Peace we are indebted for cities lit with gas, and rivers alive with steam. To Peace we owe the locomotive and the telegraph, which have made the British towns one capital, and remotest provinces the enclosing park. To peace our thanks are due for food without restriction, and intercourse without expense, for journeys without fatigue, and operations without pain.

At this eventful moment, when it seems that Britannia must drop from her hand the olive branch, and grasp the sword, there are thoughts of scrutiny in reference to the past, which may well engage the Christian's heart. The great question that arises in the thoughtful mind is this, Have we, the professing Church of God, profited as we ought by the golden opportunities afforded us in the long day of Peace? Has religion, real, vital religion taken deep root at home, and have its blessed truths and consolations been widely circulated abroad? Such should be the fruits of peace, and such in a measure have been the happy results of Christianity in our days. But yet, are there not on the one hand, a melancholy disunion and coldness at home, and are there not many dark corners not reached abroad? Have we, as we should, gathered up

our strength, and sounded to the very ends of the earth the glad tidings of the gospel?

When we think of all the inventions and discoveries which Peace has enabled us to make—when we contemplate the resources of Britain as developed in her various tributes paid to literature, art, science, and pleasure—when we see her swift ships, and her almost flying chariots—and when we regard Britain, the possessor of all this, **AS A CHRISTIAN NATION**, we say, How much of this wealth has been consecrated to God? how many of these discoveries have been made subservient to the spread of the gospel? how have these speedy conveyances tended to the quicker transmission of the message of love to distant lands?

With the opportunities of Peace and the facilities of the Steam-engine, surely every land ere this should have been effectually reached by the heralds of salvation. But, no Missionary work is of slow and stunted growth, the greatest provision that has been made is as nothing to the want of the perishing millions who are famished because they have not the Living Bread. Look in what quarter you will, and you will see a demand far exceeding the agency raised to meet it. Take the most favorable report that you will of Missionary provision, and the sum expended yearly in tobacco will far exceed it! Then as to the still remaining dark

corners of the earth, read the reports of all the Missionary Societies, and they will tell you of many places where the light is but glimmering, and we with sad compunction will point you to **SOUTH AMERICA!** There in all its beauty and in all its wildness it stands as a desolate land—a land where the people have not heard Christ's fame, nor seen His glory—a land, as to spiritual things, of darkness and the shadow of death.

And will Christians still look upon all this with indifference, or just satisfy conscience with a scanty pittance thrown into the treasury of the Lord, whilst abundance is scattered every where beside? Ah! believe it, the Lord can find means to empty the closed purse, and if a long war follows its long prestige, then shall the rigorous tax extort what love would not “freely give,” and whilst God will assuredly accomplish His own purposes, those who have not been workers together with Him shall lose the blessed reward which is promised to all who aid in spreading His truth.

Let us then, even now at this eleventh hour, be more in earnest. Let our late humiliation be succeeded by more promptness in doing the work of the Lord. Let us remember that the fast which He has chosen is “*to deal our bread to the hungry, and to bring the poor that are cast*

out to our house :” and, whilst searching with Christian zeal for such, hovering near our own dwellings, let us not be content with this, but taking the World as our arena, and the Fold of Jesus as our Blessed Home, let us, far and near, carry the abundant provision of the Gospel to all earth’s hungry ones, and seek to bring each poor wandering outcast to our Father’s house !

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The information respecting these people, of whom we have so little knowledge, which we are able now to lay before our readers, is gained from a letter received a few months since by the Secretary, from Edmund Reuel Smith, Esq. who was formerly Lieutenant in the United States navy—

“My personal knowledge of the South American Indians,” he writes, “was gained by a six weeks’ residence amongst that portion of them commonly, though improperly, called Araucanians. My visit was made under unusually favorable auspices, and with the sole purpose of obtaining information regarding their manners, customs, language, &c.

“The number of unsubdued Indians in the territory of Chili, usually embraced under the name of Araucanians, has been estimated at 70,000, which may be near the truth, though I should more incline to place it at 80,000, or perhaps even more. But this is an extremely difficult point to settle, as the Indians themselves are

extremely unwilling to communicate any information on the subject. The fact that for a number of years they have enjoyed an uninterrupted peace, that they are daily becoming more wealthy and agricultural, and consequently less warlike and more civilized, warrants the supposition that they are increasing rather than decreasing in population.

“Their religion consists simply in the acknowledgment of a Good and Evil Being, with some inferior ministering spirits, to whom they offer occasional prayers and oblations, but I could not learn of the existence of any religious festival or public rites whatever. Like all ignorant and barbarous people, they have their magicians or medicine-men, and believe in dreams, incantations, omens, &c. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and a spirit-land beyond the seas, but have no fixed ideas in regard to the life after death. In their funeral rites they much resemble the North American Indians.

“Their feelings towards the English, or indeed all foreigners *not speaking Spanish* is *decidedly hostile*. This is owing to the jealousy of the old Spanish government, subsequently of the Chilenos, and perhaps also of the Romish missionaries, who have sedulously instilled into the minds of the Indians the idea that foreign nations are desirous of dispossessing them of their territory and cherished independence.

“A Protestant mission in Chili would have to encounter the enmity of the Romish Church in its very worst form, would be opposed by the bigotry of the masses, and unless backed by the ‘moral suasion’ of a line-of-battle ship, would meet with the decided opposition of the government. It is enough to know that as yet, liberty of conscience and *Christian burial* are

denied to Protestants. The government is now more bigoted than ever. For these reasons I do not consider the Chili Indians accessible from any point, except the eastward, from the Pampa side of the Cordilleras, which to the south are very low, and easily passed in many places. The Pehuenches (of the Pampas) frequently pass over to the Chili side, carrying salt in exchange for wheat, &c.

“This brings me to a point, the proper understanding of which I consider of the highest importance. Is there any *real difference* between the various tribes or *clans* that inhabit the South of Chili, the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego? I know from *personal intercourse* that the Pehuenches of the Pampas, and the Moluches and Huilyeches (commonly called Araucanians) of Chili, are one and the same people; the distinctions are purely geographical. They are again subdivided into Boroaches, Tottenches, Budeoches, &c. according to the particular river, mountain, or plain, upon or near which they happen to live, but they do not differ in language, nor even in customs, excepting such modifications as particular circumstances produce. Some are agricultural, others pastoral, and others again live upon the produce of fisheries. Those that are agricultural seldom move from their particular districts; those that are pastoral wander to great distances in search of pasture, and often also of plunder.

“By referring to a geography, I find Patagonia inhabited by *Puelches* and *Moluches*. If this be correct, it would seem to settle the point, for these names belong to the *Mapuche* language, spoken by the Chili and Pampa tribes. Moreover my interpreter, who had lived fifteen years amongst the Indians, and travelled, as he said, in Patagonia, assured me that that country

is inhabited by *Mapuches* (which is a general name, signifying 'the people of the land,' for all those speaking the so-called Araucanian language.)

"I also learned from what appeared a reliable source, while amongst the Indians, that the people of Tierra del Fuego are also *Mapuches*, though differing somewhat on account of their peculiar location."

These facts give an important bearing to the work about to be begun in Tierra del Fuego. They show a connection subsisting between a vast proportion of the tribes of American Indians, and exhibit, link after link, a chain which it is hoped the Gospel will speedily traverse. Let us be earnest in securing **THE FIRST LINK!**

THE COSTLY FOUNDATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." John xiii. 7.

In thought, I stood upon a river's brink, and looked into its deep, dark waters, as they rolled onwards to the ocean. So rapid was the tide that no bark could with safety stem its flood, and, as yet, no available means of communication with the opposite bank had been discovered. As I paused and wondered, I noticed that at no great distance workmen were busily engaged in preparing, with much labour, large and costly

stones which I thought, from their size and beauty, would, no doubt, form some conspicuous and ornamental part, in a bridge about to be erected. After a time I left the spot, and when again I visited it, the large blocks of granite which had attracted my attention were nowhere to be seen; the tide flowed on as it had done before, and no progress appeared to have been made with the work. Surprised, I asked a workman who was standing near, what had caused the failure of so promising a scheme? Where are those massive stones? I said. 'Surely the tide, rapid though it be, cannot have washed them away?' 'No! sir,' he replied, 'they have been sunk as a foundation; the bed of this river is deeper than was conjectured, and even at the lowest tide, you cannot see a vestige of the building.' 'Then the scheme will be relinquished' I said, 'and the workmen dispersed; sad! that such valuable time and property should have been so thrown away!' The man looked at me with astonishment and pity, that one ignorant in such matters should yet be so ready to advance an opinion. 'Thrown away!' he replied, 'surely you have not seen the plan drawn out by the King's engineer and sanctioned by the King himself: they have but begun to lay the foundations, another and another block may have to be sunk beneath these waters; but come

again ere long, and you will see a firm and safe bridge spanning this dark river, and then you will know there would have been no stability without a deep and firmly laid foundation !’

Christian reader ! need I point the moral of this simple allegory ? You, perhaps, have mourned, with many others, that seven noble, heroic Christian men should have perished (as you thought ingloriously,) on the barren shores of *Tierra del Fuego*.

‘Where is their work?’ you ask ; ‘not one soul converted ! not one ray of light thrown upon the moral darkness ! and what might not those men have effected for the cause of God, had not their lives and talents been thrown away in that obscure corner of the world.’

Reader ! if you say this, if you think it, you are not acquainted with the scheme of the great Architect ! you do not know that the greatest works ever have the deepest foundations ; to the eye of the master Builder those precious stones are not lost—they have done their work—the deep waters of a mysterious Providence have hid them from our view ; “they rest from their labours,” but it is only that you may follow after ; they have laid the foundation, we trust you will build thereupon ! Let us not grudge our polished stones to the Lord’s building, but with heart, with hand, and above all with pray-

ers, labour on, "until He shall Himself come forth, and lay the top stone thereof with shoutings, crying, grace, grace unto it."

"The God of heaven He will prosper us, therefore we, His servants, will arise and build."

Nehemiah ii. 20.

Teignmouth.

FUEGIA BASKET AND HER COMPANIONS.

CHAPTER III.

London & Walthamstow—Introduction at Court.

It was not found difficult to interest those in behalf of the strangers, who could provide for them such training as might be of use to them in their future life. Through the kindness of the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, Captain Fitzroy was introduced to the Rev. William Wilson, of Walthamstow, and he readily promised to take the three Fuegians into his parish, and arrange with the master of his school to take them into his house as boarders and pupils.

The plan seemed admirable, and arrangements were immediately made for conveying them to

London. The inside of a stage-coach was taken, and under the guidance of Mr. Murray, (the Beagle's late master,) they arrived in Piccadilly, and were carried to Walthamstow without attracting any notice. They seemed to enjoy their journey in the coach, and were very much struck by the repeated changing of horses. Captain Fitzroy himself took them from the coach-office to Walthamstow, and found them almost bewildered by the multitude of new objects.

Passing Charing Cross, there was a start and exclamation of astonishment from 'York.' "Look!" he said, fixing his eyes on the lion upon Northumberland House, which he certainly thought alive and walking there. It was more sudden emotion than he showed at any other time.

When they arrived at their new home, at Walthamstow, they were delighted with the rooms prepared for them, and the schoolmaster and his wife were equally pleased to find the future inmates of their house very well-disposed, quiet, and cleanly; instead of being fierce and dirty savages. They remained here about ten months, and during all the time were treated with the utmost kindness, not only by the schoolmaster, but by many families in the neighbourhood and casual visitors, who became much interested in their welfare and from time to time gave them very valuable presents.

The attention of their instructor was directed to teaching them English and the plainer truths of Christianity as the first object; and the use of common tools, a slight acquaintance with husbandry, gardening and mechanism as the second. Considerable progress was made by Fuegia and Jemmy, but York was hard to teach even mechanically. He took interest in smith's or carpenter's work, and paid attention to what he heard and saw about animals, but he reluctantly assisted in garden work, and had a great dislike to learning to read. By degrees, a good many words of their own language were collected and some interesting information was acquired respecting their own native habits and ideas. They gave no particular trouble, were very healthy, and the two younger ones became great favorites wherever they were known. Sometimes they were taken by Captain Fitzroy to see a friend or relation of his, who was anxious to question them, and contribute something to the increasing stock of serviceable articles with which they were to return to Tierra del Fuego. His sister was a frequent benefactress, and they often talked of going to see 'Cappen Sisser.'

During the summer of 1831, his late Majesty expressed to Colonel Wood a wish to see the Fuegians, and they were accordingly taken to St. James' Palace. His Majesty asked a great

deal about their country, as well as themselves, and Captain Fitzroy expresses great pleasure at the interest shewn by royalty in his proteges. Queen Adelaide also honoured the Fuegians by her presence, and by acts of genuine kindness, which they could appreciate and never forget. She left the room in which they were for a minute, and returned with one of her own bonnets, which she put upon Fuegia's head. She then put one of her rings upon her finger, and gave her a sum of money to buy an outfit of clothes when she should leave England to return to her own country.

In October, 1831, the Beagle was commissioned to carry back to Tierra del Fuego the three natives who had been awhile exiled from its shores. The Admiralty considerately gave their consent that two persons from England who, it was proposed, should accompany them, should have a free passage in the ship. It was hoped that two individuals might be found ready to go on this embassy, to attempt to carry forward the civilization which had been slightly commenced in England and to extend it to the natives of Tierra del Fuego generally. But the time which elapsed between this arrangement and the sailing of the Beagle was so short, that the judicious design was almost wholly frustrated. Only one young man was selected by Mr. Wilson among

the volunteers for this difficult enterprise, and he it appears was rather too young and not sufficiently qualified for the undertaking.

But the friends who were interested at that time in the welfare of the Fuegians, did the best they could under the circumstances, and the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, in unison with them, furnished the young man (whose name was Matthews,) with such articles as appeared to be necessary for him, and also gave him a letter of instructions, containing valuable hints for his mode of proceeding among the savage islanders.

“We trust,” he writes, “that in entering on this undertaking, you have been influenced by a sincere desire to promote the glory of God, and the good of your fellow-creatures. These are the ends which those friends have in view who have assisted you, and these they trust that you, by the grace of God, will ever steadily keep in view yourself. The means to be employed for the attainment of these ends, may be summed up in very few words:—it is to make it your study and endeavour to do these poor creatures all the good in your power, in every practicable way. By evidencing this to them in the whole of your spirit and conduct, you will gain their confidence, and obtain influence over them, without which you cannot expect to succeed. But it is not easy, steadily and consistently to maintain a line of conduct like this. To enable you to do it, you must be ‘strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;’ and this grace must be sought by diligent prayer, and a

constant reading and meditating on the word of God. Here lies your strength, and hence, under God, must your success be derived. 'Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.' Walk closely with Him, and His name will be glorified in you. Pursuing this course, you will be sure of enjoying His blessing, and may cheerfully leave all events in His hands."

The party from Walthamstow arrived in a steam vessel at Plymouth in October, and not a few boats were required to transport to the ship the large cargo of clothes, tools, crockery-ware, books and various things which kind-hearted people had given. They were, however, all stowed away, and the *Beagle* was ready for sea in November, but a succession of hard gales from the westward prevented her leaving England until the end of December. Twice she sailed and went a few leagues, yet was obliged to return in order to avoid the risk of being damaged or losing a boat at the very beginning of her voyage. At last the westerly gales seemed exhausted, and on the 27th the vessel was warped from its sheltered and picturesque retreat in Barn-pool, under that beautiful place Mount Edgcumbe, and at noon of the same day little *Fuegia* as a passenger homeward was outside the Breakwater, the *Beagle* bearing her towards her native Isle. The voyage was likely to be very long, but it promised much that would interest and excite and perhaps reward.

LAUNCH OF "THE ALLEN GARDINER."

We are happy to be able to acquaint the members and friends of the Patagonian Missionary Society, that our ship is now exhibiting the outline of her intended form. Circumstances, however, have made it desirable that her Launch should be postponed from May to July. In the second week of that month, if the Lord permit, the "Allen Gardiner" shall take her first gentle glide into the waters which are hereafter to claim her as their own, and bear her on to her work and labour of love. The following address has just been published by the Committee.

Dear Christian Friends,—Our missionary vessel is advancing rapidly to completion, and we hope, with God's blessing, to see her take the water early this summer. She will be a stout seaworthy craft of 100 tons' burthen, and bear the honoured name of "Allen Gardiner." We have the missionary party waiting to go in her to the sphere of their labours in Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia. The language of these southern tribes has already been reduced to a system in a grammar and dictionary. All navigators who have visited them agree in saying that they are very capable of instruction, and of being civilized. A cacique of Patagonia, named Casimiro,* in May, 1853, went on board H. M. S. Vixen, and entreated her Commander, Captain Barnard, to use every means to get him brought to England to learn Christianity, that he might go back and teach his ignorant countrymen;

* See page 115.

and said he desired to act as mediator between the savages and Europeans that came to their coasts. The Falkland Islands, within thirty hours' sail of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, are a British colony, and lavishly supplied with the necessities of life. All human means now wanted to enable us to take advantage of the opportunities and aids thus afforded are money. We call upon you in the name of your Saviour and Lord Christ, to give us this. £3,500 will enable us to complete our vessel, and fit her out for the voyage—pay her master and crew—the missionary and catechist—the labourers—secure the station and stock it—build mission premises, and furnish them, and cover all the expenses we can foresee, for the twelve-month. We want £2,300 of this sum. We want it at once. The exigencies of the heathen cannot brook delay. Souls are in misery; sinners are dying; hell is filling; Satan triumphs. The command of Jesus must not be neglected one moment. We ask you that are wealthy, as you value your peace at the last, as you remember the account for your riches you must shortly render up, give us liberally for the poorest of men. We ask you that are poor, give from your poverty what will bring a more abundant supply from the Promise-keeper to those who are far poorer than you, for they have not Christ. We ask every reader of these lines, give liberally to a cause begun by seven men, who willingly and cheerfully gave up their lives. Give pounds if you can; give shillings if you cannot give pounds; give pence if you cannot give shillings; give a postage stamp if you cannot give pence; but give what you can give—give your prayer.

We beg you to get and read "Hope Deferred; not Lost" (Nisbet and Co.) containing Captain Gardiner's

and Mr. Williams's last journals, and to take in "The Voice of Pity for South America" (Wertheim & Co.) price One Penny monthly.

Oh! Christian brethren, our hearts yearn over the souls of sinners dying without help in South America; do help us to send them Christ's Gospel.

LIST OF ARTICLES REQUIRED TO COMPLETE THE FITTING
OUT OF THE MISSION SCHOONER 'ALLEN GARDINER.'

£	s.	£	s.
Anchors, 3 (2 given)		Topgallant-yd. (given)	1 10
each	7 0	Jib-boom	3 10
Ditto, 1	2 10	Mainsail (given) . .	12 0
Ditto, 1 (given) . .	1 5	Foresails, 2 each	8 10
Cables, 2 each	26 0	Staysails, 2 each	4 5
Boats, No. 1, 'The		Jib (given)	3 10
Richard Williams'	18 0	Second Jib	2 10
Ditto, No. 2, 'The		Flying Jib	3 5
John Maidment'	17 0	Topsails, 2 each	3 10
Ditto, No. 3, 'The		Topgallant-sail . . .	2 15
Maidstone Hope'		Gaff-topsail	3 10
(given)	12 0	Try-sail	4 0
Cooking Stove . . .	10 0	Storm Stay-sail (given)	2 0
Compasses, 2 (1 given)		Square-sail	11 0
each	5 10	Steering Wheel (given)	5 0
Barometer	2 10	Ensign and Signal	
Mainmast	25 10	Flags (given)	7 0
Foremast	25 10	Chronometer	30 0
Bowsprit	9 0	Rudder	18 0
Main-boom	5 10	Windlass	20 0
Fore-yard	4 10	Winch	9 0
Fore-boom	3 10	Pumps	9 0
Gaffs, 2 each	3 0	Life-buoy (given)	
Topmasts, 2 each	2 10	Signal-gun (given)	
Topsail-yard	2 5		

NOTE—Any person wishing to make a present of any of the above articles to the Ship, will kindly communicate his intention to the Honorary Secretary, Rev. G. PAKENHAM DESPARD, Ridgway House, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM PATAGONIA.

The following, an extract from a Report to the Admiralty, made by Commander Barnard, H. M. S. *Vixen*, May, 1853, will cheer the Missionary Christian's heart, by the unexpected opening of which it speaks. Captain Barnard was employed in a search for some missing vessel, which it was supposed had been hardly dealt with by the Patagonians, and through this means he has procured information which has been, in a peculiarly providential way, transmitted to the Society.

“In consequence” he writes, “of the recommendation of Capt. Salas, I received on board at Sandy Point, (Magellan's Strait,) the cacique, CASIMIRO, who sent his people overland to meet us at Gregory Bay with guanaco meat. I found him most intelligent and half civilized, speaking Spanish fluently, and evidently, from his behaviour at table, much used to the habits of Europeans. His description of the people in the Pampas was most graphic and interesting. He says that they absolutely know nothing and are like the guanacoës they hunt; that they have not an idea of Christian people or of good faith and friendship, and unless a person like himself is with them to keep them in check and to answer for and explain things to them, they merely follow the bent of their own inclinations,

and rob and murder strangers. Having heard that a vessel had been wrecked between the first and second Narrows, I enquired if he knew any thing about it. He said that there was an English vessel cast away about five years ago, that the Indians had spoiled her and taken the people into the Pampas, whilst he was at the settlement, but that as soon as he heard of it, he liberated them and conducted them safely to Sandy Point (a Spanish settlement.) Of himself, he says, (and this is the important part of the information,) *his object is to be the mediator between the Patagonians and the Christians*, and for this purpose he lives constantly in the Pampas amongst them. He is most anxious to visit England and other Christian countries to be able to return and instruct his ignorant countrymen, and begged me to do all in my power to further his object. The caciques, Pedro Siloci and Guaichi, and a Capt. Jack, as well as a son of "Maria" mentioned by Capt. Fitzroy came on board; they were all perfect savages compared to Casimiro, who seemed to exert much moral influence over them. I should say that they are more capable of being quickly civilized than any other savages I have met with. They are clothed in the skins of Guanacoës, and smell like animals; beg and pray for spirits and seem most anxious to obtain powder, although fully

aware that they can get but little of either from an English man of war. I should recommend a vessel calling at Gregory Bay, to ask for "Casimiro."

We shall hope that the time which must elapse before "Casimiro" can be sought out by "The Allen Gardiner," will not weaken his desire for improvement; let all interested in the cause bear him on their hearts before God, praying that he may become the first Patagonian convert and, perchance, the first native Missionary. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

A WORD TO THOSE WHO STAND IDLE IN THE LORD'S VINEYARD.

"Curse ye Meroz, said the Angel of the Lord."

What has Meroz done? **NOTHING.**

Why then is Meroz to be cursed? Because Meroz did **NOTHING.**

What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.

Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.

Did the Lord then sustain any loss? No; but Meroz did.

Is Meroz then to be cursed? Yes; and that bitterly.

Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes; when he ought to do something.
(Luke xii. 47.)

TEMPORAL FOOD PROMISED & SPIRITUAL FOOD ASKED.

How the projected Mission settlement at the Falklands is regarded by one of the large proprietors in the neighbourhood, will be seen by the following letter just received by the Rev. G. P. Despard. It almost echoes the Macedonian cry, "*Come over and help us.*"

Gualguaychu, Feb. 25th, 1854.

Dear Sir,

By express I received your letter. I am on a journey of some hundred leagues, but I do not wish the mail to leave Monte Video, without taking a reply to your communication.

I think I have already informed you that I am no longer the sole proprietor of the cattle on East Falkland, but I hold a large amount of shares in the Company. My desire is that the Company should meet your views, and put at your disposal the number of animals you name. I write by this opportunity to my friend, requesting him to bring the matter before the directors, and to use his influence to carry the point. I would be very happy to give them if they were mine or their value in case of need. If the Company refuse, I will take upon myself to make good the amount to the extent of *one hundred pounds sterling*, when once the Mission is fairly established at the Falklands.

I should be most happy to learn that the directors were fully awake to *the importance of the Mission and schools*. EVERY DAY THE WANTS OF THE ISLAND ARE INCREASING, AND THE UTILITY OF THE MISSION MORE

MANIFEST, for without religion and morality in the community, what society or company can expect to prosper for any length of time ?

I take the liberty of recommending you to commence on a very small scale at first and go on feeling your way. *There is work for the Mission at the Falklands, and of great importance.* The Government would, I have no doubt, give a sum annually towards supporting schools, and the Society would at once be rendering an everlasting blessing to a small portion of mankind. Besides, if the Society send spiritual teachers who understand the Spanish language, their disciples might hereafter become teachers both to the Spaniards and Indians, which in time might work a reformation in these unfortunate countries.

Praying that it may be the will of our Heavenly Father to bless and prosper the Mission with teachers who know our Lord as the way, the truth, and the life,

remain, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL LAFONE.

GLEANINGS.

HAVE YOU FOUND MERCY? SHOW MERCY.—Whosoever is taught of God is henceforth a teacher for God. Each Christian heart is a reservoir of light and power for blessing the Church and the world—just as a candle is placed not under a bushel, but set in a candlestick, that

it may give light to all that are in the house—just as the stars are set in the heavens that they may shine through all the hours of darkness, guiding the wanderer in pathless deserts, the sailor on the sea—just as the rills flow, every one of them to make greenness and fruitfulness far along the vale—and every little flower, however lowly, sends up its fragrance upon the air.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.—Time was gone; Eternity surrounded and enveloped me. I breathed it. I stood before the throne of God, and saw the dead come to judgment, and receive their award. The nations that forget God were turned into hell. The shrieks of the lost came up from the bottomless pit, while from the other side came the songs of the blessed, and among them stood those who had turned many to righteousness, shining like the stars in the firmament. Their Elder Brother smiled upon them.

How contemptible now seemed ease and comfort, how light the cross, how pleasant trials and sorrows endured for Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us.

Wealth, talents, labour, freely give ;
Spend and be spent, that souls may live ;
What has your Saviour done for you,
And what for Him should you not do ?

LAUNCH OF THE 'ALLEN GARDINER.'

Notice was given in our last number, that unavoidable circumstances had made it necessary to postpone the launch of the 'Allen Gardiner' for two months. Although many anxious hearts felt unwilling to defer the hopes which have clustered around that interesting commencement of our new Mission to Tierra del Fuego, yet on the whole we feel satisfied to think that the delay may be beneficial.

We have rejoiced to learn that notwithstanding the present excitement of the public mind, on engrossing questions of political interest, in many quarters a real and increasing regard for our Mission has been awakened and fostered; and we think that the additional length of time now given for the practical result of that regard, will, by God's blessing, enable our active friends to supply all that is yet deficient in our balance-sheet.

Once again, let us be permitted to ask that a *special effort* may be made during the present month, to place in the hands of the Society a sum sufficient to provide for the Ship and its Missionaries. An energetic lady in Scotland has

set her Christian sisters a good example of zeal and industry in the cause. She has prepared a circular, explaining her object of pleading for the Patagonian Mission, and requesting for it a donation. This she leaves from house to house, stating that it will again be called for, when, if other claims prevent a larger gift, *one penny* from each member of the household, is asked. This plan has proved most successful; and we recommend its adoption to those willing to render efficient help.

Let each reader ask, What have I done? what can I do? There are three ways of aiding our cause. The first is, **PERSONAL SELF-DENIAL**. When such a great object as the salvation of perishing souls is proposed to us, it is surely a light thing for us to abridge some of our luxuries to provide for that object all the human means which are within our reach. Often a little self-denial in appetite, dress, recreation, would enable us to consecrate a valuable gift to missionary work. Let us all then first ask, Have I given to this good and holy cause all I can afford? Could I not spare to it one shilling more—one pound more—five pounds more? ‘Freely ye have received; freely give.’

The second way of helping a mission is by **SOCIAL INFLUENCE**. Some are willing themselves to give, but shrink from the trouble or the

mortification of asking others. This should not be. Every talent, the talent of Influence as well as others, must be used in the Lord's service, and the individual at leisure may find scope for very useful efforts among friends who are perhaps engrossed with business or family cares, who are willing to aid a cause when known to them, but unable to make themselves acquainted with it, unless brought before their notice. Look around the circle of your friends, my reader, and see if there are not many who might, *if solicited by you*, add something to the pounds, shillings, or pence which are already prepared for our design.

In all stations of life something may be done. Some pleasing proofs of this have reached us. The two subjoined letters among many others were received in answer to an advertisement of 'The Missionary Ship' The first enclosed 3s. in postage stamps from *a servant*—

"Sir,

"Having seen an advertisement in the 'Churchman's Penny Magazine' of 'The Missionary Ship,' I have raised, with my fellow-servants and another friend, a *small* sum, which I hope may reach you safe, though hardly worth sending. My fellow-servants join me in wishing success to the Missionary Ship.

"I remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant, M. F."

The second is from *a coachman* in Scotland—

“Sir,

“After reading ‘The Missionary Ship,’ Robert G... and William A... send you a small present for that noble cause, the Patagonian Mission—30 postage stamps, which I hope you will accept. It is small, but cheerfully given; and may the Lord grant his blessing along with such a small sum. I may never see that noble ship, but my humble prayer is that the Lord may ever keep His watchful eye on her and her noble company.

“WILLIAM A....., Coachman.”

The last aid we shall name is the one which though in some cases it must stand alone, must ever be connected with every other description of help—the aid of PRAYER. Yes! human means are but human; they can set machinery in motion, but they cannot make that machinery available for spiritual results. My reader! give liberally yourself; ask your friends to give liberally; but above all, ask your God to give liberally. He will not upbraid you. He will not refuse you. It is His to overcome human impediments, and over mountains of difficulties to cause His gospel to be carried to the dark places of the earth. It is His to touch a philanthropic chord in the rich man’s heart at home, and it is His to awaken a response of new Christian gratitude in the poor man’s heart abroad. It is His, *when the soul is sinfully at ease, to remind with thrilling pathos* what a debt HE claims who bought that

soul with his own blood—to turn its aroused thoughts to its Redeemer's message of love, to be circulated by all His redeemed ones ; and it is His, by the power of that same melting plea, to relax the icy fetters of death-bound souls, and make them, too, own the same debt of love.

Oh ! let us all then aid our cause with prayer. Pray, when you *can* give ; pray, when you *cannot* ; pray when you ask others to give. Let there be an ample gathering of funds for the ' Allen Gardiner,' but let there be a greater gathering of prayers. And so we may be assured that He to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth, will bless our work, and provide our needful supplies.

REMINISCENCES OF PAST LABOURS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Among the various journeys undertaken by Capt. Gardiner to the different aboriginal tribes of South America, one which was commenced early in 1846, introduced him to the Chenasea, the Matacos, the Tobas, and the Chiriguanoes or Arbas, as they style themselves. The following is his own account of the long and toilsome journey, the result of which we hope to insert in a future number.

He left England in September, 1845, and with a young Spaniard named Frederico Gonzales, as his companion and friend, sailed to Buenos Ayres ; from thence, round Cape Horn to Valparaiso ; and finally to Cobiga, the only port of Bolivia.

“Cobiga, Friday, Feb. 6, 1846. We arrived safely yesterday, and landed at a quarter to 12. It is a poor place, but we are comfortably lodged ; and after much trouble, I have secured mules, so that we proceed on our journey to-day ; are to reach Culaipo to-night ; rest at Chacaui on Sunday ; and be at Calama on Monday night. It is about 630 miles to the frontier of the Gran Chaco, which will take some time. The people of this country are all very civil, and the country-people half Indians.

“Tarija, March 9. By the good hand of God, we are brought to the very verge of our missionary work. A tedious journey indeed we have had. There is no flying along here as the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, or even as in some parts of Chili. A mule pace is all that can be accomplished, and even that is now denied us, as the roads are so bad in this part of the province, that asses are the animals most frequently employed to carry burdens. Our patacas (trunks made of raw hide) which were purchased on the road, are now too large for the poor humble donkeys, so that I have actually been obliged to procure a set of smaller ones here. With a very few exceptions, the whole intermediate country between Cobiga and this place is literally a desert : nothing in Arabia could be more sterile than that part of the road which crosses the Atacama desert ; and even after crossing the Cordillera, from Atacama to Rinconada, the whole route is unpeopled and desolate, without a single tree, and scarcely any herbage. From

thence to Sococha, near a place which you will find marked Yavi in the map, is a similar country.

“Sococha is a most romantic defile ; high precipitous rocks on each side ; at the base, strips of cultivation, Indian corn, figs, peaches in abundance ; a little town and numerous scattered houses at the base of the mountain rampart, embosomed in fruit trees. The road through this long and exceedingly picturesque defile, is in the bed of a watercourse, which sometimes, in heavy rains, disputes the passage with the inhabitants, who are then unable to avail themselves of it. The last two *cuestas* which we had to traverse before we reached the valley of Tarija, are so bad, that I am quite surprised that the horses were not completely tamed : it was like riding over the heaps scattered about the mouth of a stone quarry. Once the rocks on each side were too narrow to admit a laden mule, and consequently the *patacas* were taken off, and repacked again on the other side—a road, I cannot call it, nothing have I ever seen so bad ; in fact, there is scarcely a road in all Bolivia, excepting that which goes to Potosi, and the little which we have seen of that is anything but good. We generally follow a wide furrow which the mules have made with their feet, and often the channel of a watercourse is the best road which is to be met with.

“I have hitherto laughed at the accounts of the ‘*puna*,’ (a difficulty of breathing sometimes experienced by travellers, on mountains,) but at Rinconada felt its effects too frequently to be a sceptic any longer. Mr. Gonzalez suffered one night from it so severely, while we were on the Cordillera, that I was contemplating cutting down a *pataca*, and carrying him between two mules, expecting he would be unable to ride : however, the next morning it gradually left him, and he could breathe freely.

“ Our journey has been most tedious, and by no means interesting. Calama, Atacama, and Sococha are surrounded by verdure, but only for a mile or two round, when all again is desert or wilderness. We are now about 600 miles from the coast, having travelled by the shortest route ; but from the experience which we have now obtained, it would have been far better to have taken the longer round, *via* Potosi, as it can be accomplished with greater ease, and in less time. On that road there are post houses to rest in at night ; by the one we have taken there are none : so that since leaving Cobiga on Feb. 6th, until the 6th of March, when we arrived here, we have never taken off our clothes at night but once, while actually travelling, and had very seldom the advantage of a roof over our heads. At Rinconada, we came in for the Carnival, and were there detained five days, all the lower orders being half or wholly drunk. Even the Governor of the district, to whom we were obliged to apply, in order to urge our arriero to complete his contract, was found drinking with him and several others ; so that nothing could be done till the next day. And when we at length did leave Rinconada, the man who was to conduct us forward, was not quite sober. In all the way, kind friends have been raised up for us ; especially at Calama, at Rinconada, Sococha, and Tarija. Here and at the two former places, we have been lodged and boarded, in the kindest manner, without charge. A letter of introduction, from the house of Don Jose Maria Artola, has been the means ; but I look higher, and thank my God for His watchful care over us.

“ I am told that the frontier district about San Luis and Carapari, is the most accessible to the Indians. There is no war between them and the Bolivians,

although when cattle are stolen, as sometimes takes place, reprisals are made. We purpose leaving this for Carapari on the 11th, and in the course of seven or eight days, expect, by the blessing of God, to be at Ytiyuvu, a village of Cheneses, who are said to be the most pacific of all the neighbouring tribes. They speak the Guarrani language, as also do the Chiriguanos. The people of this country are very far behind those of Chili; few comparatively can read. On two occasions our passports were asked for on the road. One of the persons whose office it was to inspect them, candidly told us that the man who could read lived at some distance off, and returned it, as wise as he was before. The other very quietly listened, while it was read aloud. They are, however, a very civil and obliging people. It is the fashion here for the women, as well as the men, to wear hats. They are of stone colour, with a wide top and brim, and much too hot for this climate, being made of wool.

“It is remarkable that earthquakes are very rare in this part. At Calama, we experienced a very violent shock. The loud rumbling noise woke us both. I groped my way to the door as soon as I could, and found many persons in the street.”

After a few days' rest at Tarija, our travellers again sallied forth. The country, for some miles around that place, is said to be of a most extraordinary character—deep fissures and pinnacles, like colossal anthills, with abrupt precipices, are met with in all directions. Many of these broken and channelled piles of clay, often resemble the ruined walls of buildings, castles, &c. Traversing a rich, beautiful, and fertile country, they found themselves attacked by a new source of discomfort, for the insect tribes here reign supreme, and give

the daring invaders of their territory no respite, night or day. The travellers arrived at the River Pilcomayo on Saturday, March 21 ; but the sabbath gave them no relief from their winged and creeping adversaries. Finding, after visiting all the native villages in the vicinity, that they would not be permitted to reside at any Indian village, and the Bolivian bank of the river being untenable, from the countless hosts of wasps, flies, &c., they, on the 24th inst. returned to San Luis, with a view to exploring other parts of the frontier.

After narrating their proceedings thus far, the Captain concludes as follows—"Having adopted the best means which prudence can dictate, I would look far above and beyond them. These, to the best of our ability, we are bound to use, but our Rock is Christ, and our comfort and assurance, the word of promise—'Lo, I am with you alway.' Full well do I anticipate trials and hindrances, for thus it has ever been. When did Satan ever permit the gospel trumpet to be sounded but, sooner or later, he was sure to stir up a Sanballat or a Tobiah, to impede and, if possible, to frustrate the work. But there is one word which is sufficient to raise our courage, and to silence all unbelieving apprehensions, 'Is any thing too hard for the Lord?' 'Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.'"

FUEGIA BASKET AND HER COMPANIONS.

CHAPTER IV.

The Voyage—First Glimpses of Home.

The Bay of Biscay was crossed without a gale,

and the beautiful Island of Madeira appeared in sight, in a few days after leaving Barnpool. On the 6th of January, the snow-covered Peak of Teneriffe, glittering in the rays of the morning sun, greeted the voyagers, and on the 16th, they landed at the Cape Verd Islands, surveying there all that was worthy of notice. After crossing the Equator on the 16th of February, they anchored three days later in a roadstead, by the picturesque Island of Fernando Noronha, and and next steered for the port of Bahia. Its appearance, on the first approach, is represented as very striking. Capt. Fitzroy thus describes it—
“As we sailed in rapidly from the monotonous sea, and passed close along the steep, but luxuriantly wooded north shore, we were much struck by the pleasing view. After the light-house was passed, those by whom the scene was unexpected, were agreeably surprised by a mass of wood, clinging to a steep bank which rose abruptly from the dark-blue sea, showing every tint of green, enlivened by bright sunshine, and contrasted by deep shadow: and the general charm was heightened by turretted churches and buildings, whose white walls appeared above the waving palm-trees; by numerous shipping, at anchor or under sail; by the delicate airy sails of innumerable canoes; and by the city itself, rising, like an amphitheatre, from the water side to the crest of the heights.”

On the 3rd of May, Rio de Janeiro, the metropolis of Brazil was reached; and here, as the Beagle would be delayed for some time, Fuegia Basket was kindly received into the house of an English lady, who resided near Botafago Bay. The little girl, during this visit, gave good proof of the advantages she had gained from her education. The children of her protectress, brought up in South America, had no remembrance of their native tongue, and Fuegia taught them English, and learned Portuguese herself. York and Jemmy remained on board, and the latter was a great favorite with the sailors. He was a good-natured young fellow, and was most amusingly attentive to his newly acquired ideas of keeping up a respectable appearance. A spot upon his shoes would send him immediately to his cabin, where Day and Martin's services would be in request. His collar was kept scrupulously clean. He preferred a dress-coat to the rough sou'westers of the officers, and seldom walked on deck without a pair of gloves. York, on the contrary, was unpleasing and unpolished, and made no friends. No small jealousy existed between these two individuals on account of little Fuegia, both wishing to secure her good graces. Jemmy was evidently her favorite; but the strength and ferocity of York gained him the victory, and the officers of the ship felt con-

strained to throw their influence on his side, as they saw, if he were thwarted, he would murder Jemmy as soon as they were all settled again in their own country. So Fuegia Basket was betrothed to York Minster, and savagely watched by him the whole time afterwards. Her behaviour is described as most modest and interesting, and it is to be regretted that no better fate awaited her.

On the 5th of July, the Beagle sailed from Rio de Janeiro, and after a little delay off the coast of Cape Santa Martha and Santa Catherina, it was anchored in the River La Plata at the close of the month. Intending to make a surveying cruise from this spot to the neighbourhood, Fuegia Basket was again landed, and left at Monte Video with another English family, where she added to her stores of learning the acquisition of the Spanish tongue. Before leaving Monte Video, she could converse intelligibly in English, Spanish, or Portuguese.

It was not until December, 1832, that the Beagle pursued the direct course towards Tierra del Fuego, for the purpose of restoring the Fuegians to their native places. In the passage thither, she encountered some of the stormy weather so prevalent in those regions. The sea for many miles in extent was remarked to be of a very much lighter color than usual—not of a light green or muddy blue, such as one sees near

land, but of a milky white tint. The cause of this is not ascertained.

On the 15th of December, land was descried off Tierra del Fuego, near Cape Sebastian, and next day the vessel passed Cape Penas, and anchored off Santa Inez. A group of Indians was collected near Cape Penas, who watched it attentively. They were too far off to be distinctly observed; but it could be seen that they were tall men, on foot, nearly naked, and accompanied by several large dogs. To those who had never seen man in his savage state—one of the most painfully interesting sights to his civilized brother—even this distant glimpse of the aborigines was deeply engaging; but York Minster and Jemmy Button asked me to fire at them, saying that they were ‘Oens-men—very bad men.’ The Fuegians seemed to be much elated at the certainty of being so near their own country, and the boy was never tired of saying how excellent his land was—how glad his friends would be to see him—and how well they would treat those who had been kind to him.

Passing Cape Santa Inez and Cape San Diego, the vessel anchored in Good Success Bay. As she sailed in thither, a Fuegian yell echoed among the woody heights, and shout after shout succeeded, from a party of natives, posted on a projecting woody eminence at the north head of

the bay, who were seen waving skins, and beckoning with extreme eagerness. Finding that they were not noticed, they lighted a fire, which instantly sent up a volume of thick white smoke. The rapidity with which the Fuegians produce these signal-fires, in their wet climate, is astonishing; and it is from them that the island is named *Tierra del Fuego*, signifying 'The Land of Fire.'

A party from the ship went on land to the natives who had thus vociferously greeted their arrival, and it was strange to witness the effect produced upon their minds, by this first meeting with man in his totally savage state. There were five or six stout men, half-clothed in guanaco skins, almost like the Patagonians in aspect and stature, being near six feet high, and confident in demeanour. '*What a pity such fine fellows should be left in such a barbarous state!*' was the first earnest expression of one of the spectators. It was the natural emotion of philanthropy, which religion deepens and directs.

Disagreeable, indeed painful, as is even the mental contemplation of a savage, and unwilling as we may be to consider ourselves even remotely descended from human beings in such a state, the reflection that Cæsar found the Britons painted and clothed in skins, like the Fuegians, cannot fail to interest us in their behalf, and

excite our hopes in regard to what may be their future condition. And when passing far beyond temporal calculations, we regard these poor barbarians as beings standing in the presence of their God, formed by Him with a living soul, as well as an intelligent mind—then there is more than a mere chimerical prospect of better things for them, and we look up to the Creator, who has made us all of one blood, and given for us all one Sacrifice, and feel sure that these dry bones *can live*.

But to return to our narrative. The natives just spoken of are described as tall and well-proportioned, not cramped and misshapen, like those Fuegians who go about in canoes. They expressed satisfaction or good-will by rubbing or putting the bodies of those who come near them and then their own, and were highly pleased by the antics of a man belonging to the boat's crew, who danced well, and was a good mimic. One of them was so like York Minster, that he might have passed for his brother. About his eyes were circles of white paint and his upper lip was daubed with red ochre and oil. Another man was rubbed over with black. They were (apparently) very good-humoured, talked and played with the younger ones of the party, danced, stood up back to back with the tallest men to compare heights and began to try their strength in wrestling—but this was stopped.

York and Jemmy would not acknowledge them as countrymen, but laughed at and mocked them. It was evident, however, that they both understood much of the language in which the others talked, but they would not try to interpret, alleging that they did not know enough. York betrayed this by bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter at something the oldest man told him, which he could not resist telling afterwards, was, that the old man said he was dirty, and ought to pull out his beard. (This pulling out of the beard is a Fuegian custom.)

After inspecting some of the neighbouring heights, the party re-embarked on board the *Beagle*, and sailed from Good Success Bay on the 21st of December.

MAIDSTONE OFFERINGS FOR THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

Though we have many difficulties to encounter, and some prejudices to overcome in furthering the Mission to our benighted brethren in South America, still we have much to encourage; for it is with sincere gratitude we have in many instances to acknowledge the overruling power of Him, who ordereth all things both in heaven and in earth.

Twelve months ago, scarcely a friend to our cause

existed in the pretty town of Maidstone. There is now not only a regularly established Association, numbering many clergymen of the Town and neighbourhood, and shewing a good list of regular Annual Subscribers, of sums varying from a penny a week to a guinea a year ; but a few friends residing there thinking how great a privilege it would be to make a *special offering* to the Allen Gardiner, have promised to provide one of her boats, No. 3, to be named "The Maidstone Hope." The friend who suggested this Christian design, trusts that the example of Maidstone will be followed, and that some other large Town, such as Liverpool, Bristol, Plymouth, &c. will supply the funds for the other boats, or if they prefer it some other necessary appendage to "The Allen Gardiner."

A lady in the same Town has worked a handsome robe or dress for the Cacique 'Casimiro,' (mentioned in our last month's number,) and with us earnestly desires not merely that the Society will be enabled to secure his services as mediator between the Patagonians and Christians, according to his own expressed wish, but likewise that it may please God the Holy Ghost to create in him a clean heart and renew a right spirit within him -thus making him our first convert, and it may be our first native preacher of the unsearchable riches of Christ to his unenlightened countrymen.

W. W. K.

THE CARIBS OF BRITISH GUIANA.

Before the white man's barque approached the shores of America, the islands embayed between

the two grand divisions of that great Continent, were inhabited by a race of aborigines, called Caribs. By little and little, the invaders from the east have thrust out and destroyed the native people, till now not an individual of these exists on any of the West India Islands.

Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico, and Jamaica, have passed into the hands of those whom they never wronged. The poor Carib was first caressed, then cozened, and afterwards crushed by hard bondage : at last he was hunted down like a wild beast and slain.

The white man has killed and taken possession : but He who rebuked the Jewish king for depriving the poor man of the inheritance of his fathers, has spoken loudly in this case also. The ill-gotten possessions have passed into other hands and but two of the islands are held by the Spaniards, and this by a very precarious tenure. In British Guiana a few scattered remnants of these hapless Caribs are still found. But wherever they come in contact with white men, they contract vices and disease which reduce them spiritually and bodily to a worse condition than their former one. It seems to be the concern of no Society to provide for the instruction of these landlords of the soil. One Society says, "They are not colonists and so we cannot help them." Another says, "They are not extra-colonial and

so we cannot give them any assistance." A third says, "If we should help them and bring them to Christian civilization, Brazilian authority would step in and claim them for subjects and drive out our teachers and rob us of the fruit of our expenditure."

The Lord, however, has not cast them off nor neglected them, but raised up to them a warm friend in the Rev. William Austin, Rector of St. John's, Essequibo; who has been laboring for more than twenty-five years among planters and plantation people, numbering 7000, and scattered over a parish 30 miles long and hundreds of miles deep, and served in one church, three chapels and five schools, with the help of one assistant minister. This servant of Jesus Christ has remembered that the soul of the poor Carib is precious to his great Lord, and he has sought him out in his wanderings with such zeal and success as to have brought together 230 to form a congregation. On the Saturday the Indians assemble from their hunting grounds—tarry on the Sunday on his premises, where they have erected convenient lodges, and receive Christian instruction from him.

The Lord has blessed Mr. Austin's labours so, that 50 Caribs are now communicants. His daughters share their father's zeal. They have learnt the Caribbese language and have under

them a boarding school of 30 girls, several being orphans.

These are maintained in food by the Christian Caribs, who bring with them on Saturday cassada, and the fruit of their angle and bow, to serve for the ensuing week.

The Misses Austin are their gratuitous instructors in Christian doctrine, reading, writing, reckoning and sewing. They have this year the help of an Indian woman. Mr. Austin is much in want of £50, to help him in his Indian congregation and Indian school, to enable him to provide additional instruction, and such articles of medicine, clothing and food for the natives, as their own exertions and his very limited income make impossible to be procured.

The Rev. G. P. Despard, Hon. Sec. of the Patagonian Missionary Society, will be most happy to receive and acknowledge any sum contributed towards the required £50, which the lovers of justice may see fit to bestow.

“He that hath this world’s goods and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?” 1 John, iii. 17.

THE VANITY OF MISUSED RICHES.

I knew an old man, and riches were his god. I rode in company with him a considerable distance through his possessions. I sought means to turn the conversation from his groves and his orchards, his fields and his treasures, to something more serious and profitable. But no! his heart was on those things—they engrossed his thoughts and his affections. He was between

80 and 90 years of age, and yet I could not bring him for a moment to speak of leaving his earthly inheritance. To the Sabbath and the Sanctuary, and all the things of God, he was an utter stranger.

Not long after this interview, disease attacked his mortal frame, giving no doubtful intimation that the machine which had been in motion more than fourscore years was about to stand still. As he lay struggling with death, he spoke of fields of corn, and then said, "Bring me my bundle of notes." Inspecting one of them he said, "I believe we shall not lose it," or words to that effect. While he thus lay, holding his notes and obligations before his face, in his withered hand—*he died!* Does not his dismal requiem seem to sound in our ears, "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

GIFT OF THE CHRONOMETER TO THE 'ALLEN GARDINER.'

The Rev. G. P. Despard has much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of notes, value respectively £20 and £10, for the purchase of the most costly article which remained on the list of appendages necessary for the 'Allen Gardiner,' as given in our pages last month, viz: **THE CHRONOMETER.** The kind donor who has consecrated this portion of her wealth to the Lord's service, sends it with this prayer—'May its measurement of Time be for Eternity, and may it steer many souls from Patagonia into the harbour of safety—the true Ark of Christ—the Saviour of all mankind.'

The list now remains as follows—

LIST OF ARTICLES REQUIRED TO COMPLETE THE FITTING
OUT OF THE MISSION SCHOONER 'ALLEN GARDINER.'

£	s.	£	s.
Anchors, 3 (2 given)		Topgallant-yd. (given)	1 10
each	7 0	Jib-boom .. (given)	3 10
Ditto, 1 (given)	2 10	Mainsail .. (given)	12 0
Ditto, 1 .. (given)	1 5	Foresails, 2, each ..	8 10
Cables, 2, each	26 0	Staysails, 2, each .	4 5
Boats, No. 1, 'The		Jib (given)	3 10
Richard Williams'	18 0	Second Jib .. (given)	2 10
Ditto, No. 2, 'The		Flying Jib .. (given)	3 5
John Maidment'	17 0	Topsails, 2, each	3 10
Ditto, No. 3, 'The		Topgallant-sail	2 15
Maidstone Hope'		Gaff-topsail	3 10
(given)	12 0	Try-sail	4 0
Cooking Stove . . .	10 0	Storm Stay-sail (given)	2 0
Compasses, 2 (1 given)		Square-sail	11 0
each	5 10	Steering Wheel (given)	5 0
Barometer .. (given)	2 10	Ensign and Signal	
Mainmast .. (given)	25 10	Flags (given)	7 0
Foremast	25 10	Chronometer (given)	30 0
Bowsprit .. (given)	9 0	Rudder	18 0
Main-boom	5 10	Windlass	20 0
Fore-yard .. (given)	4 10	Winch	9 0
Fore-boom .. (given)	3 10	Pumps	9 0
Gaffs, 2, each	3 0	Bell (given)	2 10
Topmasts 2 each given	2 10	Life-buoy (given)	
Topsail-yard (given)	2 5	Signal-gun (given)	

NOTE—Any person wishing to make a present of any of the above articles to the Ship, will kindly communicate his intention to the Honorary Secretary, Rev. G. PAKENHAM DESPARD, Ridgway House, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

"GO AND DO THOU LIKEWISE."

"I heard," writes one, "a very interesting fact the other day. A friend of mine gave a copy of Williams' Life to a poor student of the Free Church of Scotland. He was so greatly interested in the exertions made by Capt. Gardiner and his associates, that he lent the book first to his father, then to his sister and other friends, the result of which was that they all felt constrained to give something to the cause, and out of their poverty they collected £6 for the Society."

GLEANINGS.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.—Christian! if the seed of Truth is in thine hand, sow it in any field which God provides for thee in His Providence, and the least seed may become a great tree, whose fruit may feed many souls, and make glad thine own, here or hereafter, with exceeding joy.

“THE DAY SHALL DECLARE IT.”—We need not reckon trophies here, our part is done if we fulfil our duty and leave the results to God. The true adjustment, the true discovery, the true day of revelation, when every man shall receive his reward of God, when the reward of the ten talents and the five talents and the one talent; and the complete bringing to light of all hidden deeds of mercy, love, and lowliness shall at last be seen—that day comes on apace: and then, the young and the old together, the widow who could give but her mite, and the Barnabas who sold his possession, the feeble woman whose natural gifts were small, but who did what she could, and the martyr who was faithful unto death—will all be arrayed together: and for that day, in the full assurance that, if we labour here earnestly and devotedly, looking only for the smile of the Lord, as we serve our generation according to his will, we shall not be forgotten; for that day we well may hopefully and humbly wait. Yes, let us wait!

THE MISSIONARY SHIP ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Some eighteen hundred years ago, there appeared in the Land of Judea, a Holy Being, combining in his character most wonderful excellences, who declared himself to be sent there on a Mission of mercy. The people to whom he came were living and dying in ignorance of God—darkness covered them; the veil was upon their hearts. Pitying them in their lost estate, this Great Missionary came forth from His own sweet land, and willingly laid aside the delights and glories which there surrounded Him.

It was his custom to go from city to city, and from village to village, preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom: and oftentimes for this purpose, He made use of a little Ship which sailed on the Sea of Galilee. Now, He would make the Ship His resting-place, and seated on its deck, summon the multitude before Him on the shore, and speak to them such words ‘as never man spake.’ Anon, He would dismiss the gathered congregation, and use the Ship as His means of conveyance to a country on the other side of the sea.

It was from the Ship, that he uttered those beautiful parables which compare the kingdom

of heaven to the little seed—the morsel of leaven—the wheat and tares—the net with its mixed fishes. It was by means of the Ship, that he who had the legion, and dwelt among the tombs, was met with, and blessed with a wonderful restoration to his right mind. It was the Ship, which brought Him, as the Good Physician, to the raising of Jairus's daughter, and to that trembling woman who had faith to touch him, and be healed. It was by Ship, that He went into that desert place, where he met much people, who were as sheep having no shepherd, and to whom He gave spiritual and temporal food. And it was, as He landed from the Ship, that crowds recognized Him as the sufferers' Friend, and brought to Him the children of affliction, that they might touch if it were but the border of His garment.

The 'Missionary Ship' on the Sea of Galilee has accomplished long ago its voyages of mercy, but its Mission yet tells upon the world with effects which Eternity shall not obliterate. And He who sailed in it, though now back to glory, has not forgotten the world whom He came to save. Sent Himself in His Father's name, He has now sent others in his own name to the same blessed work of love. Many a spot is traversed by His faithful laborers; the seed is sown; the word is preached; the Spirit is given; sinners are converted; sorrow is turned into joy.

But is there not yet a country '*on the other side of the sea,*' where perchance there dwells in unrestrained violence, in the abodes of darkness, untamed and untameable, A NATION with an unclean spirit? Has the Great Missionary no errand to them—no healing for them? Who that knows the unspeakable love that moves His heart towards wretched, sinful man, will dare to say that He has not? He neglected not such in His day of labour; He bids us neglect them not in our day. "Let us," were His words to His disciples, "let us pass over to the other side."

Should we not echo our Master's words, '*Let us also pass over to the other side.*' We trust soon to be permitted to carry out the resolve, and when our little Ship shall traverse other seas, may the remembrance of the Mission on the Sea of Galilee cheer and strengthen our hearts!

**EXTRACT FROM CAPT. GARDINER'S
JOURNAL, 1846.**

"Oh! Heavenly Wind, awake and blow,
In answer to the prayer of faith;
Now thine Almighty influence show,
And fill dry bones with living breath."

The writer of the following reflections, (Capt.

Gardiner,) had made several attempts to benefit the aboriginal tribes of South America, but was prevented from settling among them, by a succession of difficulties.

It was at a time when these difficulties had accumulated, and threatened to prove, as they actually did, insuperable, that he penned the following reflections which most vividly represent the feelings of his mind, under these circumstances of trial and sorrow.

“Sunday, April 19, 1846. By the goodness of God, I am brought to another Sabbath, and am now in the midst of those Indians to whom I desire to convey the knowledge of salvation by Jesus Christ. Here is a suitable time to pause, and seek fresh strength and guidance of my God. What mercies have attended me in these long journeys! Why am I in health, and my companion in sickness? Why am I permitted to go forward in the work, while he is unable to proceed? Surely it is of the Lord’s goodness: from Him I receive all my blessings: by him I live, and move, and have my being: what shall I render to Him for His benefits? Nothing indeed that is worthy of his reception. Yet still I would praise His holy name, and give myself up to His service, which is my highest happiness, as it is my bounden duty. Lord, vouchsafe to me the light of Thy Holy Spirit, to guide me in Thy way; purify me from pride; engraft thy love in my heart; and enable me to set Thee ever before my face. Graciously direct me in my present perplexing circumstances. Thou knowest, Lord, that we have been forbidden to cross the Pilcomayo, at the place where we reached it; that

I have been again forbidden to remain in one of the districts of this country, which belongs to the Cheneses, and that but a very qualified assent has been given to my request to build a habitation among the Matacos. To-morrow, in all probability, a final answer will be given respecting our admittance into the Chenese country. Whatever it may be, I know that it will be exactly that which is known and purposed by Thee, my heavenly Father, for the hearts of all men are open to Thee, and Thou canst direct them according to Thy righteous will. To Thee I thankfully commit every circumstance and event, well knowing that without thee I can do nothing, and what I may seem to do, without Thy blessing, will assuredly come to nought. Give me faith, to take courage in the midst of apparent discouragements, to confide in thy promise, even when all things seem to be against me. I know, O Lord, that Thy word can never return unto Thee void, that none of Thy gracious promises shall fail, and that to every specific duty, a promise is annexed. Thou hast given the command to thy servants, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," and for our encouragement, Thou hast added these gracious words, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." What then should I fear?—disappointment?—confusion of face? Can it be that Thou, who art holy, just, and good, shouldest set Thy servants upon a work, and that on the faith of specific promises, and then abandon them to the ridicule and scoffs of an ungodly world? Ah, no, Lord; it cannot be. If ever I meet with shame and confusion of face in any work that Thou hast ordained, it will not be because of the failure of Thy promise, but because of the weakness of my faith. Lord, increase my faith! I believe; help

Thou my unbelief ! I know that nothing is too hard for thee ; that if I do but believe, all things which are according to Thy will, shall prosper. To Thee therefore, O my God, I will thankfully commit all, beseeching Thee to guide me in what I shall say ; to influence the hearts of the chiefs, to whom I purpose to apply, and if it be thy will at this time, to open a door in this part of the country, and among this nation, for the entrance of Thy glorious gospel, for with Thee all things are possible. And, Lord, should I be hindered as thy disciples were, both in Asia and in Bithynia, may I not be cast down ; but show me, as thou didst thy servants Paul and Silas, in some way which I cannot mistake, where Thou wouldest have me go. As they were called to Macedonia, so enable me to discern the leadings of thy Providence, as to where I should proceed. Thou knowest, Lord, that all men here are in fear of the Tobas ; yet, if it be Thy will, here I am ; send me ! Only show me where Thou wouldest have me go, and strengthen me for the work. Thou who didst cleave a way for thy people, in the midst of the sea, and didst cause water to flow out of the flinty rock, to assuage their thirst—Thou art still the same omnipotent God, and art as able now as then, to remove every mountain, and to make crooked things straight. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to hear my supplication, and to shew me clearly the path of duty. Let the light of Thy truth shine on these poor, blind Indians. Graciously raise up Thy servant whom thou hast seen fit to afflict with sickness, restore him again to health, and enable him to go forward in the work to which Thou hast called him. I ask all in the name of my Saviour Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich."

There is encouragement here which should strengthen our faith in the prospect of the work about to be recommenced in these benighted regions. Dark though they be, all uncultivated as they spiritually appear, prayer has ascended from them,—the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man. That prayer entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, it was registered in heaven; it is not forgotten now. Who that knows the power of prayer can read the foregoing earnest supplications without hoping, it may be even “*against hope*,” for a full and glorious answer?

Whenever the Christian rises from his knees, though drought may be everywhere around him, his ear of faith may discern the “*sound of abundance of rain*.” And though seven times may pass over him ’ere the cheering shower really descends he faints not, he flags not; but ever onwards, ever pursuing,—working below and watching above,—like the prophet’s servant in obedience to his master, he will in God’s own good time see first a little cloud of promise, and then will come the outpouring of a very great rain.

WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE!

“Deal with every individual, however debased, as with one who may yet wear heaven’s radiant crown.”

CHRISTIAN LOVE AND LABOUR VERSUS SELFISH EASE.

The Voice of Nature.

Soul, take thine ease.—*Luke* xii. 19.

“Our lips,” our wealth, our time,
“are our own.”—*Psalms* xii. 4.

Thou hast much goods laid up
for many years; eat, drink and
be merry.—*Luke* xiii. 19.

The Jews have no dealings
with the Samaritans.—*John* iv. 9.

Am I my brother's keeper?—*Gen.* iv. 9.

The Voice of God.

Son, go work to-day in my
vineyard.—*Matt.* xxi. 28.

Ye are not your own.—1 *Cor.*
vi. 19.

Send portions unto them for
whom nothing is prepared.—*Neh.* viii. 10.

There is no difference between
the Jew and the Greek, for the
same Lord over all is rich unto
all that call upon him. Who will
have *all men* to be saved, and
to come to the knowledge of the
truth.—*Rom.* x. 12; 1 *Tim.* ii. 4.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour
as thyself.—*Matt.* xxii. 39.

The Christian's Answer to the Voice of God.

Lord, what wilt thou have
me to do?—*Acts* ix. 6.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant,
thou hast loosed my bonds.—*Psalms* cxvi. 16.

I am debtor both to the Greeks
and the Barbarians; both to the
wise & the unwise.—*Rom.* i. 14.

We ourselves also were some-
times foolish disobedient de-
ceived. What then? Are we bet-
ter than they? No, in no wise.
—*Titus* iii. 3; *Rom.* iii. 9

As we have, therefore, oppor-
tunity, let us do good unto *all*
men.—*Gal.* vi. 10.

FUEGIA BASKET AND HER COMPANIONS.

- CHAPTER V.

Scenery of Fuegia—Stormy Weather—Native Superstitions.

We left our Fuegian friends on the very shores of their own dark island. Abrupt, high, and woody cliffs rise from the deep water in Good Success Bay, and violent squalls, and cold, damp weather verify the belief that the ship is very near Cape Horn. Capt. Fitzroy thus describes one of these squalls: "At sun-set, there was a reddish appearance all over the sky. Clouds shot over the summits of the mountains in ragged, detached masses, and there was a lurid haze around, which showed a coming storm as surely as the fall of the barometer. The gale increased, and at midnight such furious squalls came down from the heights, that the water was swept up, and clouds of foam were driven along the sea."

Delayed by a continuance of such weather, it was not until the 11th of January that the wild-looking height York Minster, was seen 'looming' among driving clouds, but even then the sea was so tempestuous that it was impossible to approach the land. Soon after mid-day on the 13th, the sea had risen to a great height, and the com-

mander was anxiously watching the successive waves, when three huge rollers approached, whose size and steepness at once told him that the sea-boat, good as she was, would be sorely tried. Having steerage way, the vessel met and rose over the first unharmed, but of course, her way was checked ; the second deadened her way completely, throwing her off the wind ; and the third great sea turned her so far over, that all the lee bulwark was two or three feet under water. For a moment the position was critical, but like a cask, she rolled back again, though with some feet of water over the whole deck. Had another sea struck her, the little ship might have been numbered among the many of her class which have disappeared ; but this, God in His gracious providence prevented. The crisis was past ; she shook the sea off through her ports, and was none the worse, excepting the loss of a boat, which was dipped under water, and torn away. From this time the wind abated, and the Beagle neared the land. Crossing Nassau Bay, she entered Goree Road, described as one of the most spacious, accessible, and safe anchorages in these regions. Here, to the great surprise of the officers of the Beagle, York Minster said that he would rather live with Jemmy Button in the Tekeenica country, than go to his own people. This was a complete change in his ideas, and

they were very glad of it, because it might be far better for the three, York, Jemmy, and Fuegia, to settle together. It was little guessed how deep a scheme Master York had in contemplation.

The Beagle was moored in security, and four boats were made use of to convey Matthews and the Fuegians and all the stock of useful things which had been given them in England, to that particular spot of Tierra del Fuego which Jemmy called 'his country.' On the first day of this cruise no natives were seen, though thirty miles of coast were passed. From the hill above Cut-finger Cove, near Cape Rees, the view is striking. Close to it is a mass of very lofty heights, shutting out the cold southerly winds, and collecting the few rays of sunshine which contrive to struggle through the frequent clouds. Opposite, beyond a deep arm of the sea, five miles wide, there appears an extensive range of mountains, whose extremes the eye cannot trace, and to the westward, an immense canal, looking like a gigantic work of art, extends between parallel ranges of mountains, of which the summits are capped with snow, though their sides are covered with endless forests. This singular canal-like passage is almost straight, and of nearly a uniform width (overlooking minute details) for 120 miles.

Several natives were seen in the next day's pull; but, as Jemmy said they were not his friends, and often made war upon his people, they were not accosted. York laughed heartily at the first he saw, calling them great monkeys; and Jemmy would not have them thought to be his people, whom he said were 'very good' and 'very clean.' Fuegia was shocked and ashamed; she hid herself, and would not look at them a second time.

It was interesting to observe the change which three years only had made in their ideas, and to notice how completely they had forgotten the appearance and habits of their former associates, for it turned out that Jemmy's own tribe was as inferior in every way, as the worst of those whom he and York called 'monkeys—fools—dirty—not men.'

Favoured by beautiful weather, the boats were rowed on past a tract of country, where no natives were seen. Jemmy said that it was 'land between bad people and his friends'—(neutral ground probably.) On the evening of January 22nd, a cove was reached near the Murray Narrow, where a small party of Tekeenica natives gave us tidings of Jemmy's mother and brothers, but said that his father was dead. Poor Jemmy looked very grave and mysterious at this news, but showed no other symptom of sorrow. He

reminded Bennett of a dream he had about six months before, to the effect that a man came to the side of his hammoek, and whispered that his father was dead ; and then went for some green branches, which he burned, watching them with a solemn look, after which he talked and laughed as usual, never once of his own accord recurring to the subject of his father's decease. He was very superstitious, and a great believer in omens and dreams, and perhaps the silence he maintained was owing to an early prejudice ingrafted in his mind in his own country. Whenever any one spoke of a dead person, he would shake his head, and gravely say, "No good—no good talk—my country never talk of dead man."

The tendency to superstitious ideas was strongly marked in our three Fuegians. If any thing was said or done that was wrong, in their opinion it was sure to cause bad weather. Even shooting young birds, before they were able to fly, was thought a heinous offence. On one occasion some young ducks had been shot with the old bird, and York Minster was very angry about it, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr Bynoe, very bad to shoot little duck—come wind—come rain—blow—very much blow."

A great black man was supposed by them to be always wandering about the woods and mountains, who is certain of knowing every word

and action, (what a remarkable glimpse is this of the real Omniscience which surrounds us!) who cannot be escaped, and who influences the weather according to men's conduct. York related a curious story of his own brother, who had committed a murder.

"In woods of my country," said he, "some men go about alone—very wild men—have no belly, (meaning probably that they were very thin)—live by stealing from other men." He then went on to say that his brother had been getting birds out of a cliff, and on coming down, hid them among some long rushes, and went away. Soon afterwards he returned, and seeing feathers blown away by the wind from the spot, suspected what was going on : so, taking a large stone in his hand, he crept stealthily towards the place, and there saw one of these wild men plucking a bird which he had got out of the cliff. Without saying a word, he dashed the stone at the wild man's head, and killed him on the spot. Afterward York's brother was very sorry for what he had done, particularly when it began to blow very hard. York said, in telling the story, "rain come down—snow come down—hail come down—wind blow—blow—very much blow. Very bad to kill man. Big man in woods no like it—he very angry." At the word 'blow,' York imitated the sound of a strong

wind, and he told the whole story in a very low tone of voice, and with a mysterious manner, considering it an extremely serious affair.

Tents were erected in the cove, near the Murray Narrow, and some acquaintance made with the natives, and leaving Fuegians and British sailors in close proximity in this distant land, with the prospect of soon parting company for ever—the one to return to ancient barbarism and ignorance; the other to all the privileges of English civilization and knowledge.

We defer to another chapter the account of Jemmy's home, and long-anticipated meeting with his family.

"TARRY THE LORD'S LEISURE."

The following facts were communicated a short time since by one of the earliest and most active Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, as an encouragement to wait, notwithstanding adverse circumstances may have cast a gloom over Christian zeal in the failure of the first efforts for South America—

"The Church Missionary Society was established *four years* before a single missionary could be found ready to go on the missionary enterprize. After the first mission was esta-

blished, *twelve years* passed without a single convert."

A consideration that should weigh with us in our estimate of plans for spreading Christ's gospel is this—We are answerable to God for *faithfulness* to our trust, not for *success*. Duties are ours ; events are God's. Let us be willing to work actively, but yet to tarry the Lord's leisure for the reward of that work.

WHAT CAN LITTLE CHILDREN DO ?

A little girl named Ellen M——, about three years old, was observed by her mother for some time to leave play with her sisters every day at about one o'clock. This excited attention but not surprise, as she was a peculiar child, and fond of playing by herself. At last her mother's curiosity was roused, and wishing to know what her little girl was about, she crept very softly to the door of the room into which she had shut herself, and listened, and what was her surprise and joy to hear the infant voice of her child *in prayer for the Gospel to-be sent to the poor Heathen !*

Here was indeed an instance when out of the mouth of babes, and sucklings, God had ordained strength. Little reader ! will you abridge the time allotted to play, and give that rescued scrap of time *to pray* that God will send the knowledge of Jesus to the poor heathen of South America ? God heard and answered the voice of that little one, and He will hear and answer yours, and will give you such happiness as no play can give.

Ellen M——'s uncle has written this little Anecdote, and knows it to be true.

One thing then you see that children can do for the poor heathen is *to pray* for them. But some little ones have done more than this. Listen to another story.

Young Robert was one day fortunate enough to have a penny given to him. "Now," says he I'll have a stick of candy, for I have been wanting some a long while." His mother asked if that was the best use he could make of his penny. "Why I want candy very much, mother," he said, and putting on his cap he ran off in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then stop. She thought he had dropped his penny—but he started off again and soon reached the confectioner's door, and there he stood a long while with his hand on the latch and his eyes on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back to his home without going in. In a minute he rushed into the parlour, with a bright glow upon his cheek, and a brighter glance in his eye, as he exclaimed, "*Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!*" What do you mean, Robert, by "*the heathen have beat?*" "Why, mother, as I went along, I kept hearing the heathen say, give us your penny, to help send us good Missionaries—we want Bibles and tracts, help us little boy, wont you?" And I kept saying "*O I want the candy, I do want the candy.*" At last the heathen beat, and I am going to put my penny into the missionary box. It *shall* go to the heathen." Another thing then you see that children can do for the poor heathen, is to give them their pennies; many pennies make a pound, and

the pounds all put together will pay for sending out the good missionaries to teach them that Jesus died to save them.

I heard very lately of two little boys in Scotland, who wished to do something for the ship which this book tells you about. One of them, about five years old, had not many pennies of his own to give, so he took his little hat, and handing it round to the company assembled in his father's house, made it a sort of begging box. The ladies and gentlemen were very kind to the little beggar, and he got as much as *seven shillings* in his hat. Another rather older, hearing a gentleman mentioning the many things which were required to complete the fitting out of the 'Allen Gardiner,' thought how much he should like to raise the money for one of articles wanted, and make it a present to the Ship. He looked over the list, and as his choice, fixed upon an Anchor, value £7. Consulting for a moment with his elder brother, the two boys together resolved to try to make up this sum, and very successful they were in their suit. The Anchor is given by the little boys.

My young readers—"Go and do likewise."

"AN APPEAL."

Friends of the Missionary cause, whose hearts are true,
Friends of the Bible, may I speak with you?

My tale though brief, is one of deep distress,—

A nation perishing for lack of bread,—no Christ,—and
Spiritless!

Will you receive those blessings in your heart,
 And not to them the "Bread of Life" impart?
 Remember what Christ said, "my word is free to all;"
 "Go ye and preach the gospel news to those in Satan's
 thrall:"

Come then my friends, assist me now to pay
 A debt long-standing to our GOD, this day;
 Redeem the past, by present active work of love
 In winning souls from sin and death, to live with Christ
 above.

"The harvest truly now is white," and easy to be found,
 Lift up your eyes and look afar o'er Patagonian ground.

C. B.

"WILL SHORTLY CLOSE."

We seldom take up a Newspaper without seeing these words, or others of like import prefixed to an Advertisement. Their object is to induce the public to see (or, if the Advertisement be a tradesman's to buy) something without delay.

Now, if in temporal matters, the consideration of *limited opportunity* leads to increased interest and activity—how earnest, how zealous ought the followers of the Lord Jesus to be at a time like the present, when the general voice of the Christian Church whether expressed in private circles, in the pulpit, or through the press, proclaims the conviction that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh," that *this dispensation will shortly close!*

The events now taking place in the world, and translating (as an eloquent writer has remarked) ancient prophecies into modern facts, give abundant foundation for this opinion; and what solemn considerations, what

weighty responsibilities does its adoption involve ! Christian ! the time is short, "work while it is day" be "instant in prayer" for the souls of all who are in spiritual darkness, *whose lives*, even were the present order of things to continue undisturbed *will shortly close !*

Oh ! wrestle earnestly for the souls of the heathen who are perishing. A Gracious God has put you in trust with His own Divine Revelation—be faithful then to that trust—*your opportunity will shortly close.*

As you value your own soul, use every effort to proclaim the glad tidings of a Saviour's love. Much that is now spent by you in luxury, may be applied to higher and nobler ends ; and think you that any denial of self—any sacrifice you make now, will appear too great when you see the Son of Man sit on the throne of His glory, and the dead small and great stand before God, each to receive his sentence of joy unspeakable, or everlasting unutterable woe ? Should you and I through God's grace, be found at that day at the Saviour's right hand, *our joy*, in meeting those whom our efforts have been the means of saving **WILL NOT SHORTLY CLOSE.**

Neither, *will shortly close that anthem of praise* with which those redeemed ones swell the chorus of Heaven, for they shall ascribe "Blessing and glory, and wisdom and thanksgiving, and honor and power to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb **FOR EVER AND EVER.**" !!

ZETA.

GLEANINGS.

THE UNIVERSAL LIKENESS.—If in surveying a race whose peculiar national characteristics are such as to rank them far below the level of civilized beings, we are tempted to ask, How shall such a people be converted to Christianity?—to this question, backed up by a show of impossibility, a full and sufficient reply is contained in a single affirmation of scripture, not less philosophically just than it is beautiful and sublime: “The Lord looketh from heaven. He beholdeth all the sons of men; from the place of his habitation He looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth; *He fashioneth their hearts alike.*”

SLEEPERS! AWAKE!—In looking at the idle, listless piety which in times of need and peril “goes down into the sides of the ship” to sleep, like Jonah of old, we often wish for a Gabriel’s peal to ring in such heavy ears, “What meanest thou, O sleeper?” Want is on every side—woes are on every hand—more than half the world is spiritually famished—millions of immortal men have never seen a Bible or heard a sermon!

How can a Christian sleep in such an age as ours!—when life grows grander every year by the increasing knowledge and extending facilities for achieving great results for God and humanity?—when so many harvest-fields of labour invite the sturdy arm and the glowing heart?—when the wails of a world’s sorrow rise on every gale? To lie like a rotting weed at such a period of the world’s history is a fearful crime. Truly it is a sin against heaven to have no pulse that beats in the palpitations of an age that trembles with the footsteps of advancing God!

THE LAND OF FIRE.

The island is named *Tierra del Fuego*, signifying
'The Land of Fire.'—Page 134.

Far, far away,
Over ocean's spray,
Where the billows roll,
By the icy Pole,
Lies the 'Land of Fire!'

On the rocky heights,
Blaze the signal lights;
'Midst the snow they flare,
With unearthly glare,
From the 'Land of Fire!'

What strange forms appear,
Flitting here and there?
Man! this is no other
Than thy heathen brother
In the 'Land of Fire!'

Ah! 'tis but a name,
But a transient flame!
Of the brilliant flashes
Nought is left but ashes
In this 'Land of Fire!'

And where blazed the pile
For a little while—
Where the light was beaming
Icy showers are streaming—
Cold, cold 'Land of Fire!'

Strange anomaly !
 Speaks it not to thee
 Of things colder far,
 Which, alas, there are
 In this ' Land of Fire ? '

What so cold is known
 As man's heart of stone
 ' Ere one beam from heaven
 Warmth and light have given
 Kindling sacred Fire ?

Christian ! thy poor brother—
 (Call him not aught other)—
 All benumb'd and dying,
 In the cold is lying,
 In the ' Land of Fire ! '

Though his heart be frozen,
 He, whom God hath chosen,
 He the ice can melt—
 (Thousands this have felt)—
 With His ' Word of Fire ! '

Take that blessed Word,
 Speak of Christ your Lord ;
 His all powerful name,
 Every where the same,
 Warms with heavenly Fire !

Not a moment burning,
 Then to gloom returning ;
 Light that comes from Jesus
 Burns when all else freezes
 'Tis a quenchless Fire !

LIST OF ARTICLES REQUIRED TO COMPLETE THE FITTING
OUT OF THE MISSION SCHOONER 'ALLEN GARDINER.'

	£	s.		£	s.
Anchors, 3 (2 given)			Topgallant-yd. (given)	1	10
each	7	0	Jib-boom ..(given)	3	10
Ditto, 1(given)	2	10	Mainsail ..(given)	12	0
Ditto, 1 ..(given)	1	5	Foresails, 2, each ..	8	10
Cables, 2, each	26	0	Staysails, 2, each .	4	5
Boats, No. 1, 'The			Jib(given)	3	10
Richard Williams'	18	0	Second Jib ..(given)	2	10
Ditto, No. 2, 'The			Flying Jib ..(given)	3	5
John Maidment'	17	0	Topsails, 2, each	3	10
Ditto, No. 3, 'The			Topgallant-sail	2	15
Maidstone Hope'			Gaff-topsail	3	10
(given)	12	0	Try-sail	4	0
Cooking Stove ...	10	0	Storm Stay-sail (given)	2	0
Compasses, 2 (given)			Square-sail	11	0
each	5	10	Steering Wheel (given)	5	0
Barometer ..(given)	2	10	Ensign and Signal		
Mainmast ..(given)	25	10	Flags(given)	7	0
Foremast	25	10	Chronometer (given)	30	0
Bowsprit ..(given)	9	0	Rudder	18	0
Main-boom	5	10	Windlass	20	0
Fore-yard ..(given)	4	10	Winch	9	0
Fore-boom ..(given)	3	10	Pumps	9	0
Gaffs, 2, each	3	0	Bell	2	10
Topmasts 2 each given	2	10	Life-buoy (given)		
Topsail-yard (given)	2	5	Signal-gun (given)		

NOTE—Any person wishing to make a present of any of the above articles to the Ship, will kindly communicate his intention to the Honorary Secretary, Rev. G. PAKENHAM DESPARD, Ridgway House, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

THE 'ALLEN GARDINER' AFLOAT.

We build a Ship in memory of the dead,
And in fulfilment of their last request
Who left no tombstones in the distant west,
But only shining footprints, which we fain would tread.

With the same hope in which we laid the keel,
We launch our vessel on the brimming tide :
A thousand forms are waiting at her side ;
A thousand beating hearts are wishing for her weal.

I watch them as they sever, one by one,
The wooden links that bind her to the land—
Along her sides the marshall'd workmen stand—
I hear the hammer fall, and now its last sure stroke
is done.

“ Hurrah ! she starts—she moves—clear off the
boats ! ”—
No further voice is heard among the crowd,
Whilst, like a sunbeam bursting from a cloud,
She breaks away, and on the sky-like water floats.

And as a soul triumphant o'er the grave,
Awaking from Death's sleep to endless day,
Flings all the strongest chains of Earth away,
She throws her broken fetters to the struggling
wave.

Around her form the severed water flows,
 Its broken surface glistening in her wake ;
 E'en so we trust the Light of Truth will break,
 And burst the gloom of that dark land to which she
 goes.

She bears the name of one whose memory needs
 No idle praise—(such name but rarely known)—
 We would not sculpture it on passive stone,
 But we desire to raise A MONUMENT OF DEEDS !

With feelings of joy and thankfulness, we announce to our readers the intelligence that the ' Allen Gardiner ' is now in the element for which she was destined—a finished vessel, floating on one of the lovely tributaries to the wide ocean, and waiting for her summons to leave the peaceful enclosure of a safe harbour, for the perilous tossing of the open sea.

It was a privileged moment when the friends of the Patagonian Missionary Society greeted each other on a rustic platform, erected behind the bow of the completed vessel, and surveyed the goodly assemblage which was gathered around her to join them in celebrating her glad entrance into the beauteous river on the bank of which she rested. Fully rigged and masted, her yards and bowsprit adorned with garlands and evergreens, she presented an interesting spec-

tacle even to those who saw nothing in her beyond the mere work of nautical skill—who viewed her only as one among the many little vessels which the enterprising man makes subservient to his desires for wealth, or comfort, or brotherly intercourse with other lands. But oh! if to all who gazed on her, she appeared thus attractive, how deeply did she inspire thoughts of gratitude and hope in a few earnest hearts!

Just before the hour approached which had been fixed for her launch, we were rather discouraged by gathering clouds, which speedily fell in heavy showers and threatened to damp the ardour of many who hoped to witness the ceremony; but a bright sunny smile broke through the dark clouds, and our spirits became buoyant, receiving it as a beautiful type of the Heavenly Smile which we felt to be beaming around us. When the appointed time arrived, the *Allen Gardiner* was surrounded, both on the land and on the water, by a crowd of eager spectators. And thus embosomed within a circle of christian hearts, in whom her name and destiny awakened thoughts of hope and remembrances of suffering zeal, of faithfulness even unto death—she awaited her launch from the docks.

We were appropriately reminded of her destiny, by the Rev. G. P. Despard requesting all who were present to join in singing Bishop

Heber's touching and beautiful Missionary Hymn—

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

With the very messenger before us which was intended to respond to *that distant call*, just about to be launched into the blue waters, the last stanza seemed singularly appropriate—

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spread from pole to pole.

Yes! it was a sweet thought to realize, that the God of the winds and the waters is also the God of salvation—the God of love and grace; and we could rejoice to feel that the message and the messenger were alike in His hands—that it was with Him to bless the one, and preserve the other.

Ye winds! could ye have a more honored mandate than to waft the story of your Sovereign's grace to climes where it has never yet reached—to fill with auspicious breeze the sails

which shall speed to the land of darkness the knowledge of that Name whose perfume is sweeter than the richest gales of Araby. Ye waters! could ye bear a more precious burthen than the Gospel of your God—that wisdom the merchandise of which is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

As the last echo of the Missionary Hymn died away, the Rev. G. P. Despard explained the reason of the absence of the Bishop of Sierra Leone, who had hoped to be present,* and introduced the Rev. J. W. Marsh, Vicar of Bleasby, Notts, who had kindly come to take part in the interesting event of this day. His

** Extract from a letter received from the Bishop of Sierra Leone—*

“Much as I regret it, my engagements in July are such as to render it impossible for me to comply with the request of the Committee. I have taken two days to consider whether it would be possible to dispense with other engagements, but the result is as I have been compelled to state. I cannot but feel much disappointed, especially as I take a deep interest in the Patagonian Mission. May you be abundantly blessed and encouraged in your arduous work.

“As I am not able to be present, I send a cheque on my bankers for £5, as a small donation towards the Special Fund.”

very earnest and stirring appeal was listened to with deep attention :—

“Some men,” he remarked, “have said that Captain Gardiner was an enthusiast, and that he was wrong. When they say that they think he was an enthusiast, I perfectly agree with them. He was one of those enthusiasts, zealously affected in a good thing, whose enthusiasm we should do well to inhale. But when they say he was *wrong*, then I disagree with them, for I believe he was right.

“I believe he was right in fulfilling what he considered to be a *distinct duty* laid upon his conscience by God, —the duty of carrying the gospel to the very ends of the earth. He had visited South America, and seen its ignorance and barbarism, and he felt that he ought to seek to make known to its benighted tribes that which alone could chase away the moral darkness—the word of the living God. Do you ask, How could this particularly become *his* duty? I answer, It is the duty of every man who professes to be a servant of Christ, and Captain Gardiner only recognized a responsibility which was laid upon him, as it is laid upon every individual who knows the glad tidings of the Gospel. I cannot then think that Captain Gardiner was wrong, although he died in doing his duty. He obeyed orders, and in obeying them he lost his life. His Master’s commands were clearly before him, and in seeking to fulfil those commands—he perished. Was this wrong?

“Look at that large fleet which has lately left our shores. Does not every soldier on board learn that he is, at whatever cost, to *obey orders*. Must he not be faithful to his post, even unto death? And is there an Englishman who will blame enthusiasm *such as this*?

Did you hear, my friends, of that gallant band of 600 soldiers in one of Her Majesty's ships, who, in an hour of great peril, were under orders to remain below, and who, though appalling danger threatened them, kept their parole, and perished because of their fidelity; women and children all escaped from the decks, but every soldier was drowned? And though mourning the fate of these gallant men, what Briton has ever dared to say that they were wrong, though they lost their lives in obeying orders. Let us carry the same principle into Christian tactics, and surely the faithful soldier of the Cross shall be cleared by the same defence.

“ My friends : The duty which Capt. Gardiner sought to discharge, is as solemnly laid upon you all, as it was upon him. You may not be called upon to *die* in fulfilling it, but you are enjoined to see that your parts in it are done to the utmost of your ability. What would he have felt, could he have witnessed the scene which we are at present beholding! **THAT VESSEL WAS JUST THE AID WHICH HE VAINLY ENDEAVOURED TO OBTAIN IN HIS ARDUOUS MISSION.** Let that vessel then become the pledge that every one of us, taking for our guide the plain command of the word of God, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,’ will follow him in doing our duty.”

After bringing forward the testimonies in favor of the present judicious plan of the Mission,—given by Capt. Sullivan, (now pilot of the Baltic Fleet,) who has been stationed for many years on the coast of South America; Samuel Lafone, Esq., proprietor of a large stock on the Falkland Isles; and Captain Fitzroy,

Commander of the surveying expedition sent out by the Admiralty to Tierra del Fuego, &c.,—he commended it warmly to the encouragement of British Christians. The Rev. G. P. Despard then prayed for a blessing on the newly-built ship—offering her as a consecrated gift to the service of the Triune God, and beseeching Him to watch over her, and all who should sail in her, and to bless her mission to the saving enlightenment of the benighted tribes of South America. The well known hymn was then heartily sung by those assembled—

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung -
In every land—by every tongue.

And afterwards the vessel was named by the Rev. G. P. Despard in the following expressive words—

“In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we offer this our work as a Missionary Ship to go out, bearing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God, to the far off heathen of South America, and name her, in memory of the devoted Christian sailor who died in that mission—

THE ‘ALLEN GARDINER.’

A deafening cheer rose from the crowd ; the workman's hammer plied a few strokes, and then the precious ship moved forward—touched the edge of the water, which wreathed her in a

moment with feathery spray—and with a majestic plunge she gave herself to her own element, threw back her fetters, and floated upon the bosom of the river.

Amid the renewed cheers which greeted her on every side, there arose from some hearts aspirations too big for utterance—that silent gladness which could speak only to Him who had sweetly communed with them in the midst of labour and discouragement, and who could best understand their deep thrill of joy.

OUR MISSION STATION.

The entire Island called West Falkland, is unoccupied by man. It is separated from East Falkland by a channel of varying width, but at the northern end not more than five miles across.

At the northern extremity of this Island, between Marybranch Harbour on the east, and Port Purvis on the west, is a peninsula containing 38,000 acres, and having an exceedingly good and safe harbour in Marybranch, and another in White Rock Bay, whilst to the north-west a most beautiful land-locked basin exists in Port Purvis.

On this peninsula we hope to plant our Station: for it has so many advantages, of which the following are specimens. The peninsula is at a very easy distance from the principal port of an important grazing company,

and only seventy miles from Stanley, the colonial headquarters, so that in cases of emergency, either can be communicated with expeditiously, and yet the Mission Station will be sufficiently remote from these places to prevent contamination, by the bad morals and manners of ordinary Europeans, from reaching it.

It commands an excellent turf-bed for fuel ; has harbours full of good fish—the large red mullet, and the delicate and prolific smelt ; with plenty of geese, wild ducks, and widgeon, and of the eggs of these and many other aquatic birds—all offering excellent and nutritious food.

The form of the land is good for purposes of fencing, and abundant grass, and the succulent tussac, afford inexhaustible supplies for stock, in oxen, sheep, and goats. The climate is very salubrious, though blustering. The soil and temperature will produce culinary vegetables well, though corn and fruits cannot be raised.

For building purposes, there are stone and clay in the Island ; but timber must be brought from *Tierra del Fuego* or elsewhere.

Oxen and sheep are to be had for stock, at a very low price, in the adjacent island—goats from the main of South America.

The convenience of this place for a Mission, must be soon apparent to a thinking mind.

It is exposed to no political attacks ; for it is British ground.

It is safe from native marauders ; there being no natives, but such as the missionaries may bring over.

It is remote from the drunken and otherwise inamoral conduct of the sailor and colonist.

It is most healthy, and calculated to set up in strength the constitutions of missionaries advancing to the field of

action, and sanatory to such as have been weakened by exhausting labors in tropical climates.

It is so near to South America, that three weeks' sail will bring missionaries to any port on the eastern side of this semi-continent.

At this Falkland Station, may be schools for missionaries' children, printing presses for their books, and the head-quarters of general superintendence for South American missions.

Here natives from the continent and southern islands may be trained for introducing Christianity and its consequent, civilization, among the native tribes. Here they can be brought to see, without the bewilderment which a visit to Europe occasions, Christian domestic life, and such inventions of European science and skill as they can appreciate and imitate.

Here their young can be taught, their sick relieved, and their aged fostered.

To realize the benefits enumerated, no large outlay is required, for the ground is government property, and can be had in fee-simple or on lease for a small sum ; no clearing, nothing but fencing a neck of land, is necessary. The Society will have its own vessel to carry the members of the mission party from England, and to open and maintain communication with the colony and the main. The crew and members of the mission will suffice to set up the requisite buildings and arrangements for missionary work, and the productiveness of land and water will much lighten the burden of their maintenance.

Now He who has given these islands into our hands, cannot be better served, in return for His goodness, than by devoting a portion to this benevolent use ; and under His blessing, this portion may prove not only a nucleus

of improvement in all things to the Falkland colony, but likewise a point whence may stream forth light and joy unto all South America. Reader ! will you not give your earnest and utmost help ?

G. PAKENHAM DESPARD, B.A. Hon. Sec.

WHAT MORE IS WANTED ?

After glancing over our pages, reading the account of the many gifts which have been bestowed upon the Mission to South America, and of the launch of our mission vessel, the question may naturally arise, What more is wanted to permit the Committee to carry forward their benevolent plan ? We will tell you, enquiring friends.

In the first place, **STORES and PROVISIONS** are wanted for the Ship. Loud has been the protest against that sad deprivation of 'the staff of life' which laid Captain Gardiner on the shores of Tierra del Fuego. Let our Christian merchants, then, aid our Mission by seasonable gifts of such temporal supplies as may preserve our valued missionaries from anything like *want*, much less **STARVATION!** Biscuit, salted and preserved meats, rice, tea, coffee, or any article of provision suitable for ship-board will be very acceptable. Any articles

also likely to be useful in a new mission station, will be gladly received. Agricultural implements, and workmen's tools of any description, such as may be serviceable to the Mission colony on the Falklands, and for presents to the natives of the mainland, are among the things we may mention.

And besides this, we want a little more **MONEY**. A few hundreds, (by the blessing of God, we need not now say *thousands*,) will complete the sum necessary for the first year of the Mission. A few hundreds! we ask this from the purse of those who have received much, and who love much. And in order to expedite the sailing of the 'Allen Gardiner,' we would ask that those who can afford to give will give *liberally*, that so the sum may be speedily realized. A congregation in a certain church was celebrated for the largeness of its collections, whenever a benevolent object was pleaded from the pulpit. A friend, conversing with the pastor of that congregation, expressed his surprise at their unwonted liberality. The delighted pastor thus explained the munificent gifts of his church. "Most of my people," he replied, "have learned *this secret*, and acted upon it—that it is quite as easy to give A SOVEREIGN as a shilling; and so I have very few shillings put into my plates, and a great many sovereigns! They have got into the habit of giving **LARGELY**."

Now, this good pastor by no means despised the shillings, neither do we. They are often the precious mites which are specially owned by the Lord of the Treasury ; but the principle engrafted in that liberal congregation is much to be desired for general acceptation, and we ask its adoption in our behalf.

O my readers ! only get into *the habit of giving largely*. A shilling to some is as large a gift as a sovereign to others ; but according to your several abilities, *be munificent*, and though it shall never be told you that ‘ nothing more is wanted,’ —(who would desire such tidings that knows the blessedness of giving to the Lord ?)—it shall be told you, that you have aided to build the Lord’s spiritual temple, and that, sanctified by the blood of the covenant, your offering is accepted and owned of Him ‘ who loved you, and gave Himself for you.’

We may, in this place, state, that the ‘ Allen Gardiner ’ will (D.V.) sail for her mission in October next ; therefore

‘ WHAT THOU DOEST, DO QUICKLY.’

A FEW REFLECTIONS ON THE LAUNCH OF THE 'ALLEN GARDINER.'

My dear Readers,—Many of you, doubtless, have seen the Launch, and now you have read an account of it. Has it once occurred to you, that one day, (it may be before long,) you will be *self actors* in a far more important launch than has been described, even a launch from time into eternity. The 'Allen Gardiner' quickly glided off the stocks, and she floated on the water. Remember!—

“ Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves you from the jaws of death.”

When the last cord that unites you to earth is broken, on what, and where will you float? Shall you for ever be bathing in the ocean of eternal love, or will you sink into the depths of never ending woe?

The sun shone brightly on the scene and the gathered assembly. When your launch takes place, will the 'Sun of Righteousness arise' on your souls, 'with healing in His wings?' Will He lighten your steps in the dark valley of the shadow of death?

The Mission Ship bears the name of one who nobly fell in His master's cause. You bear the name of Him who suffered, 'the just for the

unjust.' Do you *act* as one of His children? Do you walk *worthy* of your vocation, as 'seeing Him who is invisible?'

The Ship is employed in a great work, as a means of conveying the word of life to perishing heathen. How are *you* engaged? Is it in the Lord's vineyard, or are you only cumberers of the ground?

The Ship is, we trust, to be commanded by one who has felt the value of his own soul. *Who* is the commander of your bark? Is it the Great Captain of your salvation, Christ Jesus, or the Prince of the powers of the air?

The Ship is built for a distant island. To what haven are you hastening? How firm is your foundation? Have you built on Christ Jesus, who, using the words of an inspired apostle, is the *only* foundation for ruined sinners, is willing as well as able to bear you through the rocks and shoals of this world? Or are you only resting on the sand, which, when the great hurricane comes on, will be scattered as the dust before the wind. Look at your foundation now, ere it be too late. See to it at once, because 'now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' Flee to Christ, the *sure* Refuge and Help in time of trouble. Then, when 'the silver cord is loosed—the golden bowl broken,' you will float buoyantly and joyfully into the haven of eternal rest.

E. D. C.

SKETCHES OF ARAUCANIAN WARRIORS, No. 5.

TURCONOVAL

Belonged to a tribe called Cuncos. It was not till after the death of Canpolican that their country was invaded by the Spaniards.

A council-general of the Araucanians was convened, for the purpose of considering how best to repel this new invasion. After many other caciques had spoken, Turconoval thus spoke—"Countrymen ! let us protect ourselves from these two evils—either to be slaves subject to heavy toils and exactions, or enemies, to be for ever exterminated. If you wish to be free from these dangers show yourselves as the poorest of mortals ; hide your goods, and especially your gold, the single object of their desire ; and retire into the woods."

This advice being approved, Turconoval himself appeared before the Spanish general, clothed in rags, and apparently overwhelmed with terror. He presented Don Garcia with a canister, filled with frogs, lizards, and mice, with some potatoes and wild fruits. The Spaniards could not help laughing at the sight of the ambassadors and their gifts, and tried to persuade the governor not to prosecute his invasion of so miserable a country. Their remonstrances had no effect : he feared to shew weakness, and persisted.

Turconoval then undertook to be their guide, and led them by the most perilous route. Still they followed him, till entangled in the forest, without any apparent outlet, they found themselves deserted by their sage conductor.

The Cuncos were by this stratagem delivered from the invasion with which they were threatened.

But the adventure ended more happily for the Spaniards than could have been expected from the commencement, for after undergoing numberless trials and hardships, they emerged upon the shore, and discovered the archipelago of Chiloe.

The hospitable islanders quickly supplied the soldiers with maize, fruits, and vegetables, without demanding any payment; and Don Garcia, satisfied with having been the first discoverer of Chiloe, turned back to Imperiel, and the fertile country of the Williches, where he founded the city of Osomo. These events occurred in the year 1558.

Such are a few specimens of the spirit with which the war of independence was maintained by the Araucanians, from the time of the Spanish invasion of their country till the year 1722.

Concepcion was three times rebuilt before this time by the Spaniards. The forts of Arauco, Tucapel, and Imperiel repeatedly changed hands. The Spanish generals, Valdivia and Mendoza, twice subdued the country, but the submission was temporary.

More peaceful measures were tried by the Jesuits and other missionaries, but never with permanent success. About the year 1611, the priest Luis Valdivia induced the King of Spain to command a total suspension of arms, and to fix the Biobio as the boundary between the two nations. But a treaty which Luis Valdivia effected with the Toki Ancanamon, was suddenly ended, by an unforeseen incident. One of the wives of Ancanamon was a Spanish captive, who took advantage of his absence, to seek an asylum at Concepcion, with her children and four women, whom she had persuaded to become Christians. Ancanamon demanded their restoration, and being refused, retired to his own country,

vowing vengeance on the Spaniards. He shortly afterwards seized three Jesuit missionaries, and executed them, and all prospects of peace were abandoned.

REMINISCENCES OF JULY 11th.

Our readers will, we think, be gratified by the following extracts from letters, written after the launch of the 'Allen Gardiner,' by some who were present. They give a natural and unstudied description of the scene as it impressed the writers.

"July 12th, 1854.

"My dear Friend,—I can hardly express to you how much we are thinking and talking of the deeply interesting scene of yesterday * * * * Let us take courage, and be strong in faith and prayer, when we remember how graciously our Lord smiled on us—how, in love, he permitted the sun to shine gloriously, when the beautiful Mission Ship was launched into the deep—how He strengthened His servants to address those around, and to cry mightily on Him for a rich blessing on the 'Allen Gardiner.'

"Truly it was a time long, long to be remembered.

"Let us press onwards in the missionary work, 'looking unto Jesus,' for we are quite sure that our labour will not be in vain. It is blessed indeed to do *anything* and EVERYTHING we can for Him who gave *His life for us!*"

“Dear friend,—The following is an account of that very interesting scene I witnessed on the 11th, which I promised you too should see, through my pen, as the better *actual* view was denied you.

“Any one at all interested in missions would have been gratified by attending the launch of the ‘Allen Gardiner.’

“With the earnest desire that God’s ‘way may be known upon earth, his saving health among all people,’ I set out on the day before mentioned to see (what is at all times an interesting sight) a vessel take the water. My desire seemed to be responded to by every person with whom I conversed at the place; and an ample first-fruits of fulfilment was (so to speak) held up to view by the Rev. J. W. Marsh, who addressed the assembled multitude at the place of rendezvous. He led us up to the top of Pisgah, and showed us the promised land, reaching even to the southernmost point of South America—‘the ends of the earth’—acknowledging Christ their king.

“This happy future was seen through the *most* powerful telescope, God’s word;—the focus to which it was there put may not suit every eye; but we do not judge the glass or the scenery by individual vision, nor measure heights and distances in the promises of God by our mental ocular powers.

“Now for a short description of the launch.

“The morning was fine, exactly suited for the scene; the weather was neither cold nor hot; and the river looked most beautiful, reflecting numerous small craft and steamers plying up and down the Dart, all dressed for the gala day.

“Still in dock stood the pretty little schooner, over-arched with flags from ‘stem to stern,’ waiting for the

rising of the tide, when she should be sent on her own element.

“By 11 A. M. the town was filled with friends to the mission ; who also came to attend the sale of work, held at the Assembly Rooms, for the benefit of the funds.

“The Rev. G. P. and Mrs. Despard. with their friends of Dartmouth and from Bristol and its neighbourhood, left the quay at 3. 30. for Kelly’s building yard, where a neat platform was raised. Here the scene was very animated ; a crowd of the town’s-people and others were assembled, some viewing the object of interest without, and some going on board and admiring her within. Flowers hung elegantly in wreaths from her bowsprit and rigging, besides many coloured flags. At a temporary reading desk before the bows, the two officiating clergymen (the Rev. G. P. Despard and the Rev. J. W. Marsh) took their stand.

“Silence being called, at 4 P. M. the Rev. G. P. Despard began the service by calling attention to the object before us, soon to be dedicated to the glory of God and the work of a mission to the benighted Patagonians. He then gave out the well-known and much-loved hymn—

“From Greenland’s icy mountains,”

which was sung by many voices. The Rev. J. W. Marsh then gave an address, which was calculated to remove any lingering prejudices or doubts in the minds of the ignorant or timid as to the utility and duty of the mission to South America.

“A most heartfelt and heart-touching prayer was then offered by the Rev. G. P. Despard ; in which a blessing was asked—on the mission pre-eminently for the glory of Christ’s kingdom, which shall be thereby

extended—on the several labourers going out to the work—on those engaged for its maintenance at home—for the safety of the little ship and its crew—and, finally, for an abundant blessing on the souls of those who had been employed in building her, that they may each have ‘life eternal.’ by knowing ‘the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.’

“A second sweet hymn having been sung, commencing—

‘From all that dwell below the skies,’

the Rev. G. P. Despard gave the signal for the launch, and then named her, with an impressive sentence.

“All due preparations having been made, the ‘Allen Gardiner’ glided swiftly into the water, and after plunging for a moment rode at rest on the smooth river, looking like a gem, of small size but great value, in the casket of English jewels.

“May British Christians highly estimate the prize entrusted to them ! and see to the setting of it ! that in every way this jewel may be preserved and beautified.

“Yours very faithfully, F. R. B.”

GIFT OF THE RUDDER.

Another Christian friend has been disposed by the Lord to consecrate of her substance to His service in part of the fittings of the ‘Allen Gardiner.’ The Rev. G. P. Despard received £18 for this purpose with the accompanying letter:—

“My idea is, that *the Rudder* is an important part of the vessel when launched, and may the GREAT PILOT steer the interesting bark to fulfil a mission in the South that may convey immortal souls to the harbour of eternal glory, to His praise ! We live in a

very eventful period of time, and whilst in the history of past missions to the heathen, I have often looked at China and South America, with Turkey, as some of the *closed doors*, now I have a bright hope that they are set open by divine mercy and wisdom. At the same time, perhaps indeed, the present age is to witness great manifestations of the Saviour's fulfilled promise, (Matt. xxiv.); and whilst the sword of man goes forth, so should every true Christian feel anxious that the *sword of the Spirit*, the word of God, go forth from Britain, to conquer the kingdoms of the earth to the King of kings.

“Hoping that Tuesday (the 11th) may be a blessed day, and wishing every grace needful to be poured on those who undertake this work of the Lord,

I am, Yours very sincerely, J. W.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE MISSIONARIES ABOUT TO LEAVE ENGLAND,
TO PREACH JESUS TO THE HEATHEN IN PATAGONIA,
BY THE NEW SHIP, THE ‘ALLEN GARDINER.’

Blow ye soft gales, and waft the Mission Ship
With speed and safety, o’er the Atlantic wave,
With words of Love, to call the wandering sheep
Back to that fold where Jesus lives to save.

Go ye brave Warriors forth ! in God’s great name,
In the proved armour of the Spirit mailed,
* Crowned with salvation’s helmet on your brows ;
And for your guard, bear Faith’s triumphant shield.

Gird up your loins with Truth, and bravely stand,
To fight the battles of your heavenly Lord ;
What glorious crowns await the gallant band,
Who, to the Heathen, preach His blessed word ;

* Eph. vi. 10—19.

Who, reckless of the sneers of this vain world,
 Shall Satan's strong-holds, and his powers defy
 In Jesus' name, whose banner they've unfurled,
 The TRUTH t' exhibit to the Pagan's eye.

Who shod with "Peace on Earth," "Good will to Men,"
 Shall sally forth to Patagonia's shore,
 Preaching Repentance to benighted souls,
 Redeeming Love, and Mercy to adore!

Let Rightousness your Breast-plate ever be ;
 Bind "Holiness unto the Lord," upon your front,
 That all may see ye are Jehovah's priests ;
 And as His warriors, bear the battle's brunt.

Armed with his Holy Spirit's two-edged sword,
 Strike at the hearts of Christ's inveterate foes ;
 This heavenly weapon, God's own powerful Word,
 Nor men, nor devils can, nor dare oppose.

Pray fervently, and supplicate the Spirit's aid,
 In this your strife 'gainst powers of earth and hell,
 That in the conflict, He your steps will guide,
 And in your hearts will condescend to dwell.

Without His presence in your arduous toil,
 Without His blessing on your work, you faint ;
 Watch then with Faith, and perseverance too,
 For God will ne'er forsake His prayerful saint.

Then, speed ye forth !—and soon may Satan's slaves
 Become Christ's freed-men, through your Christian zeal ;
 Their fetters broken, may they ever bless
 That love, which sought their souls' eternal weal.

Rock Hill, July 11th, 1854.

M. E. T.

STRENGTH MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.

Dear Friends,—Have you ever reflected that “God hath chosen [not the strong, but] the weak things of the world, to confound the things that are mighty,” and that when He has a work to be done, He does not employ the great, the noble, or the wise, but if it be a nation that He chooses, it is one “the least in number of any people;” or if it be an individual, as in the case of Joseph, Gideon, or David, it is the youngest, the weakest, and “the least in his father’s house,” on whom He sets His love, and in whom He manifests His strength. Bearing **this** in mind, I would ask you to ponder well the history of Gideon, as contained in Judges vi. and vii. What a picture of dark distrust, wavering confidence, and weak faith is here! Although the witness of three miracles, designed to convince the trembling Abi-ezrite that the Lord had selected him to work his people’s deliverance, Gideon still held back. “If Thou wilt save Israel” was his language, whereas God had said, “Go, in this thy might, and thou *shalt* save Israel from the hands of the Midianites: have not I sent thee?” Here Gideon had his commis-

sion signed by the hand of the Captain of the Lord's host, yet he hesitated, and held back.

Was not this written for our admonition? We, too, have, like Gideon, our marching orders, "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,*" Lo, "*I am with you,*" and yet we tremble and linger. We look *outward* on the powers of darkness that are coming up against us, and *inward* at the weakness and insufficiency of the instrument, but not *upward* to Him, "through whom we are more than conquerors," or *onward* to the crown, the palm of victory, and the song of triumph, which are the sure reward of the Christian soldier.

But at length we find that "the Spirit of the Lord came upon, [or, as in the margin, *clothed*] Gideon." He blew a trumpet of alarm, and thirty-two thousand people were gathered after him. Here was physical force; now, perhaps, the faint hearted man thought himself strong: but what said the Lord? "The people are too many for me to give the Midianites into thine hand, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me." Oh! how mysterious must the Lord's ways have appeared to Gideon, as, thousand by thousand, the people were sent home to their tents, and but 300 men remained; while "the host of Midian lay beneath him in the valley, like grasshoppers for multitude."

By means of a dream, overheard in the enemy's camp, (the last place to which reason would have gone for encouragement,) was the weak faith of Israel's leader strengthened. He arose in the night with the 300 men, and with no weapons but trumpets, and lamps concealed within empty pitchers, did the Lord give the host of Midian into the hand of Israel. Mark the instrumentality employed: the Lord's name was proclaimed, "they cried, The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon," and light was revealed in the midst of darkness, "they brake the pitchers."

These are the weapons we would have you take, dear friends, and with them go forth, even to the ends of the earth, to fight the Lord's battles. Proclaim His name, "the Lord, merciful and gracious," "Immanuel, God with us." Strike boldly with the sword of the Spirit at the powers of darkness, which are ever active in resisting the spread of Christ's kingdom; and hold forth "the Light of Life," assured that before Him darkness shall flee away. "You have *this treasure in earthen vessels*," but why? "that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." Faint not, delay not, but go boldly forward, and rejoice even that the earthly pitchers should be broken, if thereby Jesus may shine forth and "give light unto the world."

Teignmouth.

A SAILOR'S REPORT ON INSPECTION OF THE 'ALLEN GARDINER.'

" August 11th, 1854.

" Dear Sir,—In accordance with your desire, I have visited and, as far as I could in her yet unfinished state, have carefully inspected the Mission Schooner 'Allen Gardiner'; and I have great pleasure in saying that I consider her so well and strongly built that I should not hesitate about voyaging in her to *any part* of the world.

" She appears to be exceedingly well adapted to the purposes of the Mission, and especially so for that portion of the globe whither she is to be sent.

" I also consider her as being both *roomy* and very comfortably fitted up,—the forecastle (seamen's place) being far superior to that on board of many vessels even five times her size; and the accommodation for the members of the mission is fully equal to that on board of many well furnished yachts.

" With reference to her capacity for stowing the necessary quantity of stores and provisions, I consider her quite equal to everything you could expect from her size. Indeed, on this point I was agreeably surprised; for I found that, in addition to a large hold, every inch of space that could be usefully turned to account, without interfering with the accommodation, has been taken advantage of.

" Her chains, anchors, boats, and spars, appear to be not only good in quality, but also strong and well supplied. And my belief is, that the 'Allen Gardiner' will, under the Divine blessing, prove herself every way worthy of the noble cause she is engaged in.

" I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

NAUTICUS."

" The REV. G. P. DESPARD,

Hon. Secretary,

Patagonian Missionary Society."

FUEGIA BASKET AND HER COMPANIONS.**Chapter 6.**

JEMMY BUTTON AT HOME.

From the Cove in Murray Narrow, where we left the sailors of the *Beagle* and the Fuegians recruiting for a while after their long and perilous voyage, we find the party preparing to start on the 23rd of January, 1833. Whilst embarking their tents and cooking utensils, several natives came running over the hills with breathless haste, and on their approach it was seen that they were bleeding profusely at the nose. This startled the Englishmen at first, and they concluded they had been fighting, but soon discovered that it was merely caused by the exertion of running. A similar effect has been noticed among the New Hollanders, the islanders of the Pacific Ocean, the Esquimaux, and some others.

These visitors from the hills had scarcely reached the Cove before canoes began to appear in every direction, in each of which was a stentor calling at the top of his voice. "Faint sounds of deep voices," writes Captain Fitzroy, "were heard in the distance, and around us echoes to the shouts of our nearer friends began to reverberate, and warned me to hasten away before our movements should become impeded

by the number of canoes which I knew would soon throng around us. As we steered out of the cove in which our boats had been sheltered, a striking scene opened. Beyond a lake-like expanse of deep blue water, mountains rose abruptly to a great height, and on their icy summits the sun's early rays glittered as if on a mirror. Immediately around us were mountainous eminences, and dark, cliffy precipices, which cast a very deep shadow over the still water beneath them. In the distant west, an opening appeared where no land could be seen, and to the south was a cheerful sunny woodland, sloping gradually down to the Murray Narrow, at that moment almost indistinguishable. As our boats became visible to the natives, who were eagerly paddling towards the Cove from every direction, hoarse shouts arose, and, echoed about by the cliffs, seemed to be a continual cheer. In a very short time, there were thirty or forty canoes in our train, each full of natives, each with a column of blue smoke rising from the fire amidships, and almost all the men in them shouting at the full power of their deep, sonorous voices. As we pursued a winding course, around the bases of high rocks, or between islets covered with wood, continual additions were made to our attendants; and the day being very fine, without a breeze to ruffle the water, it was a scene which

carried one's thoughts to the South Sea Islands, but in Tierra del Fuego almost appeared like a dream."

Such is the Captain's graphic description of the Fuegian welcome which seemed to be given to the returning exiles, even from their own dark land. A few hours' row brought them to Woollya, the home of Jemmy's tribe; and, selecting a clear space favorable for an encampment, they landed, marked a boundary line, placed sentries, and made arrangements for receiving the anticipated visits of some hundred natives.

The situation of Woollya was pleasing, and Jemmy was very proud of the praises bestowed upon his Island. Rising gently from the water side, there are on it considerable spaces of clear pasture land well watered by brooks, and backed by hills of moderate height, on which are woods of the finest timber trees in the country. Near the shore was a fine plot of rich grass and beautiful flowers, which augured well for the growth of the garden seeds which had been brought from England.

At first, only a few natives appeared, who were not of Jemmy's family. The women ran away and hid themselves, but Jemmy and York contrived (with difficulty) to make the men comprehend the reason of their visit, and their

awkward explanation, helped by a few presents, gradually put them at ease. They soon understood the meaning of the boundary line which they were not to pass. After putting these few on friendly terms, a much larger number had to be dealt with, and at first it was difficult to keep them back without using force, but by good temper on the part of the sailors, by the bait of several presents, and by the broken Fuegian explanations of their dark-colored shipmates, the natives were conciliated to order, squatted themselves outside the line, and were prevented from encroaching.

Meanwhile, many of the Beagle's crew were occupied at a distance, cutting wood, digging ground for a garden, or making wigwams for Matthews, York, and Jemmy. Jemmy was busy with a bag of nails and tools, which he was distributing, and getting out of temper at the quizzing he had to endure on account of his countrymen, whom he had extolled so highly until in sight, when a deep voice was heard shouting from a canoe more than a mile distant. Jemmy started up, leaving his bag to be scrambled for, and upon a repetition of the shout, exclaimed, "My brother!" He then said that it was his eldest brother's voice, and perched himself on a large stone to watch the canoe, which approached slowly, being loaded with several

people. When it arrived, instead of an eager meeting there was a cautious circumspection which appeared astonishing. Jemmy walked slowly to meet the party, consisting of his mother, two sisters, and four brothers. The old woman hardly looked at him before she hastened away to secure her canoe and her property, all she possessed—a basket containing tinder, fire-stone, paint, &c., and a bundle of fish. The girls ran off with her, without ever looking at Jemmy, and the brothers, (a man and three boys) stood still, stared, walked up to Jemmy and all round him, without uttering a word. Animals, when they meet, show far more animation and anxiety than was displayed at this meeting. Jemmy was evidently much mortified, and to add to his confusion and disappointment, he was unable to talk to his brothers, except by broken sentences, in which English predominated. After a few minutes had elapsed, his elder brother began to talk to him, but although he understood what was said, he could not reply. York and Fuegia were able to understand some words, but could not or did not choose to speak.

Even in this glimpse of the low state of the social affections among savages, we may be reminded of the inestimable blessings of the Gospel, which brings peace and love among men, as well as glory to God. And, thus reminded,

whilst the well of pity is opened in our heart for these poor degraded ones, (for the picture is in every detail, a true sketch,) let us not rest till Fuegia's sons have been gathered into that school, where two blessed lessons are effectually taught—love to God, and love to our neighbour.

But to resume our narrative: Jemmy passed the evening with his mother and brothers in their wigwam, but returned to his old quarters to sleep. York, also, and Fuegia were going about among the natives at their wigwams, and the good effect of their intercourse and explanations was visible next day, in the confident, familiar manner of the throng which surrounded the new-comers, while they dug ground for gardens, and cut wood for large wigwams, in which Matthews and his party were to be established. Canoes still arrived, and their owners seemed as well-disposed as the rest of the natives, many of them assisting in carrying wood, and bringing bundles of grass or rushes to thatch the wigwams we were raising, in a pleasant, sheltered spot, near a brook of excellent water. One was for Matthews; another, for Jemmy; and a third, for York and Fuegia.

A small plot of ground was also selected near the wigwams, and planted with potatoes, carrots, turnips, beans, peas, lettuce, onions, leeks, and cabbages. Jemmy soon clothed his mother and

his brothers, by the assistance of his friends. His two eldest brothers were soon known among the seamen as Tommy Button and Harry Button, and speedily became rich in old clothes, nails and tools. So quietly did affairs proceed, that on the 25th a few of the sailors went on the hills, in search of guanacoës : many were seen, but they were too wild to approach. While some of the party were washing in a stream, stripped to the waist, several natives collected around, much amused at the white skins, as well as at the act of washing, an employment quite new to them. One of them ran to call others to the wonderful sight, whose hands, however, were soon so actively employed in abstracting the handkerchiefs, shoes, &c., which were laid on the bank, that a stop was necessarily put to the ablutions.

A little discontent arose among the natives about this time, in consequence of serious offence which had been taken by two or three old men, who tried to force themselves into our encampment, one of whom, when resisted by the sentry, spat in his face, and went off in a violent passion, muttering to himself, and every now and then turning round to make angry gesticulations at the man who had very quietly but firmly prevented his encroachment. In consequence of this incident, and other symptoms of a disposition to try their strength, having more than 300 men

to face 30, Capt. Fitzröy thought it advisable to give them some idea of the weapons he had at command, by ordering his men to practise firing at a mark. They eagerly watched this proceeding, and talked earnestly to each other as successful shots were made at the target, which was intentionally placed so that they could see the effect of the balls. At sunset they went away as usual, but looking very grave, and still talking. The next day all of them prepared to depart; every canoe was set in motion; and even Jemmy's own family quitted the place, without a word of explanation.

Whether an attack was meditated, and they were removing the women and children, previous to a general assembly of the men for hostile purposes, or whether they had been frightened by the report of the guns, could not be ascertained; but thinking the latter by far the most probable, Capt. Fitzroy decided to take the opportunity of their departure to give Matthews his first trial of passing a night at the new wigwams.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN PATAGONIA.

The religious state of a nation and its progress in civilization is often strikingly pictured in the last tribute given to the dead. It is at the tomb

that man's immortal sight strains itself beyond earthly limits, and peers inquiringly into the land that is very far off. It is at the tomb that confession is made of that quenchless yearning for another life which even nature whispers within the pagan's breast. It is at the tomb that the Christian's hope burns brightest, as amid the darkest scene, it assures of coming day. The untaught savage, bidden, like ourselves, to taste of the bitterness of death, seeks to ward off its terror by vain provision for such wants as the disembodied spirit shall never feel; and the symbols which mark a Patagonian's grave are painful assurances to us that his immortal mind has glimpsed its own immortality, but not the immortality and life which are brought to light by the Gospel. The following is an account of the various modes of burial among the Patagonian tribes.

When death has taken place, the body of the deceased is wrapped in its best mantle, placed on his favorite horse, and carried to the burying-place of the tribe. The wizard rattles, and the other people howl over the corpse as it is borne to the sepulchre. In a square pit, about six feet deep, and two or three feet wide, where many others have been deposited, the corpse is placed in a sitting posture, adorned with mantles, plumes of feathers, and beads. The spears, swords, balls, and other such property belonging to the deceased, are laid beside him, and the pit is then covered over with branches of trees, upon which earth is laid. His

favorite horse is afterwards killed. It is held at the grave, while a man knocks it on the head with one of the balls of the deceased. When dead, it is skinned and stuffed, then supported by sticks (or set up) upon its legs, with the head propped up, as if looking into the grave. Sometimes more horses than one are killed. At the funeral of a cacique, four horses are sacrificed, and one is set up at each corner of the burial-place. The clothes and other effects belonging to the deceased are burned; and, to finish all, a feast is made of the horses' flesh.

But there are, also, other modes, thus described by Falkner:—

“When an Indian dies, one of the most distinguished women of the tribe is immediately chosen to make a skeleton of his body, which is done by cutting out the entrails, which they burn to ashes, dissecting the flesh from the bones as clean as possible, and then burying them underground till the remaining flesh is entirely rotted off, or till they are removed, (which must be within a year after the interment, but is sometimes within two months,) to the proper burial-place of their ancestors.

“During the time that the ceremony of making the skeleton lasts, the Indians, covered with long mantles of skins, and their faces blackened with soot, walk round the tent, with long poles or lances in their hands, singing in a mournful tone of voice, and striking the ground, to frighten away the *balichus* or evil spirits. Some go to visit and console the widow, or widows, and other relations of the dead, (that is if there is anything to be got,) for nothing is done but with a view of interest.

“During this visit of condolence, they cry, howl, and sing in the most dismal manner, straining out tears, and

pricking their arms and thighs with sharp thorns to make them bleed. For this shew of grief, they are paid with glass beads, brass cascabels, and such like baubles, which are in high estimation among them. The horses of the deceased are also immediately killed, that he may have wherewithal to ride upon in the 'alhue mapu' or country of the dead, reserving only a few to grace the last funeral pomp, and to carry the relics to their proper sepulchres.

"When they remove the bones, they pack them up together in a hide, and place them upon one of the deceased's favorite horses, which they adorn after their best fashion with mantles, feathers, &c., and travel in this manner, though it be to the distance of 300 leagues, till they arrive at the proper burial-place, where they perform the last ceremony.

"The bones are put together, and secured by tying each in its proper place, and then the skeleton is placed in a sitting posture, (as before described,) in a deep pit, and covered with branches and earth.

"An old matron is chosen out of each tribe to take care of these graves, and on account of her employment is held in great veneration. Her office is to open every year these dreary habitations, and to clothe and clean the skeletons. Beside all this, they every year pour upon these graves some bowls of their first made Chicha, and drink some of it themselves, to the good health of the dead.

"The Tehuelhet, or more southern Patagonians differ, in some respects from the other Indians. After having dried the bones of their dead, they carry them to a great distance from their habitations, into the desert by the sea-coast, and after placing them in their proper form, and adorning them in the manner before

described, they set them in order above ground, under a hut or tent erected for that purpose, with the skeletons of their dead horses placed around them."

Lord! hasten the time, when instead of the wizard's rattle, and the people's howl, the voice of prayer shall ascend from Patagonia's graves; when, instead of the blood of the slaughtered steed shed around the last resting-place, Thy blood, O Jesus, seen by faith, shall assure the weeping savage that his comrade needs no other provision but such as Thou hast already prepared for Thy ransomed ones in Thy kingdom of glory! Oh! let there soon be wafted to this dark land that blessed motto for the tomb with which Thou Thyself dost comfort the mourner,
—I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE!

REMINISCENCES OF PAST LABOURS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

CONFERENCE WITH AN ARAUCANIAN CHIEFTAIN.

CORBALAN

Was the name of a chief who resided a few miles to the south of the Biobio. Mild and dignified in manner, courteous and hospitable to strangers, he gave a most pleasing impression of his own countrymen.

In the year 1838, an English officer was travelling in South America, searching for a place where a Protestant missionary might safely reside, and after acquiring the native language, bring them acquainted with the word

of God. Could he have found such a place, he would have gone there with his family, with a view, as he expressed it, of holding the ground till some one better qualified should follow.

With this object in view, he arrived at Concepcion, and was gratified by the accounts which he received of the peaceful and friendly state of the native population, who were represented as living free and independent on the other side of that fine river. His preparations were soon made. A riding horse, a mounted guide, and a baggage horse were ready at short notice. He went, as advised to Los Angeles, and carried letters of introduction to the commandant of the frontier. A few miles above Los Angeles was the usual place for crossing the river. A raft supplied the want of bridge and ferry-boat, and the Captain's own horse, (a noted swimmer,) tied by his tail to the rope which held the raft, was made to drag the party across. This novel mode of conveyance was not very secure; the question of the ferryman being, as the foreigner stepped upon the raft, 'Can you swim?' and no one could well venture upon it, without preparing for an emergency so likely to occur. A few hours' ride over a fertile, beautiful, but almost uninhabited country, brought the travellers in sight of a few scattered native houses, and almost the first person they encountered was Corbalan himself. He was riding in a different direction, but seeing strangers, turned to meet them. Like his countrymen generally, he was attired, from head to foot, in clothing made of dark blue cloth, of native manufacture; a poncho; and a sort of narrow band or fillet round the head, which confined the long and uncombed hair from falling over the countenance. He conducted his guests to his house, and provided them with food and shelter for the night.

The houses were all alike ; Corbalan's a little larger, and better built than the rest ; composed of upright poles, interlaced with twigs, tapering upwards, and thatched all over. A door, high enough for a man to enter without stooping, was the only opening for either light or air. The fire was in the centre, and the smoke seemed to find some outlets in the roof. Hammocks were slung from the supporting poles, when darkness drove the inmates of the house to rest. Corbalan made no objection to the Captain's proposal of coming to reside among his people, but referred him for a final answer to some chiefs whom he should see on the morrow.

The morning came : the chiefs assembled ; but not in the house. On an open plain, in a semicircle, on horseback, the party drew up. The chieftains came forward one by one, uttered a few words of greeting, and produced from under his poncho a boiled fowl. The Captain was at a loss what to do with so strange a present, but his attendant quickly seized upon each, and deposited them in his saddlebags. Now came the conference, of the importance of which but one of the party had any idea. He told them of the wonderful book, which had blessed other nations, and which he wished to bring to them—that he would try to learn their language, while they might learn of him Spanish, and be able to read ‘the book.’ Their objections were made to him as a foreigner. If the Williches should know that Corbalan harbored foreigners, they would come down upon him, and cut off his tribe. ‘But the traders are foreigners,’ was the reply ; ‘you let them go into every part of your country.’ ‘That is true ; but they all speak our language : we understand them.’ ‘Then, if I could do the same, might I dwell among you ?’ ‘Yes ; every tribe

would receive you as a friend.' This is a short account of the general drift of a conference which lasted some time. At length, Corbalan seemed anxious to break it off. Each chief received a few presents, and the unknown stranger parted from them, never to meet them again in this world.

TOKENS FOR GOOD.

Were we to enumerate the many encouragements which the Lord, through His servants, has graciously bestowed upon us, we should run the risk of wearying our readers. One or two therefore, only shall be selected.

In reply to the appeal, "What more is wanted?" contained in our last number, the following letter has been received by the honorary secretary.

"Will you kindly accept £20 for the Patagonian Mission? I read with much interest the little appeal in the last number of the Voice of Pity, and trust that the needed sum will soon be made up, for the sailing of the 'Allen Gardiner,' and that the blessing of the Lord will abundantly rest on those who shall be employed in the service of this Mission."

The next letter, though sent with a much smaller sum to one of the Association collectors *by a servant*, breathes such a Christian spirit that it cannot fail to interest all, and may encourage those who are poor in this world, to do what they can for the Lord's work.

"I am sorry the sum of money I have collected is so

small, but hope it may be accepted by you, as well as by that blessed Saviour for whose glory it was given. And I trust the blessing of our heavenly Father may accompany His servants who will go forth with the glad tidings of salvation to a part of the world where His Gospel is so much needed. Thanking you for the opportunity you have given me of doing something for Christ, and begging you will pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you, I remain a humble follower of Jesus.

M. A. J."

By the good hand of our God upon us, the services of a very able Captain have been secured for the 'Allen Gardiner,'—a man who, descended from father and grandsire in the navy, was brought up at the Royal Naval School, Greenwich, as a king's boy—apprenticed seven years out of Liverpool—has navigated in every part of the globe,—is a man of science, recognized as such by the Admiralty,—and having had experience of hard service in the 'Prince Albert,' in which vessel he was second in command, when commissioned in search of Sir John Franklin.

Best of all, he seems a true, humble-minded Christian and Bible-student, and a member, always of our beloved Church. He goes out through love to the work of missions and of nautical science; and his wife, herself a sailor of two circumnavigations, accompanies him.

MEETING AT MAIDSTONE.

The Report of the first Annual Meeting of the Maidstone Auxiliary of the Patagonian Missionary Society contains so much interesting and

encouraging matter, that we regret to be unable to transfer it to our pages. Advising our readers to procure for themselves the full detail, reprinted from the Maidstone Journal of August 5th, we lay before them a few extracts from the valuable speeches delivered on the occasion.

After prayer for God's blessing, the meeting was opened by an address from the Rev. E. G. Marsh, Vicar of Aylesford, and Canon of Southwell, who presided on the occasion. He pointed out the encouragements they had to pursue the work of the Society, and expressing his reliance on the power of Almighty God, said that he committed the cause to the Christian charity of his listeners, and its advocacy to the friends around him.

The Rev. H. Downton, Incumbent of St. John's, Chatham, after alluding to his former want of interest in the Society, declared the change which had taken place in his feelings.

"If," he said, "the journal of Capt. Gardiner had not been found, a feeling might have existed against the Society, which it would have been difficult to remove ; but from the uttermost parts of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous, songs of praises in the extremity of mortal anguish ; and these songs are *God's seal to this Society*. From the time I read the contemptuous article in the 'Times,' with respect to this Mission, I felt certain that the future history of the Society would verify the solemn words of the Redeemer, spoken of himself, 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' From that moment, I felt a growing conviction that the Patagonian Missionary Society was intended to work great good in that benighted portion of the globe to which their efforts are now directed. Except the Mission in British Guiana, which I fear is about to be relinquished, *this is the only Protestant Mission in South America*—a fact sufficient to give it a claim upon every Protestant in England."

After reading the beautiful closing entries, written with Captain Gardiner's dying hand, in his journal, he thus concludes :—

“And the last word written was, ‘HEAVEN.’ Have we not, then, heard from the uttermost part of the earth songs, even glory to the righteous? What a providential circumstance it was, that these precious memorials, though composed of such fragile materials, should have been preserved for months on the beach, exposed to the winds, and the influences of the weather, as if God would indicate that this Mission should not end with the songs that He and His holy angels had heard from the dying lips of these missionary martyrs.

“Sierra Leone had been called ‘*the grave of missionaries*,’ and that circumstance, more than any other, had tended to secure a favorable opinion of the Gospel from the natives, who saw missionaries come there, one after another, with no conceivable object of personal aggrandisement or enrichment, in the face of almost certain death, to tell them the glad tidings of the Gospel. May not, then, the deaths of Capt. Gardiner and his band of devoted heroes speak in similar language to the natives of the desolate land he was anxious to evangelize. Let us, then, hope that Tierra del Fuego, a region of volcanoes, the Land of Fire, may answer to its name in another sense, and lift high the bright beacon of Protestant truth to the whole continent of South America.”

The Rev. Watson King, Chaplain to the County Gaol, said,—

“I honor and love this Society, among other reasons, because it is not an intruding Society. It has selected for itself an important sphere of labour, the vast continent of South America, which no other existing Missionary Society has attempted to enter upon. Capt. Gardiner was not a man of a restless spirit that passes by established modes of charity to originate something of his own. He looked upon suffering humanity, as it came before him, with the eye of a Christian, and his only aim was the glory of God, in the conversion of the poor heathen.
* * * I would bring before you one other point in advocacy of the claims of this Society. *There are evident openings for the Gospel in South America.* When

I say there are openings, I do not wish to be understood as implying that there are no obstacles to be met and surmounted. Such is not my idea of openings, nor was it the kind of openings which the apostles themselves met with, in introducing the Gospel into heathen cities and countries.

“Moses, in that crisis on the shores of the Red Sea, when there was no outlet for the Israelites, said unto them, ‘*Stand still*, and see the salvation of God; the Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.’ But, pious and humble as this language was, it did not exactly suit the occasion for we find Jehovah immediately saying, ‘Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they *go forward*.’ And forward they went, and an opening was made even through the mighty waters.”

The Rev. J. W. Marsh spoke of the Launch of the Allen Gardiner as a cause for great thankfulness, and ably answered some of the objections to the Society. Alluding to the refusal of the Church Missionary Society to occupy its field of labour, he remarked,—

“Because another Society will not take it up, are we relieved from all responsibility ourselves? Suppose you saw a man drowning, and were on the beach with a boat, would you shout out to the Royal Humane Society, or put to sea yourselves? The Royal Humane Society might be engaged at another place, in the very same work, but would it not be your duty to help the drowning man? And so the Church Missionary Society being engaged elsewhere is the very reason why we should take up this particular duty.”

After interesting speeches, delivered by several clergymen, the Rev. Chairman concluded in these emphatic words:—

“You now see, my friends, the hopeful grounds on which the Mission stands. It is a practical scheme, not a Quixotic enterprise. It has a definite plan, on which practical and intelligent men, well qualified to give an opinion, coincidentally concluded, without previous concert. A vessel has been constructed for the purpose.

There is a British colony, under British law, for the missionary station. The Patagonians and Fuegians possess a peculiar facility for acquiring languages ; and whilst the missionaries are learning their language, they will learn ours, and thus help us to learn theirs. There is the remarkable circumstance of Casimiro, one of their chiefs, saying, almost in the language of the vision of St. Paul, 'Come over, and help us.' And thus, so far as human reason is concerned, this is a safe and promising undertaking.

"But I would have you rise higher than human reason. There is the promise of the Father to His beloved Son, 'Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.' And we have, in the name of the Lord, *actually taken possession* of the land, in the same way that Abraham and the patriarchs took possession of the Land of Canaan. **THE BODIES OF OUR MARTYRS ARE BURIED THERE.** Thus, with a prayerful dependence on God's help, we attempt to obey the command, and in accordance with the promise, we have good hopes of success."

**'A VOICE FROM ON BOARD THE ALLEN
GARDINER.'**

O'er the dark waves of the turbulent sea,
Lord of Creation, we'll venture with thee ;
Our bark may be frail, but, with Jesus on deck,
We'll laugh at the tempest, and fear not the wreck.

Though storms may assail us, and death appear near,
Thy presence amongst us our spirits shall cheer ;
At Thy bidding we launch on the treacherous wave,
Assured that our Captain is 'mighty to save.'

He leads us to conquest, we fear not defeat,
Though Satan himself be the foe we must meet,
The usurper shall tremble, his captives be free,
And liberty dawn, dark Fuegia, on thee.

Then from the rocks of thy desolate shore,
'Mid the scream of the sea-bird, the hurricane's roar,
The voice of thanksgiving shall rise o'er the blast,
And 'the ends of the earth' hear the gospel at last.

Teignmouth.

HARVEST LESSONS.

"Lord ! as the rain comes down from heaven—the rain
That waters Earth, and turns not thence again,
But makes the tree to bud, the corn to spring,
And feeds and gladdens every living thing—
So come thy Gospel o'er a world destroyed,
In boundless blessings, and return not void :
Where thorns and thistles curse the infected ground
There let the fruits of righteousness abound,
And trees of life, for ever fresh and green,
Flourish, where only trees of death have been."

THAT heart must be very senseless, very cold, which does not raise itself in gratitude to a gracious God for the late fruitful season, which has filled us with food and gladness. When calamities have seemed to hover over our nation, war and pestilence threatening to diminish life and wealth, the Lord in the midst of judgment has remembered mercy, and the shocks of corn, fully ripe, have been abundantly gathered into the garner, and he that soweth and he that reapeth have rejoiced together. Surely, it becometh us well to be thankful. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord. With holy David, let us all exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits !"

But an abundant harvest, beside its call for gratitude, has other and higher lessons to read to us. From the bread that perisheth we gather instruction which points to that "bread which endureth to everlasting life." There is a striking Type in the Old Testament, which will illustrate this with touching and beautiful effect. In the land of wealthy Egypt, a captive had been taken from a dungeon, and raised to great power and dignity. We behold him occupied chiefly, not in affairs of government, but in discreet and careful management of the corn of the land. And wherefore was it that Joseph was thus exalted, thus employed? It was that provision should be made for the inhabitants of the earth, for years of famine were coming on the world. There was danger that the whole race might perish of hunger. Yes! it was not merely for the sustenance of Egypt, or for that of Joseph's immediate family, that dreams were sent and interpreted, and the interpretation was acted on. It is expressly stated that "*the famine was over all the face of the earth,*" and that all families came into Egypt to buy corn of Joseph, because the famine was sore in *all* lands. We give you only the precise Scriptural representation, when we set before you Joseph as *an appointed dispenser of the means of subsistence to the whole human household*. Who, then, can fail to observe

that herein Joseph was a most illustrious type of the Redeemer? And that as the attention of men, in the patriarchal times, was fixed on the Ruler of Egypt, as on one appointed to prefigure the world's Deliverer, they must have derived from the representation a thoroughly accurate representation of HIM who from the first had been promised to the famishing?

In the whole range of symbolical teaching, there cannot be found a stronger delineation. It may be said of the earth, as it shone in its first beauty, and was inhabited by innocent creatures, that it enjoyed a season of moral plenty, unexampled and generous as that in which the Egyptians rejoiced, when the years were upon them, which were prefigured to Pharaoh by glad emblems in his dreams; for there was free converse of man with God in place of dim, indistinct revelation. The Creator spake face to face with the creature: duty was taught, and hope was kindled by direct beams from 'the Father of Lights.' Then, indeed, was spiritual abundance, and had these years of plenty continued, there could not have arisen the child of our race, for whom the food of immortality was not richly provided.

But we know how there passed a *change* over the scene—how, to a time of abundance there succeeded years of *intense moral famine*. Man

estranged himself from God, broke up the intercourse that had subsisted between heaven and earth, so that there were no longer those free communications between heaven and earth which had both preserved and augmented human knowledge. And though for a time men might have been said to subsist on what remained from the rich years of plenty—*tradition* shedding certain beams of truth on an otherwise sterile soil,—yet *the famine was sore in all lands*, and men wandered hither and thither, giving money for that which was not bread, and labour for that which satisfied not.

In the midst of this universal and frightful destitution, God was making provision for keeping a remnant alive, ordaining that there should be One to give corn, though all the treasures of human reason, science, and strength might vainly have been expended to obtain it from any other. The time of plenty was no sooner passed than Christ entered on His office of Mediator, and began to distribute bread to the needy. Even in patriarchal days he partially revealed Himself, and under the dispensation of the Law more largely communicated spiritual food. Yet it was not until, like Joseph, He had passed from a prison to a Throne, that He became visibly and without disguise, **THE DISTRIBUTOR OF BREAD TO THE NATIONS.** Then, when He had taken

to Himself His power, and begun to exercise the sovereignty won by humiliation, there went forth the edict of Heaven to the starving multitudes, "*Go to Jesus, and whatsoever He saith unto you, do.*" He hath at His disposal all the treasures of knowledge and wisdom, and under His hand are the inexhaustible riches of grace. He openeth, and no man shutteth: He shutteth, and no man openeth." And the granaries, the mighty granaries flung wide their doors to the whole human population. It mattered nothing whence came the perishing; all were welcome, all were invited, all intreated to buy for themselves and their little ones, without money and without price.

So ample are the provisions of Redemption, so rich the supplies of that Bread, whosoever eateth of which shall live for ever, that if spiritual famine still prevails in any district of the earth, it is only because men *have not heard* of the corn that is in Egypt, or are not willing to come to Christ, and receive from His fulness.

But myriads have already come. In many a land there is, comparatively speaking, no destitution. It cannot indeed grow corn for itself, but it draws from the everlasting storehouse, so that its every family may be satisfied. There are, alas! other lands in which the inhabitants are, like the prodigal in the parable, feeding on husks,

pinning away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field. But the rumour is fast going the round of the earth, that there is corn in Egypt, and we have earnest enough in the gatherings from various parts—in the spreading of Christianity—in the diminution of idolatry—that there shall yet dawn a day, when even as it was that men from all countries flocked to Joseph for sustenance, so shall it be from all countries—the east and the west, the north and the south—that men shall flock to Jesus, eager for the Bread that came down from heaven. And thus will be gloriously accomplished whatsoever was predicted by the Type. There shall be abundance, *spiritual abundance*, through Him who laid down His life for the world, and teeming millions of the human population, rejoicing in the full supply of the spiritual harvest, shall take, and eat, and live for ever.

ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PATAGONIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Anniversary of our Society was kept in the Victoria Rooms, at Clifton, by two meetings, morning and evening, on the 7th September. At each, the Bishop of Sierra Leone, one of the

Vice-Patrons, presided, and addressed the audience. His Lordship was supported on the platform by the Rev. Samuel Minton, of Liverpool, Rev. Gilbert Robinson, of Birmingham, and several members of the Committee, and gentlemen of the neighbourhood. In the room was a large and most respectable audience, and the speeches, from which we propose making a few extracts, were received with marked approval, and, it is scarcely possible to doubt, the gain of many friends to the Society as their happy result.

After prayer had been offered up in most appropriate language by the Rev. James Mansel, the Right Rev. the Chairman rose, and made a very impressive and thoroughly missionary address, in the conclusion of which, his Lordship said,—

“On such occasions as the present it was usual to call their attention to the past history of the mission, and relate the triumphs that had been effected. He could tell them of the successes which had been effected in every part of Western Africa. He could tell them of the multitude of converts who had been brought to the cross of Christ; of the multitude who partook of the Holy Communion; and the large number of the little ones who regularly came to receive instruction. But they would go back to the past history of the Patagonian mission. What was the effect of the report received from those shores? Far, far, alas, from encouraging. They could not tell of the success of the

missionary work, of kingdoms won, and cities brought to the love of Christ; but the eye of God was upon them, and He had favoured them (hear, hear). What was it but an indication of the favor of their God, when His presence was so manifest with those brave ones who fell a prey to hunger and famine in Tierra del Fuego? (hear, hear). It made them strong, indeed, but not in their own might. Did they not read, in Holy Writ, of Abel, the servant of God, who, being dead, yet speaketh? and could they not say the same of those graves in Tierra del Fuego? (cheers). It would be so; those graves would preach, and they would be heard, and would produce a glorious harvest in the day of Patagonia's visitation. Here, then, was their encouragement and hope, that all the corners of the earth should be full of light, and the whole world should worship the Saviour. He would recommend them to aid, not only by their means, but by their prayers, the Patagonian Mission, and then they would see their hopes realized (cheers)."

In proposing the first resolution, the customary one on such occasions, Mr. Minton, the talented incumbent of St. Silas, Liverpool, paid a very just eulogium to the directors of the Church Missionary Society, and justified their refusal to undertake the Mission to Patagonia. But what he said on this and other points, we had best receive from the pen of the reporter:—

"The first question that suggested itself, and required an answer, was, why should they establish a new agency for the Patagonian Mission, when they had the Church Missionary Society in operation. Because the Church

Missionary Society declined to undertake the mission. If they would have taken it, they (the Patagonian Society) would have been happy to let them have it. The Church Missionary Society having declined to undertake it, do they, by still carrying it on, pass a vote of censure on that Society? He thought not. He said it would take a very remarkable body of men to persuade the friends of Church missions that the Church Missionary Society could do wrong, or make a mistake. The feeling of the Christian public in regard to the Church Missionary Society, was something like the feeling they entertained with regard to their Prayer Book. They would admit that it was not divine, but will not admit that there is any error in it. Not that they believed the Church Missionary Society to be infallible, or that a body of many fallibles made one infallible, but the transactions of that Society were conducted in such a Christian, prayerful, and cautious spirit, that they possessed the full confidence of the Christian public (hear, hear). The Church Missionary Society were bound not to undertake anything without great prospects of success, and as they could not undertake a new mission without diminishing their labours in other parts, and the whole world was before them: it was but a matter of choice. But supposing the Church Missionary Society were right in not adopting the mission, was that any reason why they themselves, whose feelings were drawn to those parts, should not take it up?

“Waiving any arguments as to the success which was likely to attend the mission, he would put it to their feelings. And what had drawn these feelings out? The feelings were a part of the man, and were, therefore, under the guidance and direction of the Spirit of God. To this it may be replied, and with truth, that it is not

safe to be guided by our feelings, and to do everything, to use an homely expression, that enters into our heads; this would lead them into a great deal of mischief. They must bring their feelings to the test of the word of God. However their feelings may be drawn to any course, they must not do it if not countenanced by the Scripture. Let them bring this subject of the Patagonian Missions to the test of the Scripture, and what do they find? They are told to preach the Gospel to every creature, and the Patagonians were creatures (hear, hear). They must watch the leadings of Providence, and not only see what they had to do, but how they were to do it. If He hedged and blocked up their way, they must not seek to force their way; and objectors may say that the fatal end which had attended the first efforts of the Patagonian missions, was an indication that the time was not come for the work, and that the way was not opened. In the commencement of the great Church Missionary Society, was there nothing to discourage its promoters? Why it was ten years before they could get an Englishman to go out for them, and after a sermon preached by the celebrated commentator Scott, for the Society, only £5 10s. were collected. So great were their difficulties in regard to New Zealand, that the committee met twice a-week to consider whether they could continue the mission, it seeming as if God had shut, and no man could open it. But their faith prevailed, and under discouragements greater than these attending the prospects of the present mission, it had become the most successful of their stations. He would also remind them of the Moravians in Greenland. The failure of the first attempt may look as if God had shut the mission against them. The men had all died, it was true, what the world would call a miserable end.

During the last few weeks of their lives, however, they had penned their thoughts on paper, giving their own feelings, and their own opinions as to the prospects of the mission. If one or two had been spared to bring these records home, they should have thought that God had been with them. But not one of them had been spared, and yet they had those papers. Who could have imagined that the papers would have been preserved, amidst the inclemency of the weather, and the ravages of the natives. Why did God preserve these papers, almost by a miracle? Was it to comfort their immediate friends at home, and convince them that they died in peace? This, their friends would know, for men going out in such a spirit could not do otherwise. This, then, was not a sufficient solution. Was it for the comfort of the church? Perhaps it was, for they were a comfort, and he had read portions to his own congregation, and had never seen such an effect produced as by some of the last passages of those dying men. But was there no other reason? They might often find out what God meant by certain things which He did. What more could He have done than preserve those papers? If the men had lived, and effected some few converts, he did not think such good would have been done; for those papers had excited Christian sympathy throughout the country.

“When he looked at the marvellous preservation of those papers, he saw an indication that God was not closing that they should not open, but that He had opened, and they should enter. Their own sufferings had not shaken their confidence that that land would be converted, and he would ask if God would inspire His servants with hopes which He would not realise (hear, hear). That spot, dreary and desolate as it is, is

yet enriched with the prayers and blood of those martyrs. Notwithstanding these expectations, he should expect more. Supposing there were no other way of prosecuting that mission than the way they had first tried to effect it, and that calamity were not an accident, if they tried it in the same manner, the same results would follow. But they were not going to prosecute the mission in the same way. It was quite possible to prosecute the mission without, humanly speaking, any risk ; therefore, it was not fair for any one to throw into their teeth the disaster which befell the first expedition, when they knew the fault and were going to work differently, and their plan was quite free from risk. The plan they were about to pursue had been sketched by one of the poor sufferers, and it was strange that two other persons, who had suggested plans, had followed the same course. They were encouraged by the fact of a very suitable person, Captain Snow, coming forward to take charge of their vessel. They were also much encouraged by the manner in which funds had been raised, and he denied that they had drawn money from other societies. It was not good grace that Englishmen should withdraw from the missionary work. No men were so privileged as Englishmen, and what did they owe it all to ? Why missionary exertions ; and should they turn round, and say, thus far and no farther ? It was all very well for missionaries to come, and prevent their offering their children at Druidical altars ; but were they not to return the benefits ? He was not aware of the Gospel having been preached in Patagonia, and then, surely it was the place of those who looked for the end to come, and the appearance of Jesus Christ, to direct their efforts, for who was it that would appear before the throne at the last day, but those who were to

be gathered from every part of the world? He hoped they would be able to produce some jewel, from Patagonia, to grace that diadem which would display jewels produced from every part of the world, and from every kindred and tongue, and with what happiness would they join their songs with those who had been saved through their efforts. He would commend the cause of the Patagonian Mission to them, and hoped that those who had freely received would freely give (cheers).

The Rev. Gilbert Robinson seconded the resolution, and in doing so, showed the hand of God distinctly guiding the founder of the mission through his course:—

“Captain Gardiner was intended by his parents for the ministry. Instead of this, he from his earliest days determined upon following a sea life. Had he complied with their intentions, we should not now be assembled to support a mission to Tierra del Fuego. His friends laboured to bring him to receive Christ into his heart *at home*, but it was in a heathen temple in China, whilst witnessing the zealous worship of idolaters, that he found the Lord as his Lord and his God. Whilst Capt. Gardiner, then a young lieutenant in the *Dauntless*, was enquiring about the natives of South America, in their own country, Dr. Williams, of Woodchester, a man of tried faith, was praying for them in England, and it would not be wrong to suppose, that an interest for those heathen, never to expire but with his life, was infused into his heart, in answer to those prayers.”

Mr. Robinson urged upon his hearers the privilege of supporting such a mission, and every Christian mission with their gifts, and especially

called upon them to unite in a concert of prayer for a well qualified missionary clergyman to go forth, and direct the undertaking.

The Rev. James Mansel moved the second resolution, and said a few kind words in approbation of the report.

We do not present our readers with any extracts from this, as they will be able to obtain a copy of it, entire, as soon as printed, on application to the Hon. Secretary.

The account of money matters was highly satisfactory. The income during the year, including a balance in hand of £1,329 5s. 8d., was £3,537 0s. 3½d. The expenditure, including the cost of the vessel, £1,387 0s. 10d., amounted to £1,680 15s., leaving a balance in hand of £1,846 5s. 3½d. The collection at the conclusion amounted to about £14 10s.

The evening meeting was addressed in another eloquent speech by the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and by Revs. G. Robinson, Jas. Mansel, Rupert Rowton, and G. P. Despard. Collection, £4 10s.

The growth in interest felt in the object of this Society is very perceptible. Four years ago last spring, Captain Gardiner himself addressed a very small audience of about 20 persons, in the Albert Rooms, and collected afterwards barely enough to pay the hire of the room, reduced very much through the liberality of the proprietor.

Now a roomful was gathered in the Victoria Rooms. In the three years, 1850—51—52, subscriptions and donations came to £278; now, in one year, 1854, they have reached £2200. In 1852, there was only one Association, the Parent Society, head quarters, Bristol; now there are fourteen Auxiliary Associations in England and Scotland. In 1850 Capt. Gardiner could with difficulty build two boats; in 1854 the Society has been able to build and fit out completely a vessel large enough to circumnavigate the globe. To the faith, the prayers, and the writings of those dying men in Spaniard Harbour, instrumentally, this great change in men's feelings and actings is mainly ascribable. And now it needs but to make known everywhere the plan and preparations and reasonable prospects of the enterprise to secure the zealous support of all those who pray and who work for the spread of our Lord's reign upon the earth.

We intreat, therefore, our readers to obtain and carefully look through the former numbers of this little advocate, and they will find such information on these points as they will own to be satisfactory.

FUEGIA BASKET AND HER COMPANIONS.**Chapter 7.**

BEGINNING OF DISASTERS.

In the evening, Matthews and his party, Jemmy, York, and Fuegia, went to their abode in the new wigwams. In the one made for Matthews, Jemmy also took up his quarters at first. It was high and roomy for such a construction; the space overhead was divided by a floor of boards, brought from the ship, and there most of Matthews' stores were placed; but the most valuable articles were deposited in a box, which was hid in the ground underneath the wigwam, where fire could not reach.

The absence of the natives, every one of whom had decamped, at the time, gave a good opportunity for landing the larger tools belonging to Matthews, and placing them within or beneath his wigwam, without fear of their being covetously eyed; and after all had been comfortably arranged, the Beagle left the place, and sailed some miles to the southward. It was thought desirable to leave Matthews for a few days, in order to test the practicability of his remaining on the island, and the opportunity seemed a good one, especially as York and Jemmy entertained not the slightest doubt of all the natives being inclined to treat them well.

During the four days in which the settlement had been effected, when surrounded by so many of the natives, but few thefts had been committed. One man was seen talking to Jemmy Button, while another picked his pocket of a knife, and even the wary York lost something. But from Fuegia they did not take a single article; on the contrary, their kindness to her was remarkable, and among the women she was quite a pet.

The officers of the *Beagle* felt exceedingly anxious about Matthews, and early the next morning the boats were again steered towards Woollya. Some of the sailors prophesied that they would not again see him alive, and consequently it was with no slight joy that Captain Fitzroy caught sight of him, as his boat rounded a point of land, carrying a kettle to the fire near his wigwam. He landed, and ascertained that nothing had occurred to damp his spirits, or in any way to check his inclination for a fair trial. Some natives had returned to the place; among them one of Jemmy's brothers; but so far were they from showing the slightest ill-will, that nothing could be more friendly than their behaviour. Jemmy said that these people who arrived at daylight that morning were his friends; that his own family would come in the course of the day; and that the 'bad men,' the strangers, were all gone away to their own country.

A further trial was now determined upon. The Beagle was to explore some of the neighbouring channels, and then revisit Woollya, and either leave or remove Matthews, as after such a time it might seem desirable. The few days passed; the glaciers of Darwin Mountain were inspected; Cape Desolation seen in the distance; and then, through the icy seas, the Beagle returned to the inhabited part of the island.

The first sight of the natives awakened suspicious fears. They were observed at Shingle Point, all in full dress, being bedaubed with red and white paint, and ornamented after their fashion, with feathers and the down of geese. One of the women was noticed as being far from ill-looking; her features were regular; and excepting a deficiency of hair on the eyebrow, and rather thick lips, the contour of her face was sufficiently good to have been mistaken for a handsome gipsy. She had on a loose dress, which had evidently belonged to Fuegia Basket. Many of the others were decorated with bits of ribbon, and scraps of red cloth, apparently quite recently obtained; and there was an air of defiance about the whole of the party, which looked as though they knew harm had been done, and that they were ready to stand on the defensive, if any such attack as they expected were put into execution.

The suspicions aroused by these people hastened the movements of our English friends. They went on that evening as far as the light would admit, and at day-break next morning were steering towards Woollya. In the Murray Narrow several natives were seen, who were ornamented with strips of tartan cloth or white linen, which was recognized as having been obtained from the poor new-comers. No questions were asked, but with a favoring wind and tide the boats hurried on, and at noon reached Woollya. Several canoes were on the beach, and as many natives seemed to be assembled as were there two days before the place had been quitted. All were much painted and ornamented with rags of English clothing. As the boats touched the shore, the natives came hallooing and jumping around, and then the worst fears were relieved by the sight of Matthews, who came out dressed and looking as usual. After him followed Jemmy and York: Fuegia, they said was in a wigwam. Matthews was at once taken into one of the boats in order that he might tell his story without interruption; Jemmy stepped into the other; York waited on the beach. Nearly all the Fuegians squatted down to watch proceedings, looking like a pack of hounds waiting for a fox to be unearthed.

It appeared that three days after leaving

Woollya, several canoes full of strangers had arrived there, and that from them Matthews had received very annoying and threatening treatment. Some of them were always on the lookout for an opportunity to snatch up and run away with some tool or article of clothing, and others spent the greater part of each day in his wigwam, asking for everything they saw, and often threatening him when he refused to comply with their wishes. More than one went out in a rage, and returned immediately with a large stone in his hand, making signs that he would kill him, if he did not get what he wanted. Sometimes a party of them gathered round him, and, if he had nothing to give them, teased him by pulling the hair of his face, pushing him about, and making mouths at him. His only partizans were the women. Now and then he left Jemmy to guard the hut, and went to the natives' wigwams, where the women always received him kindly, making room for him by their fire, and giving him a share of whatsoever food they had, without asking for anything in return. The men never took the trouble of going with him on these visits, their attention being engrossed by tools, clothes, and crockeryware. Fortunately, the most valuable part of Matthews' own things were underground, in a cave, unsuspected by the natives, and other large tools were hidden over-

head in the roof of his hut. York and Fuegia fared very well ; they lost nothing ; but Jemmy was sadly plundered even by his own family. The garden, upon which much labour had been bestowed, had been trampled over repeatedly, although Jemmy had done his best to explain its object, and prevent people from walking there. When questioned about it, he looked very sorrowful, and with a slow shake of the head said, "My people very bad—great fool—know nothing at all—very great fool."

These circumstances led to the decision that Matthews could not safely remain among such a set of utter savages as he found the Fuegians to be. With some difficulty his property was secured in the face of a hundred eager spectators, and distributing among them some useful articles as presents, he bade Jemmy and York farewell, promising to see them again shortly, and departed from the wondering throng assembled on the beach. According to promise, in a few days the encampment was again visited. Jemmy was still in trouble, the people having stolen his things, but York and Fuegia had contrived to take care of theirs. Fuegia looked clean and tidily dressed, and by her wigwam was a canoe which York was building out of planks left for him from the ship. The garden was uninjured and some of the vegetables had begun to sprout.

Jemmy's mother came down to the boat, decently clothed by her son's care. He promised to take her and his younger brother to his wigwam, and finding them all getting contented and happy, they were again left, with rather sanguine hopes that they might be the means of effecting among their countrymen some change for the better.

More than a year elapsed after this before any further tidings could be gained of our proteges. It was not until the 5th of March, 1834, that the Beagle again anchored in Woollya. But few natives appeared as she sailed along—probably they were alarmed at the ship and did not show themselves. The wigwams built for York, Jemmy and Fuegia were found empty, though uninjured; the garden had been trampled over, but some turnips and potatoes of moderate size were pulled up and eaten—a proof that they may be grown in that region. Not a living soul was visible anywhere. The wigwams seemed to have been deserted many months, and an anxious hour or two passed after the ship was moored before the canoes were seen in the offing, paddling hastily from the place now called Button Island. “Looking through a glass,” writes Capt. Fitzroy, “I saw two of the natives in them were washing their faces, while the rest were paddling with might and main. I was then sure that some of our acquaintances were there, and in a few min-

utes recognized Tommy Button, Jemmy's brother. In the other canoe was a face which I knew, yet could not name. It must be some one I have seen before, said I, when his sharp eye detected me, and the sudden movement of the hand to his head (as a sailor touches his hat) at once told me it was indeed Jemmy Button—but how altered !

MEMORIAL OF THE MISSIONARY GRAVES IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

We would not darken with our selfish tears
The sun-bright glories of that martyred band :
They walk with Jesus in supernal spheres,
Washed in His blood, and folded by His hand.

We mourn not him with grief's impassion'd tone,
Who by our side the courts of Zion trod ;
In nearest circles now, before the throne,
He sounds the praises of a present God.

And may not still, by some mysterious chain,
Hearts which commingled in their worship here,
United swell the one harmonious strain
Which pours its music on Immanuel's ear ?

Then dare we question, with objecting mind,
His high decrees who worketh all in all,
Or deem in Providence that God unkind
Who marks the anguish of a sparrow's fall ?

No ! be it ours supremely to adore
The Triune Source of that all-wondrous grace
Whose power sustained, upon a hostile shore,
Heroic Gardiner in his heav'nly race.

When glowed the furnace with its sevenfold blaze,
 In God's own cov'nant would His children rest,
 And now in prayer—and now in loftier praise,
 Exhaust their sorrows in a Saviour's breast.

But language fails to paint a scene like this,
 When mystic converse to the soul is given ;
 When rapt communion—high seraphic bliss
 Uplifts the veil, and mingles earth with heaven.

And shall we say their lives accomplished nought
 For that dark country in their hearts enshrined ?
 Left they no pledge that Fuegia shall be taught
 Her highest glory in the cross to find ?

The air still vibrates with Messiah's name ;
 The soil is hallowed by their sleeping dust ;
 The rocks in silent eloquence proclaim
 * The Rock Almighty and the Christian's trust.

Their prayer still lives before th' eternal throne,
 And though Jehovah long withhold His grace,
 Each day delayed augmented good shall own
 In future blessings for the Indian race.

Then, brethren, waste not in a fruitless woe
 The few brief hours we have for service here ;
 But nobly forward in their spirit go,
 Till all the heathen shall the gospel hear.

H. W.

* "We were directed to Pioneer Cavern by a hand painted on the rocks with Psalm lxii. 5—8 marked under it." Capt. Munnhead's Report.

THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”

The First of November has become to the Patagonian Missionary Society a day of anniversary. With few to witness the touching spectacle, it was on this day in the year last passed, 1853, that the keel of the ‘Allen Gardiner’ was laid on the blocks at the port of Dartmouth. The work was, in a very peculiar manner, *a work of faith*. With scarcely funds enough to place her timbers side by side, and carve her into the form she was destined to bear, the philanthropic promoters of the Mission to the aboriginal tribes of South America, commended their cause in prayer to God, and in a very remarkable way, as the unfinished vessel approached nearer and nearer to its completion, the silver and the gold poured in in sufficient quantities, not merely to pay for the build and equipment of the ‘Allen Gardiner,’ but also to furnish the necessary provision for commencing and carrying forward a Mission on the Falkland Islands, for the space of one year, counting this period from the day of her sailing from Cumberland Basin, Bristol. On the return of our Anniversary, we can thus look

back and say, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed us." The Lord has so disposed the hearts of men that we have not pleaded in vain on behalf of the holy cause we have sought to aid. Just at the last moment, when, on calculating the sum which appeared necessary to meet all the contingencies we could foresee, £500 was yet deficient, He graciously put it into the heart of one of His servants to devote the whole sum to this neglected portion of Earth's vineyard, and everything being ready, the 'Allen Gardiner' sailed from Bristol, on her glorious mission of peace, on Tuesday the 24th ult., in presence of many friends, who assembled to give her the farewell of prayer and praise.

Such is the past memorial which the First of November brings to mind, in connection with the Mission to Patagonia, which the interesting details, about to be published, will more fully describe. We are now able to tell the Church, that there is *something tangible* in our proceedings. Theory is now reduced to practice : scheme has been transmuted into action. Our vessel, with fourteen souls on board, has gone forth to convey a Saviour's message to the long-lost and perishing heathen. Our Christian brethren have provided the silver and the gold for our first requirements. Our Government has granted us permission to pitch our tent where we desired ; so that the question no

longer is, *Shall we send? Shall we venture? Can we raise sufficient funds for such an enterprise?* —doubts which have often worked in the minds of many timid hearts. THE FACT now takes the place of the question, and we say, We *have* sent; we *have*, in dependence upon God, *ventured*; we have raised so far the necessary funds; and our duty now lies with our future course.

This seems to present itself under two aspects; the one as regards God, the other referring to man. Our first duty, undeniably, is to commit our infant mission, day by day, and week by week to God, and in this we ask the co-operation not merely of our subscribers and friends, but of *all* who desire the spread of Christ's kingdom. Let those who consider the undertaking the most perilous, pray the most for it, and let us all remember that as with the fairest earthly promise we can *do nothing* without God's blessing, so with the darkest human foreboding, we can *do everything* with His favor. We desire to acquaint our readers with the special invitation to prayer, (which we hope largely to circulate,) on page 251. It will be joined in by the little band on board our vessel, and echoed, we trust, from many Christian hearts at home.

Our second duty is to seek to provide human means for the maintenance of the work commenced. It is calculated that the Mission in its early state, will require an income of from £2000

to £2500 per annum, and to meet this *subscriptions* are earnestly solicited. Let us all feel that we have now the charge of a noble enterprise, which we must not suffer from any neglect of ours to fall to the ground. Let our anniversary incite us to increased effort, and by the love of Christ constraining us, may we be ready to give liberally of our substance to the Lord. The formation of Associations in our towns is suggested as the best means of keeping up a lively interest in the work, and a regular provision for it. The increase of these must be the work of this second year of the Allen Gardiner's history. Some warm supporters have urged that the sum asked for as a subscription should not exceed 2s. 6d., on the ground that our mission is but as a little stream flowing from the great missionary river. If we take the hint, allowing for the sum we require over the £2000 to be made up by larger gifts, some of which are promised, there will remain an income of 16,000 half-crowns to be secured, which may easily be done by a well organized and extensive agency. If out of the thousands of our parishes, but a tenth supplied us with an active collector each, and that collector would gain sixteen regular subscribers, this income would be effectually secured. Dear friends, the cause is great and holy, we commend it to your earnest thought and prayers.

“WHO THEN IS WILLING TO CONSECRATE HIS SERVICE
THIS DAY UNTO THE LORD?”

A WORD ON BAZAARS.

Few of our readers, if any, have not heard of the frequent practise of raising sums of money, for charitable objects, by means of sales of work, or as they are often termed, Bazaars. Some, probably, entertain the opinion, that though the end may be good, such means are objectionable, and there can be no doubt that in too many instances, a large amount of *worldly vanity*, *worldly principles*, and *worldly compliances*, are permitted under the garb of religion, and on behalf of objects connected with it. These things justly deserve the censure of true Christians, who desire ‘not to be conformed to this world,’ and it is no matter of surprise that such decline taking any part in the ordinary class of Bazaars. The writer of these few remarks would, however, remind our readers, that the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use, and had they all been present at the ‘Sale of Work’ for the Patagonian Mission, held at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, October 3rd, none, it is believed, would have felt themselves in an atmosphere uncongenial with the spirit of the text, ‘Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all to the glory of God.’

The room was laid out, with a variety of useful and ornamental work, and sold by ladies, at moderate prices, to a large number of purchasers, without the excitement of band, post-office, raffles, &c. And no doubt many present realized, what some expressed, that the work they were engaged in was the Lord’s, and that He alone could make their efforts effectual. At the close of the day above £100 had been t

added to the sacred treasury of the South American Mission.

"Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" Are there not many towns which the 'Voice of Pity' reaches, which might well respond to this enquiry, and imitate the example of all classes of David's subjects, 'the chief of the fathers and princes of the tribes of Israel, and the captains of thousands and of hundreds, with the rulers of the king's work,' who 'offered willingly.' 1 Chron. xxix. 5,6.

Christian Ladies! consecrate the labours of your hands to the Lord, and if from a variety of circumstances you are unable to devote yourselves to *active* exertion, consider more especialiy, whether the less conspicuous, but perhaps not less useful occupation of a portion of your time in needle work, may not be turned to account, and be made to further the cause of God in distant lands.

The writer is sure there are many who say, What can I do? Let the sale of work at Clifton answer. Let an attempt be made to raise an interest in the cause of Patagonia, by giving to the old, the middle-aged, and the young, something that each can do, at a very trifling expenditure of money, but whose united contributions of fire-side occupation, will bring forth a sum, be it large or small, which the Lord will accept for his service, while each true Christian will say with David of old, "All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

H. M. W.

A Sale of Work conducted on the same principles was held at Weston-Super-Mare, on Thursday, Oct. 11th, at which £28 was realized. On the preceding Tuesday, a Lecture had been delivered by the Rev. G. P. Despard, Hon. Sec., on the Natives of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and the Mission to be sent to them



A VISIT TO BRISTOL DOCKS.

I could not leave Bristol without a passing glance at its mooring-place for England's floating bulwarks. The large harbour of a commercial city is ever replete with interest. There, side by side, rest the humble schooner and the majestic barque, each to be employed in that glorious traffic which replenishes and puts into minute circulation the great stream of sustenance which God has, in his wisdom, wound round the world. Here we see one having just fulfilled its mission, and bringing back good commodities to enrich old England's garner, and glad hearts to smile upon home again; and there is another ready to heave anchor, and bid adieu to fatherland, charged with a full cargo of its superabundance, to convey to the men of other climes.

It matters little that amid the din of trade, the smoke of factories, and the crowd of masts, nearly all that appertains to the romance of ship-

ping is absent from such a spot, the mind has enough of *reality* to muse upon, and reality that is coupled with such important connections can well spare for a while the background of imagery. We do not here behold the fine vessel, with spread sails, riding over the blue expanse of water, a frail yet trustful float on ocean's bosom; this gives us a *single* image of beauty and skill. But we rather gain the *multiplied* idea of value, and industry, and magnitude, as we gaze upon a line of British ships, anchoring for a while beside a commercial quay. We think of the many busy hands which spread those sails, the many anxious hearts which follow those freights, the many various destinations which await those sailor-homes. One general feature is, however, stamped upon them all, that of trade and enterprise for the sake of worldly gain.

But a *singular exception* to this rule was presented to my view in the ancient port of Bristol. Sharing with its majestic neighbours a resting-place on its busy waters, a little vessel lay alongside the Quay, with which there was not connected the thought of earthly trade. All hands on board were eagerly employed in various preparations for a long voyage. The Captain was himself arranging some valuable stores : and I saw that a great part of her cargo consisted of a ready-made wooden house, which was packed in her hold with great care.

On her cabin table, (for I was permitted to visit this little vessel,) lay a beautiful edition of that which is more precious than the merchandize of silver, or the gain of fine gold, THE HOLY BIBLE; and closely packed on her cabin shelves were tracts in various languages, containing words of truth. She had all that appertained to the science of Navigation on board her—nautical books, compasses, chronometer; and I saw that one corner of her cabin had been reserved for the portrait of a naval officer. The features delineated were of a very striking cast: they bespoke intense thoughtfulness and undaunted energy; and as I gazed upon it, I knew *why* it was there fixed as a memorial of a departed spirit—of one who had cherished

“Noble longings for the strife.”

I conversed with the Captain: his words were those of a man of prayer and a man of faith; I enquired about his comrades: they, too, were followers of Him whom some, in their folly, think it a disgrace to own. “He is not,” was the report I heard of one of them, “afraid of *confessing Christ*.”

Shall I, (if to any my words are an enigma,) unriddle my sketch? Ah! Bristol, although some of thy children sleep the sleep of apathy, and know it not, thou art greatly honored above many cities! for this strange vessel bears *thy*

name, coupled with the name of one who died not for his Master in vain—ALLEN GARDINER. My heart rejoiced to see, that in thy great world of trade thou hadst reserved a corner (albeit a little one) for the work of Christ, and if I might whisper a stranger's prayer, it would be that thou mayest have wisdom and charity enough, to link *thine own honor* with the mission of thy little barque!

Let THE ALLEN GARDINER and BRISTOL be not only nominally, but really united. Let Bristol's Church be as the Christian merchant, which shall bear on her heart, and provide from her store for her Christian vessel; that where Allen Gardiner perished—not 'weary with the march of life,' but *fainting for want of the staff of life*,—the seed of Truth may by the blessing of God be sown, to the glory of Him from whom all wealth and honors come, and the exceeding joy of every helper in the good work.

My readers will scarcely need further explanation. They will be prepared to hear that the chart on board a Missionary vessel is the Word of Life; that her guides are men of prayer, and her cargo, a Missionary tent: and they will believe, that while I admired the majestic build of the floating castles which graced the port of Bristol, my eye turned from all these, and rested long and lovingly upon the little vessel, ALLEN GARDINER.

FAREWELL MEETING.

On Thursday, October 19th, the Committee and Friends of the Patagonian Missionary Society assembled in the large room of the Queen's Hotel, Clifton, to take leave of the Mission party before their embarkation in "The Allen Gardiner," for the Falkland Islands. The occasion was one of deep interest, and especially so to some who had been present at the last farewell given to the lamented Captain Gardiner and his faithful band. The clergy who assisted in the arrangements of the evening were, the Rev. E. G. Marsh, Vicar of Aylesford and Canon of Southwell, in the Chair; the Rev. G. Pakenham Despard, Hon. Sec.; the Rev. W. W. Kirby, from Maidstone; and the Rev. E. A. Verity, Incumbent of Habergham, Lancashire. Several other clergymen and gentlemen were present, and it was much regretted that the absence of the Rev. W. Hunt, Weston-super-Mare, was caused by indisposition. Not having space to give anything like a lengthened detail of the proceedings of the Meeting, and many friends wishing to retain a full memento of what passed, a separate sketch is in preparation, for the particulars of which we refer our readers to the Advertisement on the Wrapper.

BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US.

LETTER ADDRESSED TO ALL WHO PRAY, 'THY KINGDOM COME!'

Dear Christian Friend,—You are requested to bear especially on your heart in prayer before God, the members of the mission-party sent by the Patagonian or South American Missionary Society to the Falkland Islands, in their vessel, 'Allen Gardiner,' which sailed from Bristol on October 24th, 1854.

The establishment of a new mission in a distant land, is always fraught with danger and difficulty, and only He who ruleth the sea, and controlleth the wills of men, can protect our missionaries from the one, and enable them to overcome the other. There is also, you are well aware, a peculiar anxiety attending the Patagonian Mission, engendered in the minds of many of the Lord's servants, by the touching memorials which have reached us of Captain Gardiner's painful, though glorious end.

May we then ask it, as a special favor, that if even not yet inclined to join hand with us in our newly-commenced undertaking, you will join your prayers with ours, that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ may be with His servants who go forth to preach among the South American heathen the glorious Gospel of His dear Son. We desire to fix *Tuesday*, the day on which our vessel sailed, for this intercessory

prayer, and in it we are anxious to obtain the union of as many of God's people as can be enlisted, in sympathy towards our cause. We propose that the subjects of prayer be as follow :

I. For the preservation of the vessel from shipwreck, fire, or any casualty which might injure her in her voyage.

II. For the protection and health of all on board her ; for their unity, while together ; and for their growth in all those dispositions of mind which shall fit them for their various parts in the great work to which they are hastening.

III. For a preparation of mind in the barbarous natives to whom the mission is sent, which shall produce a willingness to receive our missionaries kindly, and restrain them from offering any resistance to their plans for introducing the Gospel among them.

IV. For a speedy outpouring of the full blessing of the conversion of many souls to Christ. " We wait for the Lord, our souls wait for Him, and in His word do we hope."

If sufficiently interested to promise, in dependence upon God's grace, a *regular* remembrance of us in your petitions, we should be glad to hear from you, and enrol your name with those already linked in this Union for Prayer, on behalf of the Mission to South America.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

G. PAKENHAM DESPARD, Hon. Sec.

REMINISCENCES OF PAST LABOURS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Ketronway is the name of an Indian village, situated near the beautiful lake of Raneo. The Cordilleras rise above the lake, and groves of apple trees shelter the cottages. This was the abode of Neggiman—the acknowledged chief of that neighbourhood.

Captain Gardiner having gone by sea to Valdivia, and ascended the river calle-calle, by boat, till the stream became too rapid in its descent to contest against,—entered the forests which characterised this part of Chili. A beaten track, with here and there a tree cut down and laid across or beside the path, as chance directs, is the only road found in the country. Every one rides. No wheeled vehicle is to be seen. No one walks. After passing through many miles of forest, till the occasional sight of the river rushing by was most refreshing and an open plain a luxury, the road led through a closer and more difficult kind of forest, a forest of bamboo—a production of great importance to the more warlike tribes of South America, as it is of this that the long spears are formed which are their principal weapon of attack. Emerging from this dark and tangled path, the lake lay before the travellers in all its beauty—the snowy mountains reflecting the rays of the setting sun, and the cottages around giving the idea of rest and comfort.

A closer inspection reveals defects not always perceptible at a distance—for though the walls are high and thick, being composed of the squared trunks of trees, placed side by side, and the roofs high pitched and thatched, the interstices are not filled up and widen as time progresses.

Neggiman was absent, but his retainers shewed all hospitality to the stranger, and one of them agreed to let his house, if the chief should consent to Captain Gardiner's wish of residing amongst them.

Full of the hope of at length finding a home amongst this interesting people, Captain Gardiner set out, on his return to the place where he had left his family and baggage.

On the way he met the chief, with a few attendants. Where so few travel, there is little difficulty of recognition, and a slender introduction suffices.

The woods resounded for a few seconds with the shouts of Neggiman's attendants, for one of their party was at a little distance, and understood Spanish.

With this man as interpreter, the conference took place. Neggiman was informed of the friendly intentions of his would-be visitor, and readily gave his consent to the Captain's residing at Vutronway, provided he obtained the concurrence of the Chilian Commissioner, Don Fremesco Abierto, and presented Neggiman with a specified present.

This happy understanding did not last long.

A few days later saw Captain Gardiner again at Vutronway, accompanied by the Commissioner's messenger, who appeared to be perfectly friendly both to Neggiman and the Captain, made no public objection to the proposed plan, nor did he appear to interfere with the actions of the chief. Yet the event seems to imply that this person brought an intimation from his superior that the residence of a foreigner with the tribe would be objected to by the Chilian authorities.

Neggiman had no difficulty in yielding a point which he had so little apparent cause to place any value upon.

Captain Gardiner had just unpacked the few articles of furniture which he thought it worth while to bring into the wilds, and was preparing to return for his family, when he received a visit from Neggiman, who, with one attendant, coolly sat down outside of the house in a drizzling rain.

Neggiman began by enquiring 'How long he meant to stay?' adding, that he had given him leave to come and he was at liberty to do so—he might stay some weeks, but that when another moon had come and gone, he must leave the village—they were a poor people and did not want strangers among them.

This was a downfall to the Captain's hopes—he had not yet brought his family to Raneo—the weather was still favorable for travelling, but in another month the rain, for which Valdivia and Chilve are proverbial, would be expected to fall in torrents, and make the ordinarily bad roads impassable. The journey, too, from Raneo to Valdivia would occupy several days, and there were but few places of shelter on the way.

Having tried every argument he could think of, and assured the chief that he had no desire to purchase land or infringe on the rights of the natives, and the effect of presents being equally futile to move the chief's resolution, the Captain sadly and unwillingly took his leave.

The next chief with whom he became acquainted was Wykepang.

He was, indeed, independent of Chilian influence or pay, but he looked on the stranger with suspicion and would scarcely make him welcome even for the night—laughing at the idea of his passing beyond him to other tribes. The Williche chiefs, he said, had sworn to kill any one who should harbour or receive presents from a

foreigner—and he dared not have any dealings with him. Present after present was therefore offered and refused. Indigo, much valued by the Araucanians for dyeing their cloth, which is universally of a dark blue—colored cotton handkerchiefs—buttons—thimbles, both of which are suspended and used as ornaments by the women. Even the red worsted tape for head bands, which by the wistful glances cast upon it seemed to have most charms for Wykepeng, all were refused—this last, however, proved too tempting, and, to the Captain's great satisfaction, he retained a piece of it—a sufficient proof that he would not himself betray or injure him.

After this unpromising interview, the Captain and his attendant lay down in this fierce man's house and slept in peace, leaving him at early dawn.

THE YOUNGEST CAN HELP.

A STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Four brothers were playing together on the bank of a river. One of them was much older than the rest, and he was taking charge of the younger ones. The sun was shining brightly, and the boys' hearts were very gay and happy. But danger is often at hand, when children are not thinking about it, and, sad to say, the second boy of our party, in a careless run, went too near the edge of the bank; slipped his foot; and fell into the cold water of the river.

What do you think his brothers felt, when they saw their poor play-mate sinking in the stream? What would you have done, little children, if it had been *your* brother? I hope none of you will go too near a river's bank, lest your feet, too, should slip: but you are anxious to hear my story. It was a happy thing for the little drowning child, that his elder brother could swim, and without stopping a moment, this brave boy took off his cap and jacket, plunged into the river, and caught his little brother just as he was going to sink the second time. He caught hold of him so firmly that he did not sink again, and had nearly drawn him to shore, before the gardener, who had heard a loud cry came to help him, and the little boy was saved.

"You were a good boy, my son," said the father, when he heard the story, "to jump in, and rescue your brother: but what did *you* do, little boys?" he said to the two younger ones.

"Why, papa, you know," said the first, "I was too little to swim, and all I could do was to hold Franky's cap and jacket, when he jumped into the water."

"Very well, my boy," said the father, patting his head, "you are a good boy; *you did what you could*: but what did you do, Charley?"

"Me, papa," said little Charley, "I couldn't do anything but *cry out*; and I called as loud as I could for somebody to come."

“ Good children,” said their father, “ *you have all done what you could.* Franky jumped into the water ; Harry held his clothes ; and Charley cried out.”

Now, little Franky, Harry, and Charley, and all little boys and girls, whatever be your names, listen, for a moment, to something which this story may teach you.

In a far distant land, some poor heathen men and women, and children, are sinking into the cold waters of death, day by day. They know nothing about Jesus Christ, nor of that glorious salvation which carries many, in our happy land, safely through those cold waters, and brings them to the heavenly country, of which you have so often heard. One of your sweet hymns thus tells you about that land :—

“ There is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love ;
And holy children when they die,
Go to that world above.”

These poor heathen, though their skins are dark, are yet your brethren. God made them, as He made you, and Jesus died to save them. Are you not very sorry to think they should all perish ? Will you go on with your play, and think nothing about souls that are sinking into the lake of fire ? Oh ! little ones, this must not be. Some of your older friends, like the big

brother in our story, are going to try to rescue the poor perishing children of South America. In a beautiful new vessel, which has been built for the purpose, they go upon the great sea, and sail far away from all they love at home. You cannot do this, my children, you are too young yet ; but there is something you can do. You can help the missionaries. Like the little boy who held his brother's coat, and watched him on the bank, you can take an interest in what they are going to do, and you can give a little (never mind how little, if it is all you can afford,) to assist in providing these good men with all they want, now that they are gone far away on the bosom of the deep.

And the *very little ones* can do something also. They can, like Charley, '*cry out.*' They can lift up their young voices in prayer to God, and ask Him to help the good missionaries. And they can tell their friends all around them the sad story of the poor heathen, and beg them to make haste and help too.

Children ! God has blessed you very much.

“Not more than others you deserve,
Yet He has given you more.”

Oh ! then, do what you can to bless the poor heathen.

THE FUEGIANS' 'LORD'S PRAYER.'

The Secretary has lately received from South America, a copy of the grammar and dictionary of the Mapuche or Chilidago language, which is spoken, more or less, by the aboriginal tribes of the southern part of that country. It is, at present, in Spanish, but will soon undergo translation for the use of our missionaries.

We give a specimen of its structure, in the copy of the Lord's Prayer, which it contains :—

Inchin tain chao, huenu mo ta muleymi : uvchi thucagepa, tami ghny : eyimi tami reynu, inchin ta cupape ; chumgechi tami piel, vemgequey ta, huenu mapu mo, Vachi antu elulehmoyn, tain vill antu cooque : perdonaumamoyn, tain pu huerin, chumgechi inchin perdonaqueviyn, tain huerilcaeten : elmoqueliyn tain huerilcatun oam : hueluquemay vill hueda dugn mo, montmulmoyn. Amen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From the many encouraging letters received during the present month, we select the following, as expressing both a right view of our Mission, and a warm interest in it :—

Oct. 16, 1854.

“ My dear Sir,— • • • • •
My heart is with you, in this good work, and I confess that my interest in it is greatly increased by the fact,

that when pleading for the enterprise, I sometimes feel drawn forth in earnest, believing prayer. I know that many look upon it as chimerical, and wildly enthusiastic, and in confirmation of this view, point to the end of dear Captain G. and his blessed little band. Let them ! I am persuaded their unbelief will receive a rebuke in the ultimate success of the mission, for is it not written, " God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise ; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty ; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are ; that no flesh should glory in His presence ? "

" When one regards the result contemplated, and the means employed for its attainment, according to the calculation which the men of the world employ in their schemes, where the means used must bear some proportion to the end designed, it is not wonderful that success should be deemed impossible. * * *

" I confess it is a most interesting thing to my own mind, to observe how some of the greatest triumphs of the Gospel have been brought about when the instrumentality employed has been, comparatively speaking, as nothing. God will have all the glory of His own work ; and it is when men go forth, conscious—deeply conscious—of their own weakness and insufficiency, and depending entirely upon the Lord for strength and success, and resolved to give Him *all* the glory, that their labour cannot be in vain.

" May your newly found band be animated by such a spirit, and feel that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, that their efforts can avail anything. The great encouragement is to know.

that it is *the Lord's* work in which we are engaged, the work which He has *promised* to bless. And though we do not always see the success we desire, it is the province of a divine faith to take God at His word, and to remember that He has His own time, and His own way of accomplishing His purposes of mercy and grace to a lost and ruined world. The remnant, according to the election of grace, shall be gathered out ; not one lost, who was given by the Eternal Father to His Eternal Son in the everlasting covenant. What stable ground for the believing soul and for the believing labourer to rest upon !

“ I received a letter from a friend, the other day, telling me that he could not get on. One main objection being put thus : ‘ Why is not this Society connected with the Church Missionary Society ? ’ Of course, the very designation of that Society, ‘ *for Africa and the East,* ’ is a sufficient answer, though the folly of the objection might be variously shewn. I was struck, however, a few days afterwards, by a remark with which I met, in the lately published and deeply interesting life of that sainted missionary of the Church Missionary Society, Weitbrecht. It occurs at p. 234, and is the following :—“ *I wish, indeed, all Missionary Societies would be content to occupy fewer spheres, and do it more perfectly.* It would not hinder, but facilitate the conversion of the heathen world ; but the directors of missions, in Europe, do not see this, and do not like to believe it, though all experienced missionaries, who have studied the subject, will tell them the same.”

“ May the manifested and realized presence of the Lord be with you on Thursday. I hope I shall be with you in spirit.

Believe me, Yours in the Lord, F. B.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Lift up the gospel banner,
 Wide be its folds unfurl'd ;
 Go preach the love of Jesus,
 Through all the guilty world :
 Go forth to " every creature "
 That dwelleth under heaven ;
 Proclaim the wondrous tidings
 Of grace and mercy given.

O stay not, time is hast'ning,
 Work while 'tis call'd to-day ;
 How many heathen perish
 Each hour that you delay !
 They die without the knowledge
 Of God's most Holy Word ;
 Without the hopes you cherish
 In Christ our gracious Lord.

Remember your Redeemer,
 Obey his last command ;
 And, resting on his promise,
 Go forth to each dark land :
 Lift up His glorious banner,
 Grace, mercy, peace proclaim,
 To all repenting sinners
 In Christ the Saviour's name.

A LOST SOUL!

It has lost God its Father, Jesus its Saviour,
the Holy Spirit its Teacher.

It has lost the prepared mansion—the crown
of glory—the palm of victory—the harp of joy.

It has lost the white robe—the hidden manna
the new name—the inheritance incorruptible.

It has lost the tree of life—the pure river of
water—the light of the holy city, the deliverance
from death, sorrow, crying and pain.

It has lost all that can satisfy its cravings—all
that can fill its capacities—all that can ennoble
its powers.

It has lost the company of angels and arch-
angels—the society of just men made perfect—
the eternal presence of God.

It has lost life, honour, joy, wisdom, holiness.

A spark of immortal light, it is mingled with
endless darkness!

A breath of the Living Essence, it is smothered
in the fires below!

A jewel of priceless value, it is cast into the
pit of corruption!

A LOST SOUL! O terrible epitaph on the
departing spirit of him into whose nostrils the
Almighty Creator breathed the breath of life.
Methinks, as the yawning gulf receives, one after

another, these lost souls, the very air through which they are wafted must utter a wail of agony.

What causes the loss of the soul?

The want of the sprinkled blood on the conscience; the absence of the renewing Spirit from the heart; separation from God in thought, affection, and relationship; unpardoned sin, unsanctified dispositions; a carnal heart; the unrepealed curse.

Why are souls lost?

Because they refuse the way of Life;

Because they try to save themselves;

Because they are ignorant of Christ's righteousness.

There are millions of souls now living upon earth who must be lost or saved. There are millions even in our own beloved country—there are millions who know the name of Jesus, but have not found salvation in it. But there are millions in Asia, Africa, and America, who *have not heard* of redemption—precious souls who are on the verge of eternal loss, but yet whose day of salvation is not yet closed.

These millions *may* be LOST! If they do not know and love Jesus—if they are not washed, sanctified, justified—if they die aliens from the covenant of promise—they must be lost.

But they *may* be SAVED! If they hear of

Him who is able to redeem them—if they know that He waits to be gracious—if they are told that there is forgiveness for the chief of sinners through the atoning blood—they may believe and then they will be saved.

Friend, brother, neighbour, as in thought you traverse the vast circle of humanity, question yourself with regard to these millions of perishing souls for whom provision is made in the great work of Redemption. Have I cared as I ought for their rescue? Have I rightly estimated their value? Might I not have done more for them than I have done? May I not do more in time to come?

A word spoken—

A mite given—

A prayer breathed—

is often made the means of saving a precious soul. The Shepherd of souls is ready to bless the feeblest instrumentality which carries out His designs of love,

“Let him know” whose heart is alive to the misery of the lost, and who is earnest in efforts to bring back the wandering to the fold, “that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way” shall not merely put him in possession of new sources of happiness and joy, but (and eternity only will explain what the words mean) “SHALL SAVE A SOUL FROM DEATH!”

TIERRA DEL FUEGO.—No. 2.

(Continued from Page 40.)

In Europe, Tierra del Fuego would be a country of some consideration. Its second-rate islands are larger than the Isle of Wight or the Isle of Man, and the surface of its mainland is equal to the Lowlands of Scotland. Its climate, however, renders it one of the most dreary and inhospitable regions on the face of the globe. In a latitude corresponding to Edinburgh the sky seldom clears, and the rainy squalls of the summer are the only relief from the sleet and snow of the winter. A calm sunshine is a great rarity. If we imagined the mountains of the Hebrides rising to a height of six or seven thousand feet, with glaciers coming down to the sea, and a warm tide constantly flowing at their base, and if, moreover, we could bring the North Polar ice into as low a latitude as the Antarctic ice descends—our own Western Isles would be the counterpart of Fuegia. The warm vapor of the ocean would then be perpetually condensing on the frost of the hills, and clouds and showers would blot out from Mull and Skye their occasional days of clear weather.

Notwithstanding its boisterous summers and its perpetual storms, the average temperature of Fuegia is as high as Quebec or Montreal, and perhaps we have in London days as cold as any which occur in Hoste or Navarin Islands. The range between the extremes of heat and cold is small, and this comparative equability, along with the abundant moisture, is favorable to certain forms of vegetable life. In most districts of Britain the Fuschia is a conservatory plant, but in Devonshire and in the Isle of Bute it grows

luxuriously in the open air, and in winter wants no shelter. Fuegia is one of its native lands, and there, along with its equally delicate companion, *Veronica decussata*, it becomes a tree with a trunk half-a-foot in diameter.

The characteristic vegetation is two sorts of beech-tree. One of these (*Fagus Betuloides*) is an evergreen; the other (*Fagus Antarctica*) is deciduous. The latter species is more hardy, and can scale the mountain-sides to a higher platform than its glossy-green companion, so that in winter a zone of leafless trees is seen at a lofty elevation succeeding to the verdure of the forest. *Hamilton's "Life of Williams"*

"THE PREPARATIONS OF THE HEART IN MAN, AND THE ANSWER OF THE TONGUE IS FROM THE LORD."

We would desire to own as a commentary upon this declaration of Holy Writ, the satisfactory appointment which the Committee have been enabled to make of a Missionary Chaplain.

Fitted by grace and nature for the arduous and weighty responsibilities which in this position must devolve upon him, a faithful man has come forward, willing to give up home and ease for the sake of Christ; and, strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, to go forth and tread undaunted in the steps of the first Fuegian Missionaries.

Not being ready to join the Society's vessel, she sailed on October 24th, with the other members of the Mission party on board her, in order to secure the Antarctic summer and prepare the necessary buildings on the Island by his arrival. Accompanied by an Agriculturist of decided piety, and the experience of some years' residence among the natives of New Zealand, he will (D.V.) speedily follow—and may the Lord of the harvest, who has thus raised up a labourer, vouchsafe to him the ardently-desired blessing of a rich and fruitful field.

"MANY MEMBERS, YET BUT ONE BODY."

It has long been the boast of the Church of Rome, that 'unity' is alone to be found within her fold; forgetting that the gorgeous robe of ceremonies which she has flung over a dismembered body, cannot form that true oneness which alone consists in the union of the members with a living Head, and the participation of the same life-blood from one living Heart.

When our Lord and Master was about to leave His disciples for "a little while," with that peculiar tenderness which formed so distinguishing a part of His character, He revealed to them the very secrets of His soul—His desires for them, and His will concerning them.

In the 17th chapter of John, we find the expression of the heart of Jesus towards those in the world, whom "having loved, He loved unto the end," and no less than five times within a few verses does He breathe the prayer "that they may be one;" and why? "that the world may believe that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me."

Dear friends, as you look around upon the professing church, does it seem to you that this desire of Christ has been fulfilled? Judging by outward appearance you might well hesitate and say, 'if believers are one, why so many conflict-

ing opinions? why so many forms of worship? why so much heartburning, strife and division?" Ah! well might the Apostle exclaim, "Are ye not all carnal, and walk as men?" But, beloved, among all this *there is union*; differing though the members may be one from another, still, "holding the Head," they are one in Christ." The same life-giving tide circulates through the body, and often have we outward and convincing proof, that "the members have care one for another."

It is our pleasant task now to tell you of deeds of love—fruit from a far distant branch of the true Vine, which, like grapes from the Valley of Eschol, refresh us on the way, and bring glory to the great Husbandman!

Our brethren and sisters in New Zealand have heard across the wide ocean the cry, so long echoed from the desolate shores of a neglected continent, "Come over and help us," and—like the woman who "much forgiven, loved much," they who were sunk in the lowest depths of barbarism and idolatry—have, with a true missionary spirit, determined to lend a helping hand, and have forwarded the sum of £24, as an offering to the funds of the Patagonian and South American Missionary Society. "From the ends of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous."

Dear friends, would that this might excite to emulation some among us; would that those parts of the body which think themselves the most comely, might be led to prove, by more active life, by more diffusive love, their union to our living Head!

And nearer, too. From the green hills of Connemarra—from the little band of persecuted Protestant Irish—help has come, and we may apply St. Paul's words, in 2 Cor. viii. 2, 3, to their case, and say, that "in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty has abounded unto the riches of their liberality; for to their power we bear record, yea! and beyond their power they were willing of themselves, praying us to receive the gift." We will add with the Apostle, "Thanks be to God which put this same earnest care into the hearts" of our poor Irish and New Zealand brethren, and we would desire for you, "that you may shew to them, and before the churches, the proof of your love," by an increasing sympathy with those who now "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," but of some of whom Christ says, they are "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh."

H. S. A.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE PATAGONIANS.

The head of a Patagonian is rather broad, but not high, and except in a few instances the forehead is small and low. His hair hangs loosely—it is black, coarse, and very dirty. A fillet which is worn around the top of the head may be intended as an ornament, for it is certainly of no use. The brow is prominent, the eyes are rather small, black, and ever restless. Deficiency of eyebrow adds to the peculiar expression of their eyes; and a mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, daring and timidity, with that singular wild look which is never seen in civilized man is very conspicuous in the Patagonians. Its immediate effect is to remind one of the necessity of being always on guard while within reach;—yet of all savage nations, perhaps the Patagonians are least inclined to attack or deceive strangers.

In general, the women's stature, physiognomy, and dress so much resemble those of the men, that, except by their hair, it is difficult to distinguish them. The expression on their countenances is open and honest compared with other savages, and their intrepid, contented look is rather prepossessing.

(*Fitzroy's Voyages.*)

The height of these people, so much doubtless exaggerated by early voyagers, appears by all accounts to exceed the common average stature of men. Falkner, in describing *Cangapol*, thus writes: "This chief, who was called by the Spaniards 'Cacique bravo,' was very tall and well-proportioned. He must have been

seven feet and some inches in height, because on tip-toe I could not reach the top of his head. I do not recollect ever to have seen an Indian that was above an inch or two taller than Cangapol. His brother, Sansimion, was but about six feet high."

FUEGIA BASKET AND HER COMPANIONS.

Chapter 8.

THE PLOT DISCOVERED AND THE FAREWELL.

Poor Jemmy's miserable appearance attracted great sympathy. He was naked like his companions, except a bit of skin about his loins; his hair was long and matted, just like theirs; he was wretchedly thin, and his eyes were affected by smoke. The sailors hurried him below, clothed him immediately, and in half-an-hour he was sitting at dinner with Capt. Fitzroy in the cabin, using his knife and fork properly, and in every way behaving as correctly as though he had never left the ship. He spoke as much English as ever, and it was surprising to hear how all his relatives mixed broken English words in their talking with him. Jemmy looked ill, but he said that he was "heartily—never better," that he had not been ill even for a day, was happy and contented, and had no wish whatever

to change his way of life. He said that he got "plenty fruits"—"plenty birdies"—"ten guanaco in snow time"—and "too much fish."

Attention was soon drawn to a young woman (good looking for a Fuegian,) who remained in his canoe, and who, though he said nothing about her, was guessed to be *his wife*. As soon as this became known, shawls, handkerchiefs, and a gold-laced cap appeared, with which she was speedily decorated; but fears had been excited for her husband's safe return to her, and no finery could stop her crying until Jemmy again shewed himself on deck. While he was below, his brother Tommy called out in a loud tone, "Jemmy Button, canoe come!" After some time the three canoes went ashore laden with presents, and their owners promised to come again early the next morning.

Jemmy returned in time for breakfast, and had then the opportunity of quietly telling Capt. Fitzroy his story. It was to this effect. Not long after the departure of the *Beagle*, in February, 1833, the much-dreaded Oens-men came in numbers, overland to Woollya—obliged Jemmy's tribe to escape to the small islands, and carried off every valuable which his party had not time to remove. They had doubtless heard of the houses and property left there, and hastened to seize upon it like other "borderers."

Until this time York had appeared to be settled and quite at ease, but he had been employed about a suspiciously large canoe, just finished when the inroad was made. He saved this canoe—indeed escaped in it—and afterwards induced Jemmy and his family to accompany him “to look at his land.” They went together in four canoes, (York’s large one and three others,) as far West as Devil Island—at the junction of the North-west and South-west arms of the Beagle Channel—where they met York’s brother and some others of the Alikhoolip tribe; and while Jemmy was asleep, all the Alikhoolip party stole off, taking nearly all Jemmy’s things, and leaving him in his original condition. York’s fine canoe was evidently not built for transporting himself alone, and it was Capt. Fitzroy’s opinion that the meeting with his brother was not accidental, but that, on the contrary, from the time of his changing his mind and desiring to be placed at Woollya with Matthews and Jemmy, he meditated taking a good opportunity of possessing himself of everything, and that he thought if he were left in his own country without Matthews, he would not have many things given to him, neither would he know where he might afterwards look for and plunder poor Jemmy. Jemmy said, “York very much jaw,” “pick up big stones,” “all men afraid.” Fuegia,

he said, seemed to be very happy, and quite contented with her lot when she decamped with York—she was dressed as usual and looking well.

As Mr. Bynoe, the Beagle's surgeon—who was a great favorite with Jemmy—was walking about on shore, Jemmy and his brother pointed out to him the places where the tents had been pitched in 1833—where the boundary line was and where every particular occurrence had happened. He said that he had watched day after day for the sprouting of the peas, beans and other vegetables, but that his countrymen walked over them without heeding any thing he said. Since the last depredations of the Oens-men, he had not ventured to live any longer in Woollya, his own island—as he called his present home—affording safer refuge and sufficient food. These Oens-men crossed over the Beagle Channel, from Eastern Tierra del Fuego, in canoes which they seized from the Yapoo Tekeenica. To avoid being separated, they fastened several canoes together, crossed over in a body, and when once landed travelled over-land and came upon his people by surprise from the heights behind Woollya. Jemmy asserted that he himself killed one of his enemies.

Such was the finale of poor Jemmy's history; and as nothing more could be done for him, he

was left in his own home, loaded with presents, to fight his way without further help through the vicissitudes of savage life. It was decided that Matthews could not be safely left on the island without some more adequate protection. Capt. Fitzroy thus closes his interesting account of the Fuegian natives.

“It was generally remarked, that Jemmy’s family were become *considerably more humanized* than any savages we had seen in Tierra del Fuego—that they put confidence in us; were pleased by our return; that they were ready to do what we could explain to be for their interest; and in short, that *the first step* towards civilization—that of obtaining their confidence—was undoubtedly made; but an individual with limited means could not then go farther. The whole scheme with respect to establishing a Missionary with the Fuegians who were in England, among their countrymen, *was on too small a scale*—although so earnestly assisted by many kind friends. I cannot still help hoping that some benefit, however slight, may result from the intercourse of these people (Jemmy, York, and Fuegia) with other natives of Tierra del Fuego. Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive kind help and assistance from Jemmy Button’s children, prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard

of men of other lands ; and by an idea, however faint, of their duty to God as well as their neighbour.

“ That Jemmy felt sincere gratitude, is I think proved by his having so carefully preserved two fine otter skins, as presents to two members of our party ; by his asking me to carry a bow and quiver full of arrows to the Schoolmaster of Walthamstow, with whom he lived ; by his having made two spear-heads expressly for Mr. Darwin ; and by the pleasure he shewed at seeing us all again.”

From Capt. Sullivan the writer gained the following sequel to Fuegia Basket's history. Not many years since, a party of English sailors landed on the coast of Tierra del Fuego. To their surprise, a woman, decently clad, accosted them with the familiar phrase “ How do you do ? ” “ How do you do ? ” the men exclaimed ! what do you know about “ How do you do ? ” She then explained to them *in English* who she was, said she had seen London, &c. &c., and discovered herself to be none other than the former “ little Fuegia.” No more of her has been heard, but this fact is sufficient to prove that her English education was not, after the lapse of many years, entirely forgotten ; nor her friendly feeling towards Englishmen quenched ; and it revives the hope that *even yet* she may be brought within

reach of further efforts for her good. Her age at the present time, if she is still living, has not reached forty years, and Jemmy is but a little her senior. It may be, that the fulfilment of the Divine promise may yet be seen attending the benevolent efforts of those who planned the amelioration of these poor neglected children of the one human family. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it *after many days*."

Will it not be a worthy enterprise, to search for the hidden growth and cast fresh seed upon the barren soil in faith that the Lord will give the increase?

ENGLAND PLEADING FOR THE GOSPEL.

It is stated in the History of England, that when the first missionary arrived at Kent, he presented himself before the king, to ask permission to preach the gospel in his dominions. The king deliberated long, and was just about to refuse his request, when an aged counsellor with his head silvered over with gray hairs, rose, and by the following speech obtained the permission that had been sought. "Here we are," said he, "like birds of passage, we know not whence we came or whither we are going; if this man can tell us, for God's sake let him speak."

He did speak, and England heard the glad sound which had never reached her shores before. But now is sounded in her ears, *the echo* of that pleading which was once her own. It comes from the far south, from

the land where the tidings of redeeming love have not been wafted. May we not suppose it thus expressed by some aged time-worn Cacique of Patagonia—"Here we are, like birds of passage, we know not whence we came nor whither we are going; if the men of England can tell us, for the sake of Him whom they worship let them speak!"

If this day be a day of good tidings, we do not well to hold our peace."—2 Kings vii. 9.

" O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim;
And publish all around,
Salvation through His name.
Till the whole world take up the strain
And send the echo back again!"

ARE YOU A FAITHFUL FRIEND?

"David said, is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake."

Such was the enquiry made by the King of Israel, respecting the family of his beloved and faithful friend. And who cannot enter into the full tide of feeling that must have flowed through his bosom, when he reviewed the years that were past, and recalled the remembrance of him, of whom he once said, "very pleasant hast thou been unto me, thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women?" 2 Sam. i. 26. Yes; a love that would brave

death itself, for the sake of his friend, for "Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said unto him, Wherefore shall he be slain? what hath he done? And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him." 1 Sam. xxxii. 33.

My dear reader,—This love of David and Jonathan, exhibited in acts and deeds of real affection, too numerous to refer to in this short paper, is a striking illustration of the principles that must form the basis of every real friendship. It may be, the consideration of it recalls to mind the friend now in glory, whose love was tried, and not found wanting. It may be, it brings to remembrance the (once so-called) friend, who was faithless in the day of sorrow and calamity. To the Christian reader, it will surely cause to be remembered the "Friend born for adversity," "the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." Oh! in comparison with the friendship and love of Jesus to His people, how little do all the friendships of earth become! Think of His love, *Eternal*, *Free*, and *Costly*, and in the fullness of a grateful heart, consider whether there are not any of "*His house*" to whom you may shew kindness for His sake. Are there none of His family on the shores of Patagonia? search and look. They have been brought to light in New Zealand, India, China, &c.: why not in South America? His family is widely scattered

amongst "every tongue, and people, and nation;" many of its members are yet unknown, many yet unborn. Yes, many in heathen as well as in Christian lands, whose names are written in heaven, and have been there from all eternity, for whom the Friend of sinners shed that blood, one drop of which was never shed in vain. What! some may say, How can there be any of the friends and family of Jesus among those who evince no friendship towards Him, who in fact have never heard His name? Dear friends, remember the before-mentioned characteristics of His love, "*Eternal—Free.*" "I have loved thee with an *everlasting* love, *therefore* with loving kindness have I drawn thee:" Jer. xxxi. 3. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us." "We love Him, *because* He *first* loved us:" 1 John iv. 10, 19. It is indeed a mistake to imagine that Jesus has not a knowledge of and care for His own chosen and redeemed family, even whilst they are wandering far from Him, in the depths of ignorance and superstition. He watches over them, though they know it not, and will most assuredly bring them, sooner or later, to the knowledge and experience of His love.

It is to be the honoured means in His hand of thus gathering out His children from amongst others, so emphatically called "the children of

the wicked one," that your prayers and contributions are asked, towards sending forth those Christian men, who are giving *themselves* to the work of preaching and teaching that Gospel of which the sovereign dispenser of all spiritual gifts has said, "It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it *shall prosper* in the thing whereto *I sent it* : " Isa. lv. 11. "Thy people *shall be* willing in the day of *Thy power*." Ps. cx. 3.

Oh ! remember the friendship Jesus has borne to you ; act consistently with the position in which He has placed you, as a witness for Him amongst those around you, and also amongst those in distant lands, and anticipate the joyful union of each member of the Lord's now scattered family, when he shall gather them "from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south," and make them to sit down with Him in His kingdom.

"Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

H. M. W.

THE GRAVE OF THE SEVEN MARTYRS.

The beautiful night of heavenly birth,
 Had folded her wing o'er a sleeping earth :
 Methought that I stood by the Martyrs' Grave,
 Where, kiss'd by the foam of the crested wave,
 Afar from their kindred and home they sleep ;
 No lov'd one at evening goes there to weep,
 When moonlight is streaming o'er hill and glade,
 E'en filtering through the dark hemlock's shade,
 To dwell on each word in the last adieu,
 And count o'er each breathing of love anew :
 There no tender form, in the twilight grey,
 Bends over their dust, or brushing away
 The slumbering flowers with the tread of sorrow,
 Remembers that they will awake to-morrow :
 The tall grass waves over their lonely bed,
 And sighs its low requiem for the dead :
 Alone 'mid the darkness of forest trees,
 No funeral dirge but the wailing breeze,
 Alone with the ocean's wild lullaby,
 Alone and unnotic'd the Martyrs lie.
 Is such the sad fate of the chosen few
 Who trusted the God that their fathers knew ?
 Can this be the end of the toil of years—
 The desolate grave and the orphans' tears ?
 As upward I look'd to the tranquil sky
 A bright star look'd down reproachfully,
 And treading the path of its silver light,
 It bore me above the curtain of night.
 I saw the bright towers of our home on high,
 And, mingling with light that came floating by,
 There swell'd such an ocean of melody,
 My spirit stood mute in its extacy.

By the tree of life in the midst of heaven,
 Forgiven and blest stood the faithful seven ;
 'Mid "the noble army of martyrs" there,
 The smile of unchanging love they share :
 I saw them in glistening robes array'd,
 And glorious crowns that can never fade ;
 They have "overcome," but they love to own
 The victory His who redeem'd, alone ;
 The conqueror's palm and the diadem
 Were cast at His feet who had purchas'd them :
 Extatic the note, triumphant the song,
 That burst from the lips of that ransom'd throng—

"Worthy the Lamb that was slain !"

Echo the heart-stirring strain :

Strike your glad harp-strings again,

Victory, victory sing !

Jesus our Saviour is King !

He lov'd, and will love us for ever !

Sing to the Saviour who bought us !

Sing to the Shepherd who sought us !

Sing to the King who has brought us

Safe to His kingdom on high,

Safe to our home in the sky,

To love Him and serve Him for ever !

From Heaven I turn'd to the Martyrs' grave,
 The palm-branch above it still seem'd to wave ;
 A glory unearthly around it shone,
 A gleaming of light from the Conqueror's throne,
 The gloom had all pass'd, 'twas lonely no more,
 For angels' bright forms were hovering o'er,
 And a voice seem'd to come from the quiet sky—
 "The soul that believeth shall never die."

FLAVIA.

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THE
VOICE OF PITY

FOR
South America.

VOL. II.

“And seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them,
because they were scattered abroad, as sheep having no
shepherd.”

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What is the Number of the Page? or The Two Books.

"My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Waiting, watching, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well-trimmed and burning."

SOFTLY and solemnly, as the midnight hour tolled its last stroke, was a leaf turned over by an unseen Hand in the huge volume of Time. "Oh stay thine hand," whispers many a mortal, "stay thine hand, Invisible Spirit! that the record of the Past may be worthier our Master's inspection, ere it be eternally beyond our reach to alter." *But the leaf is turned.* Its record is immutable. Day by day, and week by week, and month by month that record has been graven, as with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond; and now that leaf is no longer man's, it is the sole property of God. It is turned over with its predecessors, ready for judgment; and fair as the unstained virgin snow, is the fresh page which opens to our view.

This new Leaf in the Book of Time! What

shall be traced on its surface? We will suppose that on it shall be marked, not so much individual actions, as the great general events of human life, considered in the aggregate. We will regard it as *The Family Record*, kept to mark whatever is done by man in his collective capacity. Thus it will be an eternal memento of the history of churches and of nations, recording whatever is effected by them, for good or for evil. On one side will be placed every opportunity, every talent entrusted to them; on the other, the use made of those means: and every advance, whether it be in iniquity or in godliness, will be unerringly noted for divine inspection. Here will be measured the extent of the two kingdoms which divide the world between them; and the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of the ambassadors of the one, will be compared with the vigilance of the servants of the other.

How many leaves have been already turned over in the Book of Time! bearing away sad and strange records on their surface—of a Light to enlighten the world breaking forth, and of the inhabitants of that world wrapping round them again a cloud of thick darkness—of a sound of Salvation heard through the length and breadth of the land, yet deadened by the noise of other sounds, all discordant, and of the earth—of a Church living at ease, sealing up its commission,

even when the destiny of millions awaited its fulfilment. Here and there, on the other hand, are brighter entries. Memory will recall as of this latter kind, the early triumphs of the blessed Gospel, when men counted not their lives dear unto them, in testifying the abounding riches of its grace ; when a nation was, as it were, born in a day ; when, in many an ancient city, the foundations of the Great Temple of Mammon were shaken to their centre, and the grey-haired Philosophy of Greece and Rome was shorn of its fading crown of glory. It will bring to mind, in later times, the glorious stand made by Martyrs and Reformers, against the soul-destroying errors of Popery, and the establishment, in our own favored land, of a pure system of worship. It will note the season when England's throne was girt about with 'righteousness ; when the Crown and the Bible were linked in her monarch's view. It will remind us, in days still nearer our own, of a revival in our churches of vital, earnest, benevolent piety, which aroused the sleeping witnesses ; which strengthened our stakes at home, and enlarged our bands abroad ; which sent forth, from a re-kindled hearth, many a coal, glowing with living fire, to diffuse gladness and holy warmth in the regions of spiritual death.

But alas ! are not these happy records the

exceptions in the list? The number of the page of the Book of Time, in this its second volume, has reached 1855. Has the Church of Christ done what it ought to have done, what it might have done, in 1854 years? Have the nations learnt all they ought to have learnt, all they might have learnt, in 1854 years? A solemn thought is connected with the numbering of years. We count the years that are past: CAN WE NUMBER THOSE THAT ARE TO COME? Can we forget that vision of the mighty Angel, who, standing upon the sea and the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore that *there should be Time no longer*? O precious, passing Time! What record shall thy fresh page bear away to judgment? Shall it speak of war and rapine, of strife and lust? Shall it tell of mammon-worship and luxury, and revellings and banquetings, and abominable idolatries? Shall it record lethargy,—neglect of souls,—forgetfulness of Christ,—lukewarmness and divisions? Shall it, in its unerring Census, find that the places of the earth which have remained dark for centuries, still remain dark? Or, if the world still revel on, shall it depict a Church alive to her Master's glory, advancing in holiness at home, and outspreading her arms of love to every creature under heaven? Oh that it might thus be! Christians! pray, labour, strive earnestly that
 ' may be the case.

“ But I,” says one, “ I am but a solitary unit. My career will be unnoticed in this great record. The Church knows me not : the world cares not to know me. I trust through the kind mercy of my Saviour, to be safely housed at last, but these great events—this general progress, concerns me but little.” Listen, then, my friend.

Softly and solemnly, as the midnight hour tolled its last stroke, was another leaf turned over, in countless other books—the small volumes of each individual life. Methought that some gently yielded to the touch of the ministering angel, who watched their record with deep interest ; while others were flung over by the strong finger of resistless Power. Not a living soul, inhabiting a tenement of human flesh, but had a share in this solemn turning of the leaf. Each solitary unit, from the infant of days to the veteran of years, had its own book opened to a fresh page, and how unlike were the numbers then exhibited ! Some books had but one or two leaves remaining to be turned : some were opened at *their last page*. Dear reader—you who find it difficult to suppose that *your* career can affect the *Family Record*—summon your thoughts to the consideration of the *Individual Record*, which you are daily making for yourselves. For a moment, we will dismiss the large Book of Time, and lay before us the little

volume of our own Autobiography. It will contain a full account of our respective talents, gifts, opportunities, graces, privileges, the circumstances of our daily lot, our various relative and social influences—all that we possess, and all that we might possess. Side by side with this, it will mark every improvement or neglect of those talents, gifts, &c. It will keep an exact account of the way in which we have disposed of our wealth, our influence, our circumstances. It will mark our secret resolves and convictions of duty, and our public avowal of those inner feelings, or our quenchings of them. It will thus differ from all other records which might be kept of any man's history, that it will be a *faithful* record. It will omit nothing. The man whom human opinion would call bountiful may be proved by it to be niggardly. His *one pound given* will be compared with his *many pounds kept*. The hero, who has borne much labour, and has been held up to human applause, may be proved by it to be a coward, having no rule over his own spirit; and so on,—the *hidden actions* modifying the praise lavished on the public ones. Oh! we need not go further. Every heart touched with divine grace will exclaim, Lord! blot out the sin-stained memento of my poor life in the precious blood of thy dear Son!

But we have a practical use to make of this subject. Individually considered, sin and unfaithfulness, if pardoned, may seem to have little important result. They may, it is thought, weaken character, but nothing more. Collectively considered, they have a far different effect. *Their influence never dies.* The world may be compared to a vast machine, composed of wheel within wheel. Each, the very smallest wheel exerts an influence on its neighbour-wheel, and so relatively affects the whole result. If the work done by the great whole prove uneven and unfit for the Master's use, the evil is traceable to all the little wheels that moved irregularly, and kept not their appointed place.

And so, dear reader, the records of your little book of history, though they seem only to apply to your single self, have their measure of influence on the record of that larger Book, which comprehends the history of all whom you call brethren. In other words, the Great Book is the epitome of all the smaller books; and what you are singly, in your individual character, that are you relatively, in your social influence. *No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.* Your individual action, that little drop of good or evil which you let fall upon the tide of human affairs, has gathered round itself a circling influence, the confines of which your

finite eye perhaps will never trace. That single word which fell upon the ear of a listening friend, has summoned his thoughts to a mighty resolve, the result of which you may never know in this world; but that influence, that result shall gladden or sadden your heart when the secret things shall be hereafter revealed.

What record, then, shall your newly-turned leaf display? Dear Christian readers, solemnly would I urge it upon you, as upon myself, at the eventful moment of the opening of a new year, by all the powerful arguments of eternal realities, to be in earnest in fulfilling your appointed work. The first care of the child of God must be, to keep his own lamp well-trimmed; to see that he is holy and without blame before God, walking in love; to be sure that his hope, rightly placed upon Christ, is the means of purifying his tempers, actions, words, and thoughts. Oh! believe it: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh *on the heart*," and it will be of the heart's affections, motives, desires, that the secret record will bear testimony. But when personal piety is thus cherished by means of all the gracious helps which the Lord has placed within reach, and by the living influence of the Holy Ghost, which dwelleth within us, then comes another duty, the fulfilment of which shall greatly affect our comfort here, and our reward

hereafter—the duty which, as servants and representatives, we owe to our Heavenly Master. “Ye are,” He says, “the salt of the earth.” “Ye are the light of the world.” How solemn is the responsibility! Do we not mourn over the aboundings of iniquity? Do we not grieve when we see much that is fair, and noble, and promising, sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon? Do we not feel sorry that millions bow down to stocks and stones, and die in their sins? “Mourn! grieve! feel sorry!” Oh! vain words. What are we *doing*, when awakened to the thoughts of all the evil of the world? How far has our salt been sprinkled over the corrupting mass? How many candles have been lighted by our lamp? Has our influence flowed into every channel within reach? If not, *unfaithfulness* blots the page of life.

I would leave every conscience to carry this important investigation into all the minor duties of life, assured that no reasoning will clear him of being *his brother's keeper*, as far as any help extends which he may render him by word or deed, at all times and at all seasons. But to apply these remarks to the immediate object for which it is our privilege to plead, I would earnestly beg every thoughtful mind to consider his or her individual responsibility in regard of *all efforts* which are making for the fulfilment of

the Saviour's distinct command to his Church, in reference to all unconverted souls. It is not enough that you do *something* in this case ; you must do *everything you can*, and not until you have exhausted ingenuity, influence, self-denial, for Christ's sake, can you have done enough.

IT IS COMPUTED THAT 48,000 MAHOMETANS AND HEATHEN PASS INTO THE WORLD OF SPIRITS DAILY ! What are we doing to save those precious souls ! Oh cruel coldness which complacently lets them so perish. From the length and breadth of that goodly land SOUTH AMERICA, how many of these perishing ones sink uncared for and unrescued ! Shall not the leaf of your history just opened, have a memento of your earnest efforts to bring them to the knowledge of the Truth ? May we not effectually urge you to some such acts as these, which may be thus marked before the eye of God :—

“ A. B. has prayed every morning for the conversion of the heathen of South America.”

“ B. C. has not let a single day pass, without urging some friend to pity their souls.”

“ D. E. has denied himself many comforts to give largely to the fund for their relief.”

“ F. G., who hitherto, with an income of £500 per annum, has given only £5 to Missionary Societies, has resolved, with the New Year, to increase it to £50.”

Another leaf in the Book of life ! Friend.

let me ask you, *What is the number of the page with you?* It may be, that to some who read these lines but few more leaves are reserved for a record of their individual tribute to their Redeemer's love. To all, the present only is sure; the future, uncertain. Let, then, that tribute be worthier than it has ever been before. Let there be less of self, and more of brotherhood in our New Year's feelings and actions. Let us give more room to thoughts of Christ's kingdom, and less to the little circle of individual wants and cares; that so, when the judgment is set, and the books are opened, our sins and shortcomings blotted out in the blood of the Lamb, there may remain to be cast at our Saviour's feet, a record embodying the acknowledgment given to the woman of Bethany, "She hath done what she could."

A West Indian Anecdote.

HOW TO GIVE.

At a missionary meeting, held among the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:—

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God hath enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro

took his seat at a table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Amongst them was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and he threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "*Take dat back again,*" said the negro that received the money, "*dat may be according to de first resolution, but it not according to de second.*" The rich old man accordingly took it up, and went back to his seat again, in a great rage.

One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself he was fairly ashamed, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dere! take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly that the negro answered again, "*No! dat won't do yet. It may be according to de first and second resolutions, but it not according to de last:*" and he was obliged to take his coin again.

Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly, gave a large sum to the treasurer. "*Very well,*" said the negro, "*dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions.*"

Life and Labour.

It has been said, "All life is motion, though all motion be not life." A solemn truth is conveyed in these words. In one sense, all men by nature live and move, while the soul, the seat of life, is *dead*. In a spiritual sense, those only *live* who are the abode of the life-giving Spirit.

In the one, motion is not life ; in the other, life is exhibited in motion. It well becomes each one who believes himself to be "the habitation of God through the Spirit," to consider seriously whether his inward life is bearing outward manifestation ; whether he *moves* as well as *lives*. "Am I *acting* for God ?" must be the question that follows the heartfelt answer to the inquiry, "Am I a child of God ?" Yes, I am His child. His Spirit has breathed into my soul "the breath of life," and my new created life shall henceforth move in the service of my God and Saviour.

Such principles and feelings must exist in the heart of every child of God. They claim attention ; and the anxious consideration arises, How, with many occupations, limited opportunities, and claims of every kind, can the Lord's glory, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom be most promoted ? To such enquirers, the following suggestions may not be unacceptable, though the writer is aware they contain nothing new in principle or detail. The great, acknowledged difficulty in working for the Lord's cause, is the multitude of objects that each demand regard, while individual capability as to time, money, &c., is small. It is believed that this obstacle may be in a great measure overcome, by the plan of a "Penny Association," which while it gives each little to do, makes up for that little by spreading itself over a large surface of the

Christian community. It may be carried out thus:—A. B. takes the office of Treasurer, and engages to find 10 persons to act as Receivers; each of these 10 Receivers shall, in his turn, find 10 Collectors; and each Collector, 10 Subscribers of 1d. per week each. Thus, 111 persons will be employed in collecting from 1000 Subscribers the sum of 1000 pence weekly, or £216 a year, while each will have the smallest possible share of labour, and the aggregate of pence will prove a valuable assistance in carrying on the work of God.

It need scarcely be urged on the readers of the 'Voice of Pity,' that the mission now on its way to the future scene of its labours, needs the earnest support of friends at home, in order to carry out the plans that have been formed in faith and prayer, and with which most of our readers are familiar. We trust it may be of the Lord, that the above proposal is made, and that He will so bring it home to the heart and conscience of each one of His children, that they may consider whether, in their different localities, something may not be done, by a similar combination, to enlarge the funds of the Patagonian or South American Mission, and prove that spiritual life brings forth fruit unto God. H.M.W.

* * Any friends desirous of adopting a similar plan in their respective neighbourhoods, may be supplied with the necessary 'Collecting Cards,' on application to Mrs. G. P. Despard, Ridgway House, Bristol.

Communings for the Chamber and the Heart.

A New Year has again dawned on us, dear friends : with what prospects has it opened ? Ah, this is a solemn enquiry. I would ask you to examine, by the light of God's truth, how it has commenced with *you*. Has it found you with hearts hard as the nether millstone, unsoftened by Divine grace ? or have you been led by the Spirit of God to cast yourselves, as helpless sinners, at the foot of the cross. What has been *there* revealed to you ? First, the depth of your own depravity, and then the *exceeding* riches of God's mercies. If God has thus graciously dealt with you, can you remain "settled on your lees," as the Scripture expresses it, and not think of those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. Perishing ! Ah, yes !—

"The heathen perish : day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away !"

If you have never yet aided the Lord's work, is it any reason you should not commence ? Oh then, be up and doing, while you have life and health. See death on all sides. How do you know the next New Year's sun will ever dawn on you. Eternity may, ere then, be unfolded to your gaze. Could you bear to hear the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me ?" What ! shall work be given us to do, and we remain idle ? Oh, Christians, we are privileged to aid : Christ claims work, and expects it of us. Shall we be found fruitless ? "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear *much fruit*." Would you have the New Year begin prosperously ? Then go in prayer to the throne of grace, and ask God by His Holy Spirit to dispose your hearts to give liberally to His cause, and be fruitful trees in His vineyard. It may be, you are not all able to give alike, but every man can do something, and will you withhold your help ? Will you not plead on behalf of dark Patagonia, that many of her benighted people may rejoice in the liberty and freedom of the children of God ? Will you not aid to pour into their hearts the oil and wine of the gospel, that they may be healed from Satan's deadly wounds ?

In knowing the plague of your own hearts, you have experienced something of these wounds. They are deep, and only the mollifying ointment of 'the Balm of Gilead' can heal them. Blessed be God, there is a 'balm in Gilead ; there is a Physician there : ' and that prescription which has healed thousands before, can heal thousands still—even "the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from *all* sin." Our blessed Saviour said, "This is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Know Him ! ay, this knowledge far exceeds all other—to know Him experimentally, in His work of redemption ; to know Him in that love which led Him to leave the bosom of the Father, that He might lay down His life for rebel man. This *wondrous* love "demands our lives, our souls, our *all*." Christians ! have you rejoiced in this redemption treasured up in Christ Jesus ; a redemption which is *eternal* ; a redemption from the power of sin on your hearts ; a redemption which will redound to the glory of God ? Contemplate that mighty Saviour, ascended into the heavens ; and there, pleading the merits of His atoning blood, inviting by His Spirit, through His ministers and the 'still small voice' of conscience, *all* to come to these waters of salvation, and partake *freely* of them. Would you withhold any opportunities afforded you of conveying to heathen lands the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Saviour ? Oh, as you have experienced this salvation in all its power, by its transforming your hearts into the image of God, see to it you walk worthy of your high calling ; see to it you walk as 'kings and priests of the Most High God ; ' see to it you walk as those whose treasure is in heaven, and hearts there also ; see to it you "walk by *faith*, not by *sight* ; " always remembering whose you are, and whom you serve. Then, I am sure, your delight will be in desiring to obey the commands of our Saviour, "Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Tell them there is a heaven and a hell ; unfold the gospel flag, "Salvation to the uttermost ; " salvation for the most undone ; a salvation to be enjoyed now ; eternal life commencing here ; a life which will ever be employed in praising Him who has washed them from

their sins in His own blood, and brought them to a knowledge of Himself, the one 'true God,' and His Son, 'Jesus Christ.'

"Christians, the glorious hope ye know,
Which soothes the heart in every woe ;
While heathen, helpless, hopeless, lie,—
No ray of glory meets their eye :
Oh ! give to their desiring sight
The hope that Jesus brought to light.

"Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace
Which cheers believers in their race :
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hastening to the tomb ;
To heathen lands that grace convey
Which trains the soul for endless day.

"Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God :
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleans'd from sin, expos'd to hell ;
Oh ! strive that heathen soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you."

E. D. C.

Tidings of 'The Allen Gardiner.'

STORMY BEGINNING—CAPE DE VERD ISLANDS—VISIT TO THE 'CONSTITUTION'—INTEREST TAKEN IN THE MISSION—CAPTAIN'S FEELINGS—SURGEON'S USEFULNESS—MR. PHILLIPS'S AND MR. ELLIS'S JOURNALS.

So far, may we thankfully say, has the Lord helped us. It has been very gratifying to the friends of the mission to South America to receive from their vessel "a word by the way." It was found necessary by Captain Snow to put into Cape de Verd Islands for a replenishment of

water, and from thence he forwarded a sheet of information.

"At the first," he remarks, "very stormy and rainy weather lay upon the vessel. On the 26th she pitched the jib-boom away; this was, however, recovered. This kind of weather lasted till Nov. 4th. From this date to the 22nd the weather was almost uninterruptedly fine, and the wind fair."

On the 18th, Capt. Snow noticed a brilliant ball of fire, about the size of a school-boy's football, on the foremast head—(St. Elmo's fire.) In about nine minutes it disappeared, when a very broad flash of lightning shot across the sky, which seemed to open at once all around. It is rather remarkable, that on each Sunday the weather had lasted fair during the whole performance of divine service, though at times it changed in the after part of the day.

Nov. 22nd. The vessel anchored in St. Vincent's Harbour, Cape de Verd, and on the same day the Captain boarded Commodore Mayo's ship "*Constitution*." His name was already known in connection with the Arctic expedition, and when the Allen Gardiner's errand was mentioned, prompt and kind offers of assistance, in men or any thing else, were made, and invitations also sent to Capt. and Mrs. Snow and passengers. The monthly recurrence of the date of departure from Bristol (Friday, Nov. 24,) was spent in harbour, and weather being delightful, and state of the deck comfortable, strangers came on board to attend a special service which was held on that day. The Captain writes "My earnest desire is to do all and every thing I can

to make our mission *well known, well received,* and, if God will, *ultimately successful.* We shall all get on admirably, despite our present difficulties, therefore let every one hope on, and ever brightly, and with confidence in God, and thus shall we succeed. * * * The Allen Gardiner has proved useful already. Our surgeon, Mr. Ellis, being quite in request, has been sent for to five patients. He kindly gives his services gratuitously."

"All on board," writes Mr. Phillips, "are well, and to all appearance happy. I find that the mates are pious men, and I have derived much pleasure in converse with them. The seamen, also, are very attentive during the religious services. I cannot adequately express how grateful I feel in being chosen for this great work; and whilst I am deeply sensible of my own unworthiness and insufficiency, yet I am persuaded that through Christ I can do all things, and that His strength will be made perfect in my weakness.

"21st. Mr. Frazer met with an accident, spraining his ankle by a fall over the timber on deck. I am happy to say that he is getting better. With this exception we are all well and happy. During the voyage we have had some of the most delightful weather—sunny days and moonlight nights; in fact, at all times it has been more like a yachting trip than any thing else. We have much, very much, to be thankful for, and I trust that our hearts will be drawn out in gratitude to the Father of mercies for all His loving-kindness towards us. Not

one of our Sunday services has been impeded or interrupted through unfavourable weather."

Captain Snow says, in another letter, "I am exceedingly well satisfied with my officers and crew—they are all they professed to be, good seamen, and truly religious men. The service is regularly attended by all, and an earnest feeling of piety seems to pervade the heart of each man. Our evenings in the cabin are passed in some pleasing conversation, either respecting our future plans or on some religious or general subject. I have endeavoured to keep up the flow of conversation, whilst the sickness was on our friend here, by recounting sundry experiences of my own, but now both appetite and tongue have been found again, I hope to hear my own voice a little less.

"The doctor is a most likely man for us, and I am much pleased with him. He is indefatigable in studying Spanish."

Mr. Ellis, describing a gale they were in on the 29th October, says, "All this was equally new and distressing to me; still my faith did waver, and an indescribable feeling within me gave me an assurance of God's protection. I felt confident that we should be preserved for better things.

"We get on very comfortably. My esteem for Captain Snow rises daily, and I have much gratification in having a man of such christian principles, extensive practical knowledge, and cultivated intelligence, as a fellow-worker and coadjutor. I shall take every opportunity of consulting him on all important points. Mr. Phillips and myself are excellent friends. I have

every reason to respect and like him ; and I look forward to our being a most united body. Mr. Frazer is a most kind, amiable, and pious man, and of much greater observation and knowledge than his appearance and manner would lead one to expect ; and he has all the acquirements for making an excellent missionary. Mrs. Snow kindly makes us “a duff” occasionally, and adds much to our comforts. We have all much improved in appearance and have enjoyed excellent health, proving, as I anticipated, that our teetotalism has certainly not been injurious.

“22nd. This morning we entered the harbour of St. Vincent. I was much surprised at the desolate and gloomy aspect of these (Cape de Verd) Islands, not a patch of verdure to be seen : outline of the coast raised into a great number of peaks.

“23rd. Went on shore again this morning. I have obtained some specimens of the botany, geology, and chronology of the Island. To-morrow is the monthly celebration of our departure from Bristol, and we hope that then our prayers will be blended with those that ascend in Bristol, and will rise together to the throne of God. We shall not forget you in our prayers and we are confident that you will not forget that day. Our voyage since we left St. George’s Channel has been an almost uninterrupted course of fine weather and fair breezes, so that we have had every reason to bless God for his mercies and to speed on our way rejoicing. We all long to enter upon our sphere of action, and to enter upon the just and good work with the management of which it is our privilege to be entrusted.

No day passes that it does not become the topic of conversation, as it is the goal of our hope. Whatever trials may be in store for us, we shall suffer cheerfully for Christ's sake, and earnestly labour to cheer and sustain each other under them."

"Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?"

In darkness and in sorrow, the Church has waited long,
And still her patient watch she keeps, in true affection strong ;
No rest for her, the widow'd bride, she mourns her Lord's delay,
And marvels why His chariot wheels so linger on their way.

In vain with her the scorner pleads His long-delay'd return,
He does but fan the flame of love, and make it brighter burn ;
If He has linger'd long, she cries, his coming draweth near,
As shadows thicken on the hills e'er morning's dawn appear.

Thus hope survives the lapse of time, and heav'n-taught faith remains,
While the sweet word of promise sure her fainting soul sustains ;
She waits and prays, endures and loves, but ah ! too oft she sleeps,
And call'd to *labour* for her Lord, she turns aside and weeps.

But tears are fruitless ; know that He, the Lord you long have sought
Delays in mercy, that more sheep may to His fold be brought ;
His own commission, sign'd and seal'd, thou dost neglect to keep,
He bids thee seek, & feed for Him, His blood-bought ransom'd sheep.

He bids thee, as "a witness," preach, the gospel of his grace.
And ev'ry land must hear the sound e'er thou shalt see his face ;
For thus He tarries, while His heart still yearns to make thee blest,
Be wise and know that *work for Christ will soonest bring thee rest !*

The Tables Turned.

THE Rev. Mr. —— entering the apartment of a wealthy and benevolent parishioner, takes up an Appeal of the Patagonian Missionary Society, and exclaims : “ Well, I do think, sir, that it is almost a sin for these people to be diverting the not too full currents of christian charity from the over crowded fields of heathenism in China, India and Africa, to the arid and unpopulated plains of Patagonia and the few hundreds of stunted and barbarous wretches that paddle about in the creeks and passages of the Tierra Del Fuego Islands. Here have we the noble Church Missionary Society crying continually in our ears, ‘ Give, give ; for our funds are falling short—we must draw in our outposts and diminish our outlays, if you do not give ! ’ We hear of few labourers, and far between, among 350 millions of Chinamen, and not many more in proportion among 130 millions of Hindoos. Surely, sir, these reasonable cries ought to be somewhat silenced by compliance first, before this new Society assails us.” What the gentleman said, if he said anything in particular—pro or con—to the complaint made to him, we have not heard.

Soon after, however, the same pair were found in the same place, where something like this dialogue ensued.

Dear sir, you know the children in our parish are in an alarmingly ignorant state; in a great measure I must maintain, by the indifference to education felt by my predecessor in the living—though the smallness of his income may be a partial plea of excuse. Now to do our duty to God, to our neighbourhood, our country, we must remedy this state of things. We must build a proper school-house, have an efficient schoolmaster, and supply the requisite paraphernalia. What do you say to it? Will you assist?

Mr. S. What about is the population of the parish?

Rev. Mr. ——. 1000 souls.

Mr. S. And how many children fit to attend school?

Rev. Mr. ——. 120.

Mr. S. Well now, Mr. — in the city of — near this, are somewhere about 250,000 souls; which, in the same proportion as this village, will give 30,000 children fit to go to school. I understand, from the very best authority, that the schoolrooms are very few and the masters equally scanty, and I know that the most excellent Education Societies are constantly

appealing to us for help, and advertising for qualified masters, and almost in vain. I cannot therefore but think you come to me very unseasonably to aid you for this miserably thinly peopled parish, and for this handful of children that are prowling about in dirt and rags and vice—thieving and begging—to the loss and annoyance of all decent householders. First educate and improve these 30,000 children in — and then come and ask for your 120.

Rev. Mr. ——. Your objection, sir, is not hard to answer. The number in — is so immense that one is deterred from the almost hopelessness of it. Whilst these are so few—a single schoolmaster and a small sum comparatively, give a fair hope of success. These are near, and we can observe the work and meet its exigencies more easily. And then these children of our school will by and bye find work in the factories of — and, if piously principled and well trained, they will, we may trust, gradually infuse a wholesome element into the masses of immorality in —. Besides, you have furnished me with a most excellent answer, in the description you have given of our poor children; they are so bad and so wretched, we ought to proceed at once—waiving all other considerations—to relieve them.

Mr. S. I see the force of your reasonings,

dear sir, and withdraw my objections, and trust you will act an equally generous part towards the Patagonian Missionary Society, whose claims upon me you silenced at our last interview by the very positions which I took against your school. The heathen of these South American lands are few—so much the easier got round and got through to enlighten. They are within three days sail of the Falklands—a British colony, and they are not half so far from England as the Chinese and Hindoos. They will, when converted, carry the news of salvation which they have received, in their wanderings and traffickings among other tribes—as the christian New Zealanders and South Sea Islanders did to their countrymen; and they are so miserable in time, and so dark and hopeless for eternity, that I mean waiving all other considerations to give them, through this excellent evangelical Society, all the help in my power. And whilst I cheerfully help your handful of children in a sound christian education, I trust you will co-operate with me in guiding the Fuegians and Patagonians—such miserable remnants of men—to the Lord and Saviour of sinners.

Worldly and Christian Progress.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

The days in which we live are animated by the spirit of progress. Art, science, literature, all that belongs to social life is pressing onward; the man, the community that would stand still, cannot; the impetuous torrent of improvement carries with it the peer and the peasant, the city and the village. How does the world think and act with regard to these things? does it blame the thirst for knowledge? does it throw every possible hindrance in the way of art and science? does it close the door of improvement by refusing its support to the refinements and conveniences of modern life? Nay, it acts not so; on the contrary, it aids them all, by profusely expending time, talents, money, in whatever can contribute to comfort and luxury; it never says—"progress, stay thy hand," we cannot afford the expenditure you demand, we must concentrate our means on one object, one vanity, one luxury,—we cannot afford to be diffusive. Again, does the world quarrel with the many expedients that are devised for speculation in trade, for amassing wealth, for providing for future exigencies? Nay, it does not so; rather it seeks to multiply such resources by every means within its reach, it hazards fortune for the uncertain prospect of increase; it never says—"speculation, stay thy hand," while hope still gilds the horizon.

If such is the conduct of the world, what should be the conduct of the Christian? shall not he be animated by the spirit of progress also? while uncertainty and decay write their withering names on every earthly source of aggrandisement and happiness, on every

advancement in the things of time, the child of God has an advance to make, an onward path to tread, in which uncertainty has no part, in which decay can never find a place. He must multiply expedients for carrying on the work which has been committed to his care, that of gathering out the chosen sheep of Christ, from the midst of a world of sin—he must act with the same acuteness, the same energy, the same anxiety, which the world shows in its various dealings, however different the principles of each may be. It will not do to say “we will support the great leading societies, union is strength, let us not divide our energies, let us throw them all into one channel, the work will be better done—we cannot afford to help these lesser streams—really, religious effort is taking too wide a range, opening too many new channels, we cannot fall in with so many schemes.” Dear christian friends, pause ere you thus make up your minds, and consider whether you decline taking advantage of the modern helps which daily increase and surround you, for making your homes comfortable, your pleasures more delightful, perhaps your pains and sorrows too, more easy to endure ; and decide if it be consistent with your high calling and profession to approve and employ these, while you find fault with the multiplication of means for carrying on the work of God—a work which is not of man and cannot fail, for it has its foundation in the counsels of the everlasting covenant, made between the Father, Son and Spirit, for the rescue and deliverance of an eternally loved and chosen people.

Looking back once more to the increasing comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life, the Christian may draw from thence an argument for extending his spirit of progress beyond the circle of his own land. India,

China, South America, all contribute their portion to the making up of these necessities ; the latter country furnishes us with the ornamental and the useful, in the costly diamond, the soles on which we tread, the caoutchouc, applicable in these inventive days to a large variety of purposes, contributing at once to comfort and to luxury, besides many other things too numerous to name ; and shall we grudge the new society which the Lord has permitted to be raised up for that land, and which has for its object the carrying to it the sound of salvation—a land which at present can only minister to us in temporal things, but which eventually shall contribute of its sons and daughters to swell the chorus of that “new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation.”

H. M. W.

A Plea for our Mission.

“Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.”

Notwithstanding the great measure of success vouchsafed to our labours by the great Lord of the Harvest—especially among the spiritual-minded and believing of our beloved Church—there are not wanting those who, although conscientious and pious, are surrounded by a few inveterate prejudices, easy indeed to combat, but not always to overcome. We propose, therefore,

in this season of universal charity,* and at a time which recalls to our memory the wonders of redeeming love, to remove these prejudices, if the Lord will, and deliver our brethren from the trammels of "what is harder than iron"—pre-conceived opinion. We shall advance them in their turn.

1. "There is sufficient heathenism at home; let us attend to these first of all." (See the *Times*, May, 1852.)

Thus spoke the *Times*, and many there are who re-echo this sentiment. We are among the number. Our first duty is to care for the heathen in our great cities and towns, and this duty has been done and is daily doing. Throughout the length and breadth of this christian land, churches and chapels are seen opening their wide portals for the reception of sinners. The land is divided and cultivated like a spiritual garden. 18,000 clergymen, besides 50,000 evangelists wake the sabbath morn with a voice of invitation, reproof, warning and spiritual consolation. Bibles and Prayer Books are sown broad-cast. Schools and teachers are to be found in every lane, and Scripture readers in every hovel, *yet there are heathen*. How? Not because the Gospel is unpreached, but because it is not received. Not because men cannot hear, but because they will not hear. Not because

* Written in Christmas, 1854.

the Gospel preacher is wanted, but because "an evil heart of unbelief" is preferred to the covenanted mercies of Christ Jesus the Lord. What then, shall we refuse to carry the despised riches of Christ to South America, because there are heathen who refuse its mercies in England? This would be the height of unreasonableness. The merchant sends his cargo to a second, when he fails to discover a market in the first port. And this principle is contained in the command of Jesus, "When they persecute you in one city flee to another."

Let us hear no more, then, of so illogical an argument. It is the *unwilling* and not the willing heathen who should be aided; and charity having commenced her benign influence at home, should spread her power abroad into all lands, filling all hearts with love and gladness. England is full of light; Patagonia is full of darkness. England has multitudes of churches; Patagonia has none. England may be saved if she will only stretch out her hands; Patagonia has not the means to be saved, though she cry day and night, "Lord! save me or I perish." Let us in God's name, then, go to her assistance.

2. The second objection we have sometimes met with is found in the complaint, "Why not apply to the Church Missionary Society to undertake the Mission."

To this we answer, we have, and the Church Missionary Society has declared its inability to do so. It was offered three successive times, and as often refused. And wisely so, for the Church Missionary Society has enough to do besides. Its managers have declared that their hands are full, and the resources of their treasury fully drawn upon by prior claims. Do we blame them for this? We blame them not. No individual or society should undertake what cannot be carried out with a prospect of success. Be this as it may; Patagonia, and, through her, the continent of South America, must not, shall not, be suffered to live within three days' sail of a British colony, in the darkness of spiritual death without an effort, under God's blessing, being made to bring her to Christ.

This reproach, so long attached to the christian Church of our land, is about to be rolled away. Thousands have already directed their prayers and protesting hands against it, and thousands more of the Lord's brethren will enter their ranks and fight under their banner.

One hundred and thirty-four millions of heathen inhabit the wilds and shores of this vast continent—neglected, despised of long time, waiting for the kingdom of heaven to visit them.

We have now collected a faithful band of christian evangelists to penetrate this dark corner

of Satan's dominions. They are willing also to advance in the name of the Lord. The front rank were brave and perished in Christ's cause. The second are ready to take their places and withstand the battle. Remember the heights of Rephidim, the vale of Esdralon, the plains of Moab, the walls of Jericho. Then think of the curse of Meroz, and bid us good speed in the name of the Lord.

3. Lastly, it has been said, "There are no openings in that continent for the Gospel." We affirm there are, and that God's hand has marvellously made "a door to open" easy of access.

When the first band of christian heroes went forth, they possessed not a knowledge of the language. The second band is furnished with this. A grammar and dictionary (strange to relate,) of this tongue has been discovered. "Others have laboured and we have entered into their labours." Again, when the first band undertook this arduous enterprize, they knew of no Patagonian chief to visit in a friendly manner. The second has been invited by Cassimiro to come and visit him and his heathen tribe, with the view of instructing them in the Gospel of Christ. Here, then, is another extraordinary favour at God's hands. It is a repetition of the case of him of Macedonia, stretching out his

hands and saying, "Come over and help us."

Again, the political state of the continent is highly favorable for the spread of the true faith. Popery has been tried and her meretricious character revealed. The Indian despises her bondage; the Spaniard laughs at her mummeries. Intestine wars are partially hushed, and the united influence of England and France has opened the river Plate to the advancing tide of commerce and christianity. As in China, so in South America; there has been a vast breaking up of ancient superstition, national prejudice, and by-gone despotisms, and the Gospel of our Lord has a free course.

Here, again, we see the hand of the Lord bringing mighty things to pass. Let us now press on and seize the wall-less Jericho, and put to flight the powers and chains of Satan, that bar the progress of Christ's heavenly kingdom. It is a privilege to fall—it is dishonour to retreat. "Let us die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his."

E. A. V.

Remarks upon the state of the Aborigines of South America, from personal observation.

The Araucanians.

Of all the tribes of South American Indians, the most civilized are the Araucanians. Their territory divides Chili into two unequal parts, lying between the rivers

Biobio and Calle-calle. The term "Araucanos" is of Spanish origin, and does not obtain among the people thus designated. They are composed of two tribes, the Picuntos, and the Williches. Their nearest neighbours on the opposite side of the Andes, are the Pehuenches and the Puelches. The language of all these tribes is the Chilidugu, which is equally spoken on both sides of the Cardillera, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Their government is founded upon the Patriarchal form, out of which has grown up a system which may not improperly be termed Republican. The country is divided into four districts, each of which is under the superintendence of two orders of Chieftains, called Ulman and Apo-ulman, the latter being the superior in rank. There is also a still higher dignity called Toki, but this is usually conferred by election in a general assembly of the nation, on the approach of war, or in other great emergencies. The supreme direction of affairs is then lodged in the hands of the Toki, who exercises the functions of dictator as long as his services are deemed necessary for the welfare of the state; the other two are hereditary. They have no priesthood or places of worship, and seem to have no other vestige of religion than a belief in the agency of evil spirits, and of one Supreme Being named Anti, whose residence they consider to be in the Sun. They have suffered so much in their frequent wars with the Spaniards and their successors, that they have imbibed a deep rooted distrust of all foreigners, who are not permitted to reside among them, and it is on this account that so few opportunities have been afforded of adding to the very scanty information which has been obtained respecting their customs and domestic habits.

History, however, bears abundant testimony as to

their bravery, their patriotism, and their indomitable spirit; and it is no less admitted, by those who have had any intercourse with them, that they are, when not excited by warfare, a quiet and industrious people. They have long been celebrated for making excellent ponchos, bridles, saddle girths, &c. ; and these articles form the staple of a considerable barter trade, which is carried on between them and the Chilenos of the frontier districts.

Their houses are of an oval shape, formed of bent poles meeting at the top, and crossed by others at intervals; the frame being supported in the middle by a line of interior posts, fixed in the ground. They are thatched throughout with grass; no aperture being left for the light, which is admitted by the door, besides which, there is always an opening left under the ridge pole, at each extremity of the roof, for the escape of smoke, the fire being made on the ground in the centre of the house. The door, which is placed in one of the extremities, admits a sufficient current of air to occasion the ascent of the smoke to the openings in the roof, so that little inconvenience is ever felt on that account, notwithstanding the blazing fires which are generally kept up within. Viewed from the exterior, these habitations bear a great resemblance to a large boat turned keel uppermost; and the more so, as the thatch throughout the entire length of the ridge pole, is drawn up into a high crest, like the mane of a mule, in the very part which would be occupied by the keel. There is no want of propriety in the attire either of the men or women; the former wear woollen ponchoes, the latter, mantles of the same material, bordered or fringed according to the tribe to which they belong; the ground is usually dark blue, with a broad chocolate

colored border woven in : but this gives place to grey, which without any bordering, is generally worn by the natives of the Southern districts. Indigo, which is employed for dyeing the home spun clothes, is in such universal demand among them, that it has become the chief article of barter ; and may almost be said, to be the currency of the country, nearly every commodity being estimated by its relative value in Indigo. Although they are not migratory, they have a peculiar repugnance to living in large communities, and from the period of their discovery, they have never been known to inhabit what might be termed a town ; their most extensive localities being composed of several groups of widely scattered houses, seldom more than three or four being found together in one spot. These rustic dwellings, situated as they usually are, beneath the shade of trees and near some cultivated ground, beyond which, views of the lofty Cordilleras are often obtained, give a picturesque and cheerful aspect to the country ; which the Spaniards themselves admit to be the fairest part of Chili. They cultivate a sufficient quantity of wheat, barley, beans, &c., for their own consumption ; and besides rearing their own horses, have numerous herds of cattle, sheep, and goats. The piniones, or seeds of the American pine, (a handsome tree which grows in forests, on the slopes of the Cordillera) furnish them also with a very nutritious food, which they collect in the autumn ; when cooked, the flavour is not unlike that of the chesnut ; and as they will keep for some time, they form a chief article of diet, when the gathering season has been favourable.

The Pewenches.

The nearest Indian neighbours to the Araucanians,

are the Pewenches, who derive their name from the Pehuen or pine, the seeds of which, like the Araucanians, they eat during a part of the year, that tree growing abundantly in the part of the country which they inhabit. Of late years, in consequence of the war which was made in 1832, by the combined forces from Buenos Ayres, and some of the other Provinces bordering upon the Pampas, against all the Indian tribes in that vicinity, the Pewenches have moved further to the Southward, and are now only to be found in the valleys of the Cordillera, which face the provinces of Chillan, Concepcion, and Valdivia, and a limited district beyond. They are an industrious and pastoral people, possessed of numerous herds of cattle and sheep, living in skin tents, and occasionally migrating in order to obtain sustenance for their flocks. They manufacture their own clothing from the fleece of their sheep, of which there is among them a breed of a very extraordinary size. They seem to stand midway in the scale of civilization, between the Araucanians and the Pampas Indians; and there is good reason to believe, that by their means, each of those nations might be approached for Missionary purposes.

During about five months of the year, from the middle of May, to the middle or end of October, they are cut off from all communication with Chili, by the deep snows which cover the passes in the Cordillera, but during the remainder of the year, traders from the frontier of that republic occasionally visit them, in order to barter Indigo, tobacco, and trinkets, for ponchos, bridles, and other horse gear, which they manufacture with great neatness and skill, and which are in great demand among the Chilenos of the Southern provinces.

The Puelches.

The term Puelches signifies eastern people, and includes all those tribes which are popularly called the Pampas Indians. Although the effects of their depredations are to be traced in almost every direction, little is known of their domestic habits and locations, excepting that, like their neighbours the Pehuenches, (or Pewenches, as the former word is pronounced) and the Patagonians, they live in skin tents, are migratory, subsist chiefly by hunting, and the flesh of their mares, and are perhaps (not excepting the Arabs themselves) the most daring and expert robbers that are known.

The feeling between them and the Spanish Americans of the adjacent provinces, is so bitter, that whenever they fall into their hands, they give them no quarter, making captives only of children and young women. Among them unfortunately are to be found, in the present day, several deserters from the army, whom they are willing to receive, as they become the best guides and pioneers in their plundering expeditions. When headed by these ruffians, they are more formidable, as I had an opportunity of seeing in the latter end of 1843. On my way to Cordova, and on my return from that city, I halted at a small village called La Cruz Alta, which in the intermediate time was devastated by an incursion of Indians. They appeared in such numbers, between 400 and 500, that the small body of militia stationed there, considered it prudent to retire with the rest of the Inhabitants, within an entrenchment, surrounded by a high cactus fence, the only description of fort to be found in these parts, but which has always proved a sufficient defence against their mode of attack ; the Indians having no firearms,

but with the long spears, which are their principal weapon, making their attack from horseback. Every house in the village was completely sacked, and numbers of horses and cattle were carried off, but on this occasion only three lives were lost : one, a soldier, the others, two women, who were sitting together and were pierced by the same ball, fired by one of these wretched deserters. Troops of Indians are continually traversing the country, trailing their long spears at their horses' sides, and generally journeying by night. Excepting in those parts where thistles abound, and which I have often seen as high as my head on horseback, there is no security from their sudden approach either by day or by night ; but even there, this protection fails as soon as the winter commences and this herbaceous forest falls to the ground.

It is surprising to see with what perfect sang froid the postmasters of these districts retain their positions, isolated as they are, often five, six, or seven leagues distant from each other, with perhaps not a human habitation intervening ; and that in some of the most exposed parts of the Pampas. About ten weeks before I passed the post house of Desmochadas, it had sustained one of those daily anticipated attacks, from a party of Indians. The men, according to custom, whenever the building is sufficiently substantial and high, which strange to say is very rarely the case, ascended by a ladder kept in readiness for such emergencies, to the flat roof, and were out of harm's reach ; but two unhappy women who had not time to follow them were carried off. The post of La Canditaria, which is situated upon the road which conducts alike to Cordova, and to Mendoza, has long been considered one of the most dangerous spots throughout the route to

either place. Not many years ago, it was attacked by Indians, who killed the postmaster, and made captives of 14 women and children; his son, the present postmaster, was absent at the time in a carretta, or he would have shared the fate of his father. When I last passed, I asked him how he could continue to live in a place so notoriously dangerous, and where he could never be free from the apprehension of an attack. He very quietly replied "I always keep a good horse saddled, and should the Indians present themselves, I should immediately make off."

On these expeditions, the Indians are invariably accompanied by spare horses, which enables them to make very long and rapid journeys, carrying nothing with them by way of provisions, excepting a hide bag of roasted meal, which mixed with water in a horn, taken from the nearest brook, is all that they require for their support.

They have a peculiar method of concealing their bodies behind that of the horse on which they ride, and in this manner they frequently steal upon their enemies before they are aware.

The Pasture of the Falkland Islands.

"The splendid Tussack grass is the gold and glory of the Falklands, and it will yet, I hope, make the fortunes of Orkney and the owners of the Irish peat bogs. Every animal here devours this grass with avidity, and fattens upon it in a short time. It may be planted and cut, like the guinea grass of the West Indies. The blades

are about six feet long, and from two to three hundred shoots spring from one plant. I have proved, by several experiments, that a man can cut one hundred bundles in a day, and a horse will greedily eat five of those bundles in a day; indeed, so fond of it are both horses and cows, that they will devour dry Tussack thatch from the roofs of the cottages, in preference to good grass. About four inches of the root tastes like the mountain cabbage (Palm.) It loves a rank, wet, peat bog, with the sea-spray dashing over it, and wherever the waves beat with the greatest vehemence, and the saline spray is carried farthest, there the Tussack grass thrives the best—provided, also, it is on the soil it prefers. All the smaller Islands, which help to form the Falkland group, and some of them are as large as Guernsey, are covered with it, and it is nutritious all the year round.”

How the Stream goes on.

Whilst the active operations of Missionary work in its own peculiar fields of labour may not unaptly be compared to *a mill*, the machinery of which is employed in preparing corn for the sustenance of man, the assistance yielded by Missionary Associations at home may be characterised as *the stream* which, having gathered

sufficient strength by the union of several currents, sets the mill in motion. Our friends who are expecting soon to hear of *the mill* having commenced its revolutions, will be pleased meanwhile to know how *the stream* goes on. We leave them to form their own conclusion from the following short statement of proceedings.

In a letter from the Rev. E. A. Verity to the Honorary Secretary, his journeyings on behalf of the Society are thus recorded.

“Since I wrote to you, I have, under God’s blessing, been very successful. On Sunday, (Jan. 7th) I preached twice at Stourbridge and on Monday lectured there, but in the morning went to Wolverhampton, through an invitation from the Rev. Mr. D—— to a clerical Meeting of thirty members, whom I addressed after dinner with much effect. Five promised sermons, and Mr. D. intending to form an Auxiliary there in a short time—promised at once £10 per annum, out of his own Parochial Fund. All the clergy were satisfied with my statements, and rejoiced in the coming glory of God.

“On my return to Stourbridge, I found letters promising an opening in the following places; Shrewsbury, Chester and Liverpool. The lecture at Stourbridge was very satisfactory: collection, £9 0s. 10d.

“Jan. 9. Went to Kidderminster and was promised an opening there soon.

“Jan. 10. Went to Worcester, and arranged for a Meeting there on the 19th, through the

kind aid of the Rev. D. W—— who has become a sincere friend to our cause.

“I cannot conclude this summary of God’s exceeding goodness to me in thus overthrowing impediments from before me, without ascribing to him praise and glory. This week has been one series of successes, and the work is progressing in a manner beyond my most ardent expectations.”

Meetings have also been held at Hadlow—an important country town near Tunbridge—where an Association for the Town and neighbourhood was formed, with the Vicar and Curate of Hadlow for President and Secretary. An Auxiliary Association was also formed at Stourbridge, with Rev. — Grice, as Secretary, and I. Amery, Esq., Banker, Treasurer.

Measures are being actively taken at Cheltenham, by Rev. C. Evans, Hon. Sec. Patagonian Missionary Society, aided by several other friends, to form an Auxiliary Association in that important place; and there are openings at Birmingham, Chester, Malvern, York, Lichfield, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, Tunbridge, Brighton and Deal.

The Lord incline the hearts of his people to espouse warmly this great and good cause, let each reader say! And let each, beside this, bestow some *little drop* to swell the important
-am!

The "Allen Gardiner," bearing the Missionaries
to Patagonia, sailed from Bristol Oct. 24, 1854.

What vessel, like a sea-bird wild,
Must tempt the waves to-day ?
What little company is this
She beareth on their way ?
Go they to join in bloody strife,
To win a fleeting name,
To worship at her chosen shrine,
The world's great idol, Fame ?

With higher aims, with deeper trust,
With brighter hopes than these,
The "Allen Gardiner's" crew unfurl,
Her white sails to the breeze,—
With higher aspirations filled,
Go forth her hero-band,
To gather wild flowers which ere long
In paradise may stand !

They go, in yonder distant wave,
For blood-bought pearls to seek,
To grace the all-imperial crown
Of Him, on earth so meek.
They go from barren Fuegian rocks,
To quarry stones divine,
And bring up priceless diamonds
From nature's darkened mine.

God speed you, heaven-sent messengers,
Go forth in God's own might,
God guard your fragile vessel,
And protect its costly freight !
God bring you safe to harbour,
If it be His sacred will,
And all your inmost being
With His gracious Spirit fill !

God make you wise to win the souls
He now hath sent to claim !
God build up there an altar, for
His own most holy name !

And where His chosen children
 Their martyr-bones have laid,
 Be the banner of the cross they loved
 Above their graves displayed !

Though cold beneath the barren sand
 Their sun-bleached limbs may rest,
 Though silent now those ardent lips
 Which Jesus' love expressed,
 May the mantle of their faithfulness
 On you and us descend,
 The "example of their patience,"
 Sustain you to the end !

These sterile rocks, these gloomy caves,
 To you will teachers be,
 Of all the liberty wherewith
 The Spirit makes us free—
 The freedom from repining thought,
 From earthly wants and cares,
 And how our Jesus tenderly
 His fainting child upbears !

How, desolate and weary,
 They trusted in His love,
 Supported in eternal arms,
 His faithfulness to prove.
 All this shall earnest be to you
 That He is still the same :
 If Jesus be *your* Jesus too,
 He'll succour *you* like them !

Whatever earthly blessings God
 Around your path may strew,
 A heavenly port, a heavenly shore,
 Keep still within your view :
 And may you, when at length, with joy,
 You cast your anchor there,
 A vessel, stored with precious wheat,
 Into His garner bear !

Uncle Reuben's walk through the Snow.

"Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God—He feeds the secret fire
By which the mighty process is maintained
Who sleeps not—is not weary
Whose work is without labour—whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts."

Cloud after cloud of feathery flakes had fallen upon the ground. There they lay, forming such a lovely robe of pure white, that to tread on them with careless footsteps seemed a wanton marring of beauty. I looked out of my window, and gazing far and wide at the little bit of the great world which was bounded by my horizon, admired and moralized upon the snow. Certainly the air felt suspiciously wintry, but for the moment that made no impression upon me—the effect was all I thought of, and that was beautiful—very beautiful.

But the aspect of things was to change. I had a journey before me on this snowy day, and whilst I might admire the snow still, I was to become practically acquainted with it. There is nothing like experiment—thorough practical ex-

periment, (you know it well, my readers) to wear away romantic ideas. Onwards, then, I went, and it was no easy matter to accomplish a five mile's walk in roads covered with snow.

“The snow was here, the snow was there,
The snow was all around.”

The first few steps were taken with hearty good-will, and still I admired the snow, but you will believe me, when I had completed the paces necessary for one mile, I had almost uttered the wish of my heart that the snow might be on Mont St. Bernard, or Tierra del Fuego, or anywhere in fact but in old England. Not readily daunted, however, by difficulties, I still pursued my journey, and arriving at a part of the road much frequented by travellers, stopped to chat with a poor friend, who was working with all his might, shovelling away the snow with a large spade.

“You are doing a welcome service, my good man, for which travellers will thank you,” exclaimed weary I.

“Slow work,” was his rejoinder. “It will take me more than a day's labour to get through a mile at this rate, and a night's fall would give me the same piece of road to go over again. Ah! master,” he continued, his countenance brightening, “'tis right we should do all we can,

but, after all, *God's sunbeam will work faster than man's spade.*" -

"Well spoken, friend," replied I, and without indulging my readers with further details of my journey, or of my conversation by the roadside, or of my delighted return to the window from which in the morning I had only *looked at* the snow—I will ask them to follow me in a few reflections suggested by this simple remark.

Yes! "it is right we should do all we can, but *God's sunbeam will work faster than man's spade.*" In a populous market Town, where busy feet are ever and anon pacing to and fro, the spade is energetically set at work in the snow-covered streets. Cart after cart of the white burden is removed—but although much benefit is rendered to the community, the eye might look around and fancy that nought had been accomplished even by the busy hands of twenty men, so much yet remains to baffle their labour.

See that icy mass which was drifted to the hedge-row by the storm. It seems to have established itself with unquestioning right of possession granted it by Winter King. Who would undertake the task of its removal? Who? Look up into the broad heaven, and see the orb of day come gloriously forth on its mission. Behold the bright warm ray resting upon the snow-drift.

Is there force used? Do you hear the report of solid destruction? No such thing. Yet the mass is lessening. Every moment, particle after particle yields to a sure though silent influence, and very soon the snow-drift is a matter of history. It has melted away. "*God's sunbeam will work faster than man's spade.*"

The truth illustrated in nature, will manifest itself in every development of spiritual labour. The enemy who would not that the King of Saints should reach the hearts He has purchased, hedges them round with various obstacles, and by stealthy and slow degrees, heaps up barrier after barrier against His approach. In one individual, there is the hard mass of unbelief to be destroyed; in another, the thick accumulation of prejudice; in a third, the icy bonds of long-cherished sin. The Heavenly Traveller, who comes on His way to visit such souls, finds the road blocked up against Him.

And what in such an emergency can be done? The labourer who has a willing hand, and a Christ-loving heart, looks on and exclaims, 'Alas! for the ice-bound soul which is closed against such a precious Friend!' and immediately—as it should be—he begins to work, to make way for the blessed Visitant. He reasons, he explains, he beseeches. But perhaps unbelief is obdurate, prejudice difficult to overcome, love of sin re-

mains paramount. Yet something has been accomplished by this human effort. The resisting heart has felt convictions—has begun to enquire—to search—to tremble. The spade has broken the smooth surface of indifference, and perchance Jesus' footsteps may be heard in the distance, approaching the partially cleared path.

But let there be this alone, and night may gather again, and with it may fall around that soul, more thickly than before, the cloud of evil influence which imprisoned it. “Let there be this *alone* !” Thanks be to God, in the history of many a captive spirit there is a brighter, surer work which follows this human instrumentality. It often happens, that at a certain point of endeavour man's efforts relax—the long-challenged opposition seems to have gathered strength, and the puny attacks of mere mortal weapons appear useless.

Then is the moment when there often falls from the throne of light the heavenly ray, and rests lovingly upon the darkened, icy heart. No force of philosophic argument is used—no terror of appalling power brought to the task; there is neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard—yet the barrier is destroyed with inconceivable rapidity. The Spirit which at first from chaos by a mysterious moving over the dark deep, and by a simple creative word brought into

being a new world of light and order—that same Spirit rests upon the cold mass of nature’s unbelief and prejudice and sin—and lo! it melts away. The Saviour comes, and the heart is open. He enters and abides for ever. Man had vainly assayed in many a long year to bring about so glorious a result. God has accomplished it in a day. Yes! friend, you spoke truly: “It is right we should do all we can, but *God’s sunbeam will work faster than man’s spade.*”

“Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone,
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
• Soon dissolves a heart of stone!”

Take another view of the application of the principle. How many a time with eager fancy have some of the Lord’s people stretched forth thought and prayer towards that dark and long-benighted land for whose sakes they are now enterprising their special Mission! For centuries on that desolate country, *spiritually* as well as naturally, the ice has fallen in showers, and the snow-drift is piled so high that the endeavour to do something towards clearing it away has been characterised as the puerile, unconsidered, vain-glorious attempts of a foolish few, who have no better channel in which to direct their efforts.

And what is to be said to such as thus animadvert upon the Mission? Just this, my friends.

“ While as our bounden duty we work with the spade—*we look for the sunbeam!* We think it right, knowing that the footsteps of the heavenly Traveller have no national bound to prepare and make ready His way *in every land*; we own it as laid upon us by the strongest claim—as His **LAST LEGACY**—‘Who would have *all men* to be saved,’ that it is our duty to make all men know that a Saviour waits for their acceptance. And when we have done all this we are ready to own the utter feebleness, perhaps uselessness, of our efforts. We have but broken the crust, and there are fresh showers at hand to cement it again. Ah! but we do not despair. In the blessed work of beseeching man to be reconciled to God; *we are workers together with Him*. From His dwelling-place He beholds the earnest labourer who, with all the strength of his heart seeks to make a way for the progress of his beloved Saviour. And whether he be alone in a desert land, or linked with brethren in a christian country, His power can help him. On the scene of his toil, on the icy mass of impediments, His **SUNBEAM** breaks forth, and lo! the winter is past, the snow has melted away—the hard heart is subdued, sinner after sinner is brought to the feet of Jesus, and, if He wills it, a nation is born in a day.

Scorner! you may mock on, but believe us,

we are not thinking that our little ship—our little band—our little Mission station, will convert South America! We own we are few and feeble, but we take our stand upon the assurance, ‘*Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help whether with many, or with them of no power.*’ And it is our prayer, ‘*Help us Lord, for in Thy name we go forth to this great multitude.*’ You may look at our instrumentality as little suited to cope with the exigencies of the case, (in this we ask christian brethren and sisters to aid us in making it as efficient as it should be) but we bid you direct your attention to our expectations. We feel it right to work heartily with the spade, but *we look for THE SUNBEAM!*”

And, once more, let my poor friend’s bright thought speak to those earnest ones who are anxious and troubled and discouraged—fearing disaster, while they long for success—presaging failure, while they desire victory. Are such among my readers? Do you, I would ask, often count up the resources upon which the Mission has to depend, and do you find—in your own endeavours to interest friends about it—that many turn from you with averted heart? And then are you cast down, and inclined to mutter, “Slow work!”? Ah! look upwards. It is but a veil of cloud that hides from you the bright ray, and, believe it, “*God’s sunbeam will work*

faster than man's spade." Relax not a single effort—do all you can—but as you labour, as you strive—remember that better resource, and pray for THE SUNBEAM!

What may be done!

TO THE YOUTHFUL READERS OF THE VOICE OF FIFTY.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Did you ever set in earnest and try what may be done for a good cause by the energy of one individual? Perhaps you have often thought that you would like to do something for the poor Patagonian—something to carry the knowledge of Christ's blessed gospel of peace to the ignorant Fuegian. But then you have said, *What can be done? What can I do?* Now let me tell you what a little boy and a little girl, both friends of mine, have done. The former, after hearing the destitution of South America described, asked me for a card, that he might collect for the Patagonian Society. Within one month the card was full, and he brought into our exchequer, £5 12s. gathered among his friends. The latter, who is also a collector, thought of an excellent plan by which she might not only add to the treasury, but likewise spread the knowledge of the Society. In conjunction with her sister she determined to have a Sale of Work in her Mama's Drawing Room. After working hard for about a month, (last Christmas holidays) they sent out notes of invitation to all their friends and acquaintances; among the rest

Mrs. — and myself went, and most agreeably surprised we were. In the centre of the room was a large tree covered with articles most tastefully arranged for sale. On the top was a flag, bearing on one side "*The Allen Gardiner*" inscribed round an olive branch, and on the other, "*Judæa Capta*," (for one of the sisters was a collector for the Jews' Society, and half of the proceeds was to go to that cause.) Then there were three tables on which were spread the most pretty and tempting objects, made by the diligent fingers of the two little girls. After a day or two's amusement in viewing and selling the results of their handy work, the Patagonian collector, and the Hebrew collector, found they had realized more than £8 or upwards of £4 for each of their Societies. So you see my friends *what may be done* with pleasure and profit by those who love the Lord Jesus sufficiently, to put themselves to a little trouble in assisting to carry out His last command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." What should we be, my young friends if *this* gospel *had not* been preached to us and our fathers? Think of all the privileges you enjoy as the children of Christian parents, and then reflect on the state of the ancient inhabitants of fair Britain. Very little difference was there between one of the children of those stout Islanders who defended their shores against the soldiers of Julius Cæsar, and the children of the tall and manly Patagonian; but look at your present situation, and that of the children of the Pampas of South America. No Bible for them—no churches—no worship of the true God—no knowledge of Jesus—no schools—no education—no comforts of civilization! all wild and barren ignorance, crime, and wretchedness! Oh then, "Why stand ye here all

the day idle? Every talent is given to us to improve!
and remember—

“The smallest effort is not lost ;
Each wavelet on the ocean toss’d,
Aids in the ebb tide or the flow ;
Each rain drop makes some flowret blow,
Each kind deed lessens human woe.”

See, then, *what may be done by you*, and that the Holy Spirit may bless your doing to yourselves and others is my earnest prayer.

Believe me,

Yours Affectionately,

TRY.

The Bow seen in the Cloud.

The report of failure and of death which has reached us from the shores of Tierra del Fuego, has sorely tried the faith of those who have at heart the welfare, spiritual and eternal, of its poor dark inhabitants.

But with their trial God has granted, in the record of that wonderful support vouchsafed to the departed, just that kind of encouragement which the true christian will most readily lay hold of for the strengthening and confirmation of his faith. It is not such a burst of light as will shew us what God is about to do, but a gleam sufficient to convince us of His presence, and of the truth of His unfailing promise, that He will

never leave us nor forsake us. Is, then, our faith quickened by all these dark, mysterious dispensations? Are we stronger than we were to carry on the conflict with sin and Satan in the world? Are we more resolved than ever to carry the Gospel message of salvation to the stormy shores of that land of death? Let us be in earnest. Let us see to it that our faith fails not, but grow and increase continually; let us pray in faith, nothing wavering; and in due time the banner of the Cross shall float triumphantly over Banner Cove, and those few corns of wheat that fell into the ground and died at Earnest Cove shall prove themselves to have been, in truth, an earnest, of a rich and plenteous crop.

Dear brethren, I would beg your prayers for Patagonia—and the assistance of your liberality, that our cause fail not for want of means, and that you yourselves deny not to yourselves the blessed privilege of aiding it. And thus I leave it with you, persuaded that God's eye is resting in love and mercy on those benighted tribes, and that though for the present He is as a God that hideth himself, working mysteriously, yet He will at length appear for their salvation.

From the Anniversary Sermon preached at Bristol, by the Right Rev. O. E. Vidal, D.D., Bishop of Sierra Leone.

A small Cloud rises in the West,

In the central regions of South America lies a tract of country called the Gran Chaco, inhabited by at least 100,000 aborigines. These men, though surrounded by Spanish and Portuguese American States, are independent in government and heathen in religion. They cultivate the ground in their own region and emigrate for the harvest season into Bolivia and Paraguay, to aid, for small wages, the farmers of those countries, and they are very far from the uncivilized condition of the North American Indians, or the tribes on the extreme south of this semi-continent. Capt. Gardiner sought to reach the Gran Chaco, from the west, over the Andes, and succeeded. The natives refused him a residence in their country till he could speak its language. To take advantage of this condition, he placed a young converted Spaniard at Chuquieaca, in Bolivia, that he might there learn* the language of the Chaco, and he obtained permission from the President of that Republic to pass through Bolivia, for access to these interior tribes.

* It is the Quarani, of which there are a dictionary and grammar.

Any one consulting a map of South America, will see what a long way round this is to go to reach the interior of the country, and that a much shorter way is from Buenos Ayres up the Plata and Paraguay. This way the Lord has just opened to the Missionaries of His Gospel—for since 1853, the navigation of these mighty rivers has been thrown open to all nations, and now a station for a mission to the Gran Chaco Indians seems on the eve of formation. Thus the Bolivian Government have granted to Dan Luis de Oliden—a citizen—the province of Otuquis, a territory of 22,700 square miles. This runs, along its southern border, some distance into the Gran Chaco. Oliden is anxious to dispose of a large portion to an English Company, at the very small cost of one shilling and four pence per acre. The agent employed by this South American proprietor, is Mr. Lewis Vernet—formerly Buenos Ayrean Governor of the Falklands; he is invested with full powers to negotiate the sale of land, and the establishment of a colony, and (we request particular attention to this) he is anxious to make this colony contribute to the evangelization of the Indians of the Gran Chaco. He will give our Society every facility and every help in his power, and being himself *Protestant*, more reliance can be placed in his sincerity. When Oliden's grant is taken up, there will be

steamers on the river Paraguay—up from Buenos Ayres in thirteen days, and down to it again in seven days. The country is most fertile—the climate unquestionably salubrious; every product of tropical and temperate latitudes can be raised in Otuquis, and very little expense need be incurred in clearing the land. £50 will buy in perpetuity 750 acres of it, and this will amply suffice for the site of a mission colony—for the conversion and instruction of the natives—and, if this be managed well, very little money will be required from home.

Friends of the South American Missions! Bear this new opening especially on your hearts in prayer before God, and do what you can to excite an interest on behalf of the Province of Otuquis, and the English Company which is proposed to colonize it.

The Lord has set before us an open door—let not man by his indifference or neglect shut it!

Obituary.

We cannot but allude with feelings of deep regret to the melancholy tidings which have reached us, of the death of a warm and able

supporter of our Mission—the Right Rev. O. E. VIDAL, D.D. Bishop of Sierra Leone.

It has pleased the Lord in His wisdom to remove him from the scene of earthly labour at an age when the Church hoped for many years of his valued services, and when his own peculiar charge was just beginning to derive benefit from his episcopal superintendence. To himself the call to “come up hither” was, doubtless, as the welcome message of a Friend, whose presence in this vale of tears is often intercepted by many things which intrude between, and therefore we know that “to be ever with the Lord,” has enhanced the joys and privileges of the departed one beyond the power of human expression. His Anniversary Sermon for the Patagonian Missionary Society, published with the Report, will be now read with painful interest, and his own early removal from his bishopric will be felt to be another comment upon the text he selected on that occasion: “Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself.”

We can only pray that his mantle may descend on another, and that his appeal for our cause, by which “he being dead yet speaketh,” may touch many a heart with double power. The explanation of such dispensations as these is reserved for another state of being; while here we must wait and abide patiently, content to receive what-

ever God in His wisdom appoints, without murmuring.

“ Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.”

A Plea for Patagonia.

Weep ! weep for Patagonia !
In darkness, oh ! how deep,
Her heathen children spend their days ;
Ah, who can choose but weep ?
The tidings of a Saviour's love
Are all unheeded there,
And precious souls are perishing
In blackness of despair.

Give ! give for Patagonia !
When God hath blessed your store
Think kindly on her bleak expanse
Of wild and barren shore ;—

Think of your suffering brethren there
 Who Satan's bondmen be,
 And send forth heralds to proclaim
 That Christ hath set them free.

Pray, pray for Patagonia !
 With earnest wrestlings pray ;
 And He who died to save the lost
 Will never answer—Nay !
 In spite of all discouragements
 Your hearts and voices raise ;
 The blessings such petitions bring
 Will turn them all to praise.

B. J. A.

Proceedings in Scotland.

The journal of the Rev. E. A. VERITY—who is for the present fulfilling the duties of Traveling Secretary on behalf of the Patagonian Society—breathes throughout a spirit of hopefulness, and reports a tale of good success. Although much tried by the severity of the

weather, which has kept many valued friends from being present at his addresses from the pulpit and the platform, many encouraging proofs have been given him, especially in Scotland, that an interest among earnest-minded christians in our cause is increasing.

He has successively visited Glasgow, Greenock, Edinburgh, Perth, Paisley, Stirling and Dundee, and in each, more or less, the claims of the Society have been received and owned. The progress made is not as yet to be measured by the amount of collections at the several places—the germ of conviction in our favor being planted in new soil is so much to be thankful for. “Seed must be sown ere the crop can be reaped, and Scotland has many liberal hearts and christian men within her borders.” May the Lord, who giveth the increase, dispose her children and the children of her southern sister to obtain the blessing of the bountiful hand, which never impoverishes the giver.

Fifth Annual Report of the Committee of the Patagonian or South American Missionary Society.

The statement furnished by this Report of last year's progress is encouraging. The Mission

vessel built, launched and ready to sail, friends increase in numbers and in zeal, and funds augmented. The receipts amounted to £3537 0s. 3½d.; the expenditure (including cost of vessel, £1387 0s. 10d.) has been £1690 15s. 0d. A balance remained of £1846 5s. 3½d., a large proportion of which has, however, been called for to provide for the necessary and expensive outfit of "The Allen Gardiner;" so that we would still remind our readers that *the funds are low*, and beg them read carefully the closing remarks of the Committee, as follow:—

"The way is prepared; Fuegians are believed to exist, who were educated in England and speak English; and a powerful Patagonian chieftain—a civilized man—is anxious to be instructed in Christianity, that he may teach his people the same.

"The way is ready!—The Fuegians communicate with the Patagonians, and these with the Araucanians and Pampas tribes, and they all have one common language, for which dictionary and grammar are extant.

"Would an apostle have asked more to determine his mind respecting such a matter? Here are—a promise of God; the command of Christ; the prayer of faith, sealed with Christian blood; friendly natives; a British colony for residence within three days' sail; a stout vessel replenished

with useful stores for a year ; an experienced, approved Captain ; hundreds of praying helpers at home. Would an apostle have asked for more evidence that it was his Lord's will to proceed on the Mission ? Would he have waited till a manifest work of grace had begun in the conversion of many souls to Christ, before he assuredly gathered he ought to go over and help them ? No. Saint Paul, God's chief servant for the conversion of the Gentiles, saw in the night vision a man of Macedonia, saying, "Come over and help us !" He awoke and saw no human preparations for protection ; no funds of money to bear his expenses ; no provision for shelter in Macedonia ; no Christian colony at hand to fall back upon. But it was enough—God speaking to man in a dream, a vision of the night. Macedonia is among the countries of the earth to be visited, and the eager desire of Paul to fulfil his Lord's commission, interprets the appearance and the voice as a call from God. He goes to Macedonia—enters Philippi, its chief city—preaches the Gospel. And not a man of Macedonia is converted, but a woman, and she of Thyatira. As to Paul and his helper Silas, after a severe contest, they are cruelly beaten and thrown into the stocks in the inner prison. Was there, then, a mistake in Paul's interpretation ? None. "I will show him how great

things he must *suffer* for my name's sake," being the words of his Divine Master, prepared him to expect such an introduction to usefulness in any country.

"They that go forth with tears bearing good seed, are authorised to hope to come again with rejoicing, and bringing their sheaves with them.

"Your Committee invite you with them to take example and encouragement from such a lesson, and to go on with good heart in such labours as are appointed unto you by the All-wise Head of the Church, both for this Mission and other objects of Christian benevolence.

"They venture to advise the cultivation of a hopeful as well as a prayerful spirit. A loving servant would sooner err in taking a gesture of his master for a call to serve, than in allowing his kind master to call and call again, before he could make up his mind to a decision without a shadow of doubt that he was the particular attendant required. The Lord did not reprove Peter for his hasty proposal to come to Him on the water, but for doubting His power to sustain him on the troubled element, having once embarked on it. We trust the Committee for the ensuing year will act with all due precaution as men, and yet with all faith as Christians.

"Permit us, by way of conclusion, to expose

the wants of our Society to your view, that you may try to relieve them. They are—

“**PRAYER**, humble, hearty and hopeful for the departing Missionary labourers and seamen, that they may be faithful, persevering, and united; and for the heathen, that they may have given them their listening ears and an understanding heart to receive the Gospel.

“*Much more co-operation* from interested friends in making known to the community the claims of our Society.

“*More well-informed advocates* to aid us at public meetings and with lectures and sermons.

“*Missionary labourers* for the great field lying fallow before us in South America.

“*Funds* to sustain and carry forward further and further the Mission to South America.

“*Annual subscribers* for the Society and for our little ably-conducted monthly magazine, “The Voice of Pity for South America.”

“And, lastly—Praise and thanksgivings to that most gracious God, “who gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;” and who permits those whom His Spirit has quickened unto a new life, to take part with Him in the work of spreading the Redeemer’s glory, through the Gospel, to the ends of the earth.

An Acrostic.

"Peace" and "good will" to men be giv'n !
 Angels brought down the notes from Heav'n ;
 To England's shores the echo came,
 And soon she learnt the gladd'ning strain ;
 God's herald now, 'neath other skies,
 O'er distant lands, she bids it rise ;
 Nor will she tire till this glad sound
 In Patagonia shall resound
 As rocks and hills repeat it round.

The little band have sped their way ;
 Early and late be God their stay !
 Remov'd each danger, chas'd each fear,
 "Rest in the Lord," if grief is near,
 And great success their hearts shall cheer.
 Danger and death could not appal,
 Each heard a gracious Master's call,
 Love taught them to resign their all.

Fervent *our* prayers, increas'd our love,
 Unwearied may our efforts prove,
 Each hand be strengthen'd from above :
 God's "cloudy pillar" go before
 Our Mission ship to foreign shore !

Good News from Afar.

Leaving Cape de Verd—Continued fair weather—Trade winds—Crossing the Equator—Remarkable cloud—Thoughts of gratitude—Coast of South America—Peaceful Sabbath—Christmas day—Rio de Janeiro—Concluding remarks.

Our readers have, we are sure, been waiting to receive further tidings of our beloved Mission vessel. Week after week, whilst they have commended her to the God

Who plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm ;—

they have longed to know how he has answered their prayers ; and their hearts will now be rejoiced to learn that accounts of her safe voyage have been received from Rio Janeiro—the substance of which we now present to them.

“ Thus have I been able,” writes the Captain, as he anchored in that port, “ under God’s gracious Providence, to bring our much-prized vessel—the hope of many—the Allen Gardiner, so far on her way. Her anchor has hold of ground belonging to that part of the world to which her Mission is attached, and, if all be yet well, in a few weeks more she will be at her principal station.”

The Captain’s journal commences from his quitting the Cape de Verd Islands, and, as we presume that our friends will have pleasure in following his ocean track, we give consecutive extracts from it.

“Nov. 27th. At 1 P.M. got under weigh, having a clean bill of health. Wind fair and moderate and weather delightful. Passed through the S. W. passage—the ships in harbour dipping colours to us and we returning the compliment, and as we ran by the S. W. point of St. Vincent’s, exchanged friendly adieus by our colours with a pleasure cutter yacht belonging to the Port. At 6 P.M. clear of the land. (Capt. Snow remarks on this day, in a note, that on the previous Sunday the Captain of the *Eliza Kellick* and his crew, and also the Consul’s son, accompanied by two negroes from Sierra Leone, attended the morning and evening service on board the *Allen Gardiner*.)

“28th. Fair winds from N. E. and beautiful weather. Saw the Islands of Fogo and Bravor.

“29th. Weather becoming very warm. This day swarms of flying fish ; one came on board in the dark and is given to the Doctor to preserve. The dogs (two Newfoundlanders which were presented to the ship) have grown greatly and are excellent watch dogs.

“Dec. 1. Still a fair wind, though light. Weather very fine. Nights are beautiful—moon clear and nearly full. The Doctor labouring at his Spanish,—the Captain taking all nautical obser-

* For further particulars of one of these negroes, see page 89.

ventions,—Mrs. Snow engaged at her needle, and, if I may so call it, various household departments. Evening service, conducted by Mr. Phillips, always on deck now by the light of the moon. Morning service on deck at 8 o'clock. Still a fair wind from N. N. E. *It is most remarkable!* For days we have had an almost continuous fair wind, and not once during the whole time had to tack or go out of our course. In afternoon wind became variable, with passing showers. Mrs. Snow caught a dolphin.

“3rd. Sunday. Through the past night nearly calm—heavy clouds—rain—and lightning. This morning very fine, and steady moderate breeze from N. N. E., remaining fair during Divine service. Afterwards, at about 1 P. M., weather very overcast and heavy showers, this continuing till about 7 P. M., when again very fine and tolerably clear during our evening service, which was read principally by the moon's light, Mr. P. alone having a lantern.

On the next few days the weather became very changeable, but still the vessel made a little progress. The Captain continues, on the

“7th. Steady S. E. breezes and fine weather. Every appearance of having got the S. E. Trades (i. e. the Trade winds) already, and if this be so, it is remarkable, inasmuch as we are still far North for them generally, and I had feared we

should have more calms and rains yet. If these be the Trades, we are singularly fortunate, and have another proof of God's continued kindness to us.

" 8th. Steady breezes and fine weather. Am confirmed in my opinion that we have thus early got the Trades.

" 10th. Clear skies and lovely weather, with fair winds, and temperature remarkably cool and pleasant to the feelings, though drawing towards the sun and so close to THE EQUATOR, *which we crossed* at 7. 30. A. M. this day, in Long. $30^{\circ} 01'$

" I tried to sight St. Paul's Rocks yesterday afternoon, but the wind did not allow me to head up for them, and the usual equatorial current sets us to the Westward. Last night a remarkable cloud was seen by all of us, in the clear sky. It was shaped like the heavy smoke from a steamer's funnel, and extended across the sky from horizon to horizon, in form of a bow, the lower points at horizon dipping to N. E. and S. W. At 5 A. M. this day a very large and brilliant meteor was seen by officer on the watch. Divine service as usual. I could say much of what is swelling in my heart at this moment, of love and joy and gratitude towards my God for all that He has done for us thus far—but space here forbids. Suffice it, that though we have had a long passage to the Line, yet we have

been most remarkably favoured with fair winds and fine weather, after bidding adieu to the gales of the British Isles. *From the chops of the Channel to the Equator, hardly a single day's foul wind.*

"12th. Expecting to make land, took observations for Longitude by Chronometer, and, with the help of two Lunars, found that we were near enough to the Island of Fernando de Noranha to have it in sight, if my observations were correct. I immediately went aloft, and, after a few moments keen look, discovered the Island right ahead, exactly as I had calculated it to be. As I should pass close to it, I got the cables up and one anchor ready, and at 2 P. M. rounded Rat Island, Booby Island and Platform Island, with the singular and romantic, yet beautiful scenery attached to each, as well as to the main Island, and in half-an-hour dropped anchor in Citadel Bay, not far from the very remarkable Peak for which this Island is known.*

"13th. Set sail from the Island at 11 P. M., and at noon stood away on our proper course, being just then about three miles S. W. of Cape Placeline, Fernando de Noranha.

* The visit to the Island of Fernando de Noranha is of such interest in itself, that we purpose deferring the account of it till our next number, not having room at present to give it in full. Our Maidstone friends will then have testimony to the usefulness of *their* boat,

“15th. Nearing the coast of South America.

“16th. During the past night I was much on deck, as we were not far from the East elbow of South America. Passed Pernambuco at 3 P.M.—the light not seen, because we were too far off. At 7.30. upon my going on deck, I at once saw the land about Cape St. Augustine.

“17th. Sunday. Another Sabbath free from the necessity of attending to even the common duties of the ship, as is often the case, in shifting the yards, sails, &c.; with us all is quiet—no occasion to handle a rope.”

During this week, nothing remarkable is noted, the weather was variable, and the Captain's anxious wishes turned towards the port at which he was to anchor awhile—were a little delayed in their fulfilment. He continues:—

“24th. Sunday. In the evening of this day, the service was extra, for the Monthly Anniversary of the day on which the Allen Gardiner quitted English shores, and all at home were duly and cordially remembered.

“25th. Christmas day. Land occasionally seen, through a dense haze. At 1 P.M. the Islands of Raza and Redonda suddenly broke out from the mist, and the next few moments the mainland was seen. We had hit the entrance exactly. Sent the men to dinner, which, it being Christmas day, I had made extra for them, and

as good as if on shore. The weather cleared up a little. A sea breeze set in to the harbour, and, as the haze lifted, the magnificent Bay of Rio Janeiro appeared before us. We stood in for it under full sail—many other vessels now appearing in company, also many coming out. It was a most beautiful picture. At 3 P. M. mist and rain again. Cabin dinner time; sent officers and passengers to dinner, self remaining on deck, and thus eating my Christmas dinner with rain pelting on my plate, and a thick mist before me, as I kept at my post (a gratifying one to me) while the Allen Gardiner was running in, under a press of canvas and a gentle breeze, to the Bay of Rio Janeiro. At 4 P. M. passed as close as possible to the Fort of Santa Cruz, so as to answer their hail, and to give them information of our vessel—without which they will not allow vessels to anchor. Then stood across to near Fort Vilagonhow, and dropped anchor the seaward side of it, not being allowed to pass it until visited by the authorities. Two ships in ignorance passed on, but were fired at and had to drop anchor all standing. Saw the Allen Gardiner attended to, and safely anchored, and then went below to throw myself on the sofa-couch, being completely done up.”

The few days spent in Rio, were devoted to business—the tanks were replenished with water,

and on the 29th, the Captain concludes his interesting journal :—

“I hope to be off *direct for the Falklands* to-morrow. All the crew behaving well. No one at Rio notices us, though we are known as Missionary vessel—no courtesy from any one ; all *pay—pay*.”

We may add to this, Mr. Phillips's account of the first sight of Rio Janeiro. After mentioning the services, and a meeting for prayer with the men in the Forecastle, held on Christmas day, he says :—

“The magnificent scenery of this place is beyond the power of my pen to describe. Fortresses on either side, with the bright Brazilian flag waving ; an almost amphitheatre of richly verdant hills, whose sides are dotted with innumerable houses, even to their summits ; the multitude of vessels ; the beach in the distance, with the turrets and cupolas of large buildings in the back ground ; formed a perfect panorama, and one which fell upon the eye with a flood of richness, variety and beauty which far exceeded my most sanguine expectations.”

It would have added brightness to the “beautiful picture” had the voyaging Missionaries been able to speak of Christian welcome afforded them in this lovely spot, but we know that natural loveliness is not always linked with spiritual

graces. And yet we may hope that at some future day, when her work has been prospered, there shall not be a Port of South America which shall not hail "The Allen Gardiner" as the benefactor of her once degraded children.

Increasingly are we called on to commit her Mission to the Lord. Ere this, blessed by his continuing care, she must have anchored at her port of labour. Let prayers, not cold and formal, —but *special* and *earnest*, be wafted back week after week to her distant scene of toil. Let special prayer be offered on behalf of him who is about to go forth to head the little band of Missionary labourers, that he may be endowed with wisdom and grace, courage and rejoicing hope, in his arduous yet honourable embassy. And with prayer let there be thanksgiving—thanksgiving for so many mercies past—thanksgiving for the preservation of our precious cargo from the perils of the deep—thanksgiving for friends at home and openings abroad.

We cannot conclude without one word of earnest appeal. Our causes for thanksgiving by no means lessen the urgent necessity for immediate and bountiful help—*we want more funds AT ONCE*. We want cheerful and liberal gifts to our treasury. The season which is approaching, reminding us of the fulfilment of the great mysteries of our redemption, is a fitting time for

those who have received much, to give much in return—not as a recompence, (O poor indeed are man's worthiest gifts!) but as an offering of love—an offering which, like the tears of the weeping Mary and the box of ointment, will be welcomed by a willing, loving, forgiving Saviour.

Come then, Christians, let the open heart affect the hand—let the “Eye of Pity” answer the “Voice of Pity.” Remember your Missionary vessel—remember those who have left home and friends to do your Blessed Master's work—*your* work remember full as much as theirs; if they bear the burden and heat of the day—if they take care of the wounded who are fallen among thieves—do you guarantee that there shall be to them no temporal want. Give them abundantly of your silver and gold, and tell them that whatever they spend more, you will repay them.

REMEMBER! you are disciples of Him who *though he was rich yet for your sakes became poor*, and, when inclined to be sparing and niggardly, ask yourselves but this question, **HOW MUCH OWEST THOU UNTO THY LORD? ***

* The Editor will be happy to receive any practical answers to this solemn question in gifts—large or small—according to the ability which God giveth—towards an increased special Fund, for the first labours in South America.

Address the Editor of the ‘Voice of Pity,’ care of Mr. J. M. JONES, 6, Clare Street, Bristol.

The Happy Land.

A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN.

Dear young reader,—Have you ever heard of other lands, far, far distant from ours, lands of surpassing beauty ; the productions of which are richer and more varied than those of ours, and the trees and flowers more beautiful far ; where summer reigns all round the year, so that the frost and snow of winter never mar their beauty. Perhaps you have thought, what beautiful countries those must be, how I should like to visit them ? But the thought that you must cross the sea, and leave some dear friends behind, may have quickly chased away the wish. Come, then, and I will tell you of a far brighter land than any of these, one too, in which you may dwell. You need not cross the sea to reach it, your friends, too may go with you if they choose, and your best and kindest friend is there already. The holy of all ages and of all countries are there. Holy angels are there. In that country it is always light, for “there is no night there.” There are no withered flowers, no winter storms, no sin, no sorrow, no death. Those lands we spoke of first, are beautiful indeed, but their inhabitants are sinful, and feel pain and sorrow, and die. But into this land “nothing that defileth or maketh a lie shall ever enter.” All its inhabitants are holy and happy, loving God with their whole heart, and each loving his neighbour as himself.

There is a city there so glorious and beautiful that its walls are likened to jasper, its gates to pearls, its streets to gold, and the foundations to most precious stones. Neither the light of the sun or the moon are needed there, for “the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb

is the light thereof." You will find the description of this city in the 21st chapter of the book of Revelation.

Are you not ready to ask now, "How may I get to this happy land?" I am sure you are. Observe, then, that we are told in the 27th verse of the above named chapter, that those only who are "written in the Lamb's Book of Life," shall be permitted to enter it, so if you would dwell there, your name must be written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Those whose names are written in the Book of Life, are these who believe in Jesus—believe that he died for their sins, and are saved, whose sins God has pardoned for Jesus' sake, and to whom he has given his holy Spirit to guide them on in the way of holiness. So, dear little reader, if you would have your name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and so be admitted into that better land of Holiness and love of which we have been speaking, you must look to Jesus, not with your bodily eyes, for with these at present you cannot see him, but what is meant by looking into Jesus is just this—Let your thoughts rest on him as your Saviour, who loved you and died for your sins. Think of him leaving his throne in heaven where all the holy angels worshipped him, and coming to this world and becoming a little child, and, as he grew up, enduring poverty and suffering. Perhaps you remember his own words, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but I have not where to lay my head," and though he went about continually doing good, wicked men persecuted him, and sought to kill him. Though he manifested nothing but love, unspeakable love to all men, in all his words and actions, the greatest number of those among whom he dwelt hated him, and would not receive him. Think of his agony in Gethsemane—of his trial before Pilate—of his being scourged and crowned

with Thorns. And remember that all this suffering was for you.

Think of his being nailed to the cross, of his side being pierced—of God's hiding his face from Him—of His bowing His head and dying ; and all this for you sins, and that for His sake God might pardon you. And then beseech Him to send down His Holy Spirit that you may be enabled to love Him, who has so first loved you.

And when you have turned your own steps towards "this happy land" then try how many you can persuade to come with you. Try at home among your little brothers and sisters, your young companions and friends ask them to love Jesus, and seek his heavenly glory. There are many, even in the beautiful country where you live, who know nothing of this happy land,—whenever you have an opportunity, help to tell them about it. But there are many more in some countries ; there are places in this world where *not one Christian* lives, where all the men and women and little children are poor ignorant heathen. They have never heard of Jesus Christ, never heard of heaven, and when they see the beautiful things which grow around them, they do not know who made them. Oh ! would you not like to help to teach them some of the blessed truths you know ? You can then my young friend—God's servants are continually going out to heathen countries to teach these poor people—and to the dark countries of South America where as yet no Missionary is dwelling, a kind Clergyman and a little band of Christians intend to go to try by God's blessing to bring them light. So if you wish to help—you can do it in this way. It costs a great deal of money to send these kind people so far away, and it costs a great deal more to build houses for them to live

in, and to make Schools and Churches for the heathen to be taught the gospel in, and this money is raised by little and great gifts, given by those who wish that all the sinners in the world may know the good Jesus. If you have that wish then—you will try to put your mite into the good cause—Instead of spending your pennies and sixpences upon yourself, you will put them by for the poor heathen, and thus by God's blessing you will help to bring some of them to the "Happy Land."

New Zealand and Tierra del Fuego.

The peculiar interest connected with the following lines, is owing to the circumstance that they were written more than thirty years ago in reference to New Zealand. At that time the New Zealanders were a nation of cannibals, but the language of faith, overleaping the difficulties then remaining to be conquered, put into the mouths of these poor degraded savages *a welcome* to the heralds of good tidings, which were to bring them joy. What was then *faith*, has now, we know, become *fact*; and the author, still enabled to believe that God's word shall not return unto him void, has kindly adapted the same sentiments to the poor children of dark Fuegia. May the same blessed result follow in their case!

Our readers will recollect the interesting cir-

cumstance of the New Zealand Christians sending, but a few months since, the donation of £24 to the Patagonian mission, holding out, as it were, the right hand of fellowship to a sister yet unreclaimed from bondage ; and this affords another pleasing link in the connection which faith would institute between the two nations.

THE FUEGIAN'S WELCOME TO THE ENGLISH MISSIONARIES.

Though far from England plac'd,
From England's children far away,
Farther from heav'n we are not cast,
Nor farther from heaven's King, than they.

The sun, that shines on their abode,
Here shines, with equal radiance fraught ;
The God they worship is our God,
Their Saviour our salvation wrought.

With all the convex world between,
We live as friends, as brethren love ;
Strangers on earth, nor known, nor seen,
But fellow-citizens above.

Then welcome to this lonely shore
The messengers of truth and grace ;
Welcome to bless with heav'nly lore
Fuegia's long-forgotten race.

Forgotten ? No ! The Lord of all,
Who sits enthron'd above the sky,

Forgets not, though a sparrow fall,
And hears the famish'd raven cry.

He felt our woes, our wants he knew,
When we were strangers to his name ;
And form'd ev'n then a chosen few.
His distant wand'ers to reclaim-

Gaily he bade the vessel bound,
Which bore his prize of heav'nly birth ;
And quell'd the fathomless profound,
That parts our tribe from Christian earth.

Then welcome to this lonely shore,
Ye heralds of redeeming grace ;
Thrice welcome be your heav'nly lore
To dark Fuegia's ransom'd race.

Teach us to welcome and receive
The truths your gracious lips display !
Ours be the wisdom to believe—
Ours the religion to obey !

E. G. M.

Reminiscences of Cape de Verd,

FROM JOURNALS OF MESSRS. J. A. ELLIS AND G. PHILLIPS,
SURGEON AND CATECHIST OF THE ALLEN GARDINER.

The additional information forwarded of the visit to Cape de Verd, is too interesting to be omitted, though we can only furnish our readers with a brief epitome of it.

“The Cape de Verd Islands present a remarkable appearance on first approach. The rocks form, in many places, abrupt vertical precipices—dark, stratified, and terminating above in numerous points. The general colouring of the Island is a reddish brown, diversified by patches of white or whitish brown. These patches, consisting of masses of chalky strata or agglomerated sea sand, all looking barren and desolate beyond conception. As the *Allen Gardiner* entered the bay, it was found that her seafaring companions consisted of an American frigate of 50 guns, and a smaller vessel of about 30 ; a dilapidated French war steamer, on its return to France ; a barque (the *Eliza Kellick*, of Liverpool) ; a brig ; two schooners ; and a cutter. A friendly greeting at once took place between the *Allen Gardiner* and the American frigate, which was soon followed by an invitation from the commodore of the latter for the passengers and captain of the *A. G.* to come on board. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Ellis accepted it, and were received with great politeness—the officers making many inquiries about the mission to South America, and receiving several papers explanatory of the same.

“Going on shore one morning, Mr. Ellis saw a Spanish Testament, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and on inquiry was told that it had been left by some missionaries from Gambia, who had visited the Islands some time ago. There he met with a negro, by name Grey, a domestic or clerk in the English Consul’s service, who told him that he came from Africa, and that his father was the first black who preached in Sierra Leone. He was respectable, intelligent, and well educated ; and conversed on religious and other subjects in a manner that much pleased Mr.

Ellis. Here is a happy proof of the indirect blessing which follows missionary efforts.

“The little party on board the A. G. were cheered by another friendly visit from the captain of the *Eliza Kellick* on the 24th, who joined in the service of commemoration of the departure from England.

“The awning being erected on the aft-deck, several of the lamps were lighted, and the service partook of a very serious and devout character. The scene and the occasion were impressive and strengthening, and the recollection that similar services were being carried on in various parts of their beloved land, and that the prayers of the faithful were on that day specially offered up on their behalf, gave fresh energy to the hearts of our voyaging friends, and drew out their souls in grateful love to God.

“On the following Sunday, the consul's son, accompanied by Grey and a negro lad who also came from Sierra Leone, were present at Divine service. The latter sang very nicely. Captain Coles and his crew attended service both morning and evening. Our friends were rejoiced to think that the stay of the *Allen Gardiner* at this place had not been unproductive of good.

“On the day of leaving the Islands another vessel, the *Croesus*, came into harbour. Mr. Ellis went on board with papers, and found her well stocked with passengers, and by report rich in specie. In conversation with the captain, he learnt that he knew both Captain Gardiner and Captain Sullivan. He also gave some account of the climate of the Falklands.”

At two P.M. the *Allen Gardiner* and its inmates quitted Cape de Verd, “leaving,” as Mr. Ellis writes, “a

good report behind us, and feeling much gratification with the incidents of our stay."

That the Lord may prosper the good seed sown, is our earnest prayer !

Missionary Anecdotes.

THE BLIND GIRL'S CONTRIBUTION.

A poor blind girl, in England, brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected—"You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much." "I am indeed blind," said she, "but can afford to give these thirty shillings better perhaps than you suppose." "How so?" enquired the clergyman. "I am sir," she replied, by trade a basket maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now I am sure in the last winter it must cost those girls who have eyes more than thirty shillings for candles, to work by, which I have saved, and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."

LITTLE GIFTS.

ONE STICK OF WOOD PER MONTH.—A missionary in one of the Sandwich Islands, describing his monthly meeting, reports that there were

seldom less than a hundred persons present. "Most of those," he relates, "who attended were in the habit of contributing, for benevolent objects, *one stick of wood per month*. It was no uninteresting sight to see men, women, and sometimes children, bringing their humble offerings on their shoulders, from the distance of one, two, or more miles. The men fetched the wood from the mountain for themselves and their wives; but the latter liked to present each one her own burden. Their contributions in this way, in one year, amount to the value of some dollars.

Remarks on the Aborigines of South America from Personal Observation.

THE PATAGONIANS.

The Patagonians inhabit that part of the continent included between the river Negro and the straits of Magallen, eastward of the Cordillera. The population of this part of the country is more scanty than any other, on account of the extensive districts being not only arid and rocky, but entirely devoid of herbage, and consequently of game; and also the scarcity of drinkable water.

Although so few in number as probably not to exceed 14,000 or 15,000 at the utmost, they are divided into five tribes: the Lullamuch, the Payniken, the Karmus, the Harwaneki, and the Tatchwell. Possessing no domestic animals except horses and dogs, and having neither the knowledge which is requisite, nor the inclination, to cultivate the soil, they are purely a nation of hunters, gathering indeed a few roots and berries in the season, but subsisting almost entirely upon the game which they pursue in the open plains, such as guanaco, ostrich, and armadillo, of which the former are the most numerous. Being so entirely dependent upon their success in hunting for their daily food, it cannot be a matter of surprise that they are migratory. As the herds of guanaco, in quest of herbage, move from one district to another, these skilful hunters, who from constant practice anticipate their periodical haunts, follow their track; and when they congregate, as they invariably do in the winter, in the vicinity of the coast, thither their pursuers likewise repair and fix their camp.

Although so migratory, each tribe is usually found within certain tolerably defined limits: the Lullamuch on the banks of the river Negro; the Payniken in a district further south; the Karmus occupy another tract midway between them and the Harwanecki, whose locations are in the immediate vicinity of the straits of Magellan; while the Tatchwell are found far to the westward, near to the eastern slopes of the Cordillera, fronting the archipelago of Madre del Dios; as nearly as I could ascertain from the account given me by a native of that part of the country, whom I met in 1842, during my stay in Coazy harbour.

The burden of government lies very lightly upon the

shoulders of the chiefs, who, except when called on to direct a hunting expedition, or to lead their warriors to battle, seldom intermeddle in the disputes or domestic affairs of their people : the head of each family being by ancient prescription regarded as judge and jury in his own particular circle, and there is seldom an appeal from his decision. They are polygamists, but only to the extent which is usual among almost all the aboriginal tribes of this continent ; the common people having but one wife, while the chiefs are accustomed to marry two or three women. They live in tents formed of several large skins, each containing the prepared hides of eight or ten guanacoës, very closely and neatly united together with the sinew of the ostrich. The fur side is placed without, supported by a few horizontal poles resting upon others firmly stuck in the ground. On three sides they are thus enclosed, but the front, which on account of the prevailing winds is almost invariably placed to the eastward, is left open until the sharp months of the winter oblige them to close it with an additional skin, and even to keep up a good fire within. During the remainder of the year the fire is kindled outside of the tent, near the entrance.

The men are attired in a mantle of the same material as that which covers their tents, reaching from the shoulder to the ankle. The women wear a shorter mantle, confined at the waist, and descending below the knees ; and occasionally a second, which covers the upper part of the body, and is confined by a metal or wooden skewer across the chest. As they do not make any description of pottery goods they have recourse to the rudest substitutes for carrying water, collecting berries, &c. ; using for this purpose skin bags and bladders.

In removing their encampment from place to place, they have little else with which to burthen their horses, than the skins and poles which form their tents, and perhaps some quarters of guanaco meat, which is their principal food. Among them are still to be found some sorcerers and wizards, though many of these were killed some years ago, by order of Quansi, at that time the principal Chief of their nation. But we look in vain for any vestige of religious worship : no sacrifices are now offered ; no prayers are made, and they have but a very indistinct idea of a Supreme Being, for whom however, they have two names, sometimes calling him Keka-once, and as frequently Tchur. Whatever goes ill with them they attribute to the influence of two evil spirits, whose 'abode is in the moon ; while they regard the sun as pre-eminently the residence of the Deity. In general they have proved themselves to be friendly and hospitable to strangers, though under certain circumstances, they have evinced a degree of grasping cupidity, accompanied by a threatening demeanour, which in their ordinary intercourse with foreigners, had not been observed. This was particularly the case during our residence in Gregory Bay ; perhaps owing to their own poverty and the ease with which they could extort from their visitors the abundant but absolutely necessary supplies with which they were provided. Their numerical weakness as a people is greatly increased by their section into so many small and widely spread tribes. Their passion for tobacco and trinkets, but more especially for spirits and biscuit, brings them into contact with the Buenos Ayrean Settlers at Carmen, on the river Negro, and the Chilians at Port Famine.

The Desire of all Nations.

Haggai ii. 7. Isaiah lii. 15.

Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
 Fruitful let thy sorrows be ;
 By thy pains and consolations
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee !
 Of Thy cross the wondrous story
 Be to many nations told ;
 Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
 And Thy mercies manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
 Human tears for thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest.
 Thirsting as for dews at even,
 As the new mown grass for rain,
 Thee they seek as God of heaven,
 Thee as man for sinners slain.

Saviour ! lo the isles are waiting,
 Stretch'd the hand and strain'd the sight,
 For Thy Spirit, new creating
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light :
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth, by every creature,
 Glory to the Lord be sung.

REV. C. COX.

The Allen Gardiner at Fernando de Noranha.

Approach to the Island—The 'Maidstone Hope'—Difficult Landing—Guard-house and Guards—Town and Citadel—Introduction to Governor—The Interpreter—Openings for Usefulness—The Word of God left in the Island.

On the 12th of December (as may be seen on reference to the extracts given from Capt. Snow's journal) the Mission Schooner, Allen Gardiner, dropped anchor in Citadel Bay—the entrance to the singular and beautiful Island of FERNANDO DE NORANHA. Her colours were up, and the Brazilian colours were seen to be hoisted on the Citadel and on another adjacent Fort. Two other Forts were in sight, but the Citadel only appeared to be in effective service—a garrison being regularly stationed there. Mr. Ellis thus describes the approach.

“ Before anchoring in Peak Bay, we passed a very interesting group of Islands—indeed the whole scene was beautiful and picturesque, and the excess of pleasure I experienced on viewing them can, perhaps, only be realized by those who, like myself, have not seen land for some time and lived day after day in the monotonous routine and sameness of objects of ‘a life at sea.’

“The day resembled some of our finest summer days in England—the sky was cloudless, and the sun shone brightly over land and sea, throwing that peculiar haziness over every object so well represented in some of Turner’s paintings. Rat and Booby Islands, which first met our view, are two low, flat Islands, covered with green sward, chequered by patches of dark brushwood. These, as we approached, were backed by the rocky Islands of St Michael, Egg, Platform, and Cloven; and by the remarkable Peak and wooded hills of Fernando de Noronha. St. Michael and Egg Islands are two rocky masses, dark and barren, frequented only by sea-fowl. Platform Island is a square rocky mass of about 100 feet high on the top, but precipitous at the sides, and having apparently only one landing place, from which a winding path led to the gateway of a deserted fortification, which occupied the whole area of its summit. The form of this fortification—as that of the Island—was square, and though dilapidated in some parts and in places overgrown with ivy, was on the whole in a tolerably good state of preservation; a few rusty cannons still peered over the walls, and the old watch towers still stood at the corners of the fortress, though untenanted and desolate. What the age of it may be, I know not, but my thoughts immediately

reverted to the days of Spanish and Portuguese adventure, when the inhabitants of the Old World poured across the ocean with irresistible ardour to possess themselves of the productions of the New ; when the nations of Europe strove in zealous rivalry to obtain the larger share of the newly-discovered prize, too often regardless of the rights of humanity, when they interfered with their eager and unscrupulous ambition. My thoughts then turned to our own Mission, to the degraded and oppressed races of that very land, and a prayer rose involuntarily to my lips beseeching God's blessing on our endeavours, and that He would enable us, in some measure at least, to make reparation for the atrocities and injustices committed by our forefathers.

Cloven Island is a huge cone of rock, rising abruptly from the sea and overtopping Platform Island, from which it is separated by a very little space. The Peak is visible from a great distance at sea, and before any other part of the Island of Fernando de Noronha ; it looks like a huge Druidical stone perched on the top of a green hill. The Island itself is well wooded and fertile—has a rocky coast and deep water close to the shore."

At 4 P.M. Captain Snow, accompanied by Mr. Ellis, prepared to go on shore for the purpose of obtaining some vegetables and fresh meat. The

‘Maidstone Hope,’ spoken of by the Captain as their chief working boat and praised as “*a very good boat*,” was lowered for the purpose of conveying them to the Island. Fernando de Noronha, like our southern Norfolk Island, is a Convict Settlement, and consequently a good deal of restriction is observed with the boats or *catamarans* belonging to the Islands;—they are allowed to leave the shore only at certain times. The difficulty of landing is great, the surf being very heavy. “In a short time,” writes the Captain, not deterred by difficulties, “I was in the boiling surf, carried onward on top of a roller with great velocity. There was, however, no fear, as I had a steer oar (whale fashion) and had dispensed with rudder. Our boats, too, are admirable for this sort of work, being built like whale boats, and I was consequently able to keep the “Maidstone Hope,” stem and stern, in a right line and end on the sea, without getting more than a good sprinkling. In a moment or two more we had touched the beach, and before the next sea came tumbling in upon us, all hands jumped out into the water, and pulled the boat clear of all further danger.” Mr. Ellis describes the beach as sandy—having no pier, but a paved slip, which terminates above in a square-walled enclosure, evidently fortified in other days—a black sentinel being still stationed by the wall.

Our two friends walked up an ascent leading to the guard-house, and were there received by a Brazilian corporal and mulatto soldier. The corporal could speak no language that they understood, nor did he comprehend English; but, by dint of pantomimic gestures and appeal to French, English and Spanish for words similar to his own, they managed to make known their wishes, and despatched a messenger to the Governor, stating the reasons of their landing and asking permission to purchase what was required. Thus involved the delay of half-an-hour, which passed rather irksomely but not uselessly—much information being gained from the corporal. He wrote upon his white belt, using a brass pin for a pen, the Governor's name—*Signore Don José Antonia Pinto*; the Adjutant's—*Raymond José de Sas Lobos*; and his own—*Vindeno*, which were afterwards found to be correct.

The narrative is thus pursued in Capt. Snow's journal:—

“Looking around us we perceived, at a short distance from this forsaken guard-house, the old Fort I have mentioned as at the head of the Bay. The soldiers were black, in light dress, and with the old style of muskets and flints; and one of these black soldiers was standing sentry near us. Civility, deference, and every attention

was, however, shown to us. Finding there was more delay than I wished, I expressed my desire to go on towards the Town and Citadel, at about a mile and a half off, and this induced the corporal to allow us to walk on, attended by two blacks to shew the way.

“ We proceeded on foot by a beaten track and over some sandy hills, when a horseman (a black orderly) was seen coming towards us. Directly he came up, he asked our attendants which of us two was the *Capitano*, and on being informed he made me understand that the horse was for me, sent as a mark of courtesy and respect from the Governor. I mounted, and walking leisurely over a now stone track, up hill—the Doctor on foot by my side—we passed some very beautiful spots, and had about as many picturesque views. The horse and all the steeds I saw appeared to be good, sinewy ponies, light brown colour and unshod. Up hill and down dale we went, and in one place rather steep, but the horse took his own way and soon brought us to the far-from-unpleasant looking Town—superior to St. Vincent’s in all respects.

“ Crossing a small stream, passing huts, houses and gardens—gaping men, women and children, nearly every one I saw being black, (the white prisoners were at work) leaving the Citadel—a strong looking place—high above us on our right,

we turned the valley, and ascended through the square of the Town, and by the side of a good-sized Romish Chapel, to the Governor's house, situated on an eminence at the upper part of the Town. Dismounting, we were received by black sentries and shewn into a lobby, where a civilian took charge of us, and, politely intimating that we were to follow, led the way to a room, poorly furnished, but in which was the Governor and his officers, all in light attire and without uniform.

“Being introduced, I tried to explain the object of our passing visit to the Island—but neither English nor French was spoken. The Doctor tried them in French, and at last I ventured a few words of Italian. Fortunately the Governor's Secretary understood Italian far better than I, but my little enabled me to explain, and we were soon on a good footing. The Governor, Sig. Pinto, expressed himself ready to sell us anything we wanted and then sent off for one of the prisoners who understood English. This being done. His Excellency (he was so styled by the others) escorted me to his Poultry and Pig Yard. Poultry I did not want, but a pig I thought if cheap would be well to buy, and asked the price. Seven millreas (about sixteen shillings English) was demanded and this I did not object to. Vegetables, &c. were then ordered for me, and

the Interpreter now coming forward, I was speedily able to converse more freely.

“Two objects were mine in visiting this Island; the one, as I was passing so close to it, to get fresh food, &c. and keep up our stores—the other, to try and leave the Word of God as we know it, among the poor unfortunates confined here. To do the latter required proper caution and judgment, so as not to—while away from our particular field of exertion—put our Missionary Vessel in any jeopardy by ill-timed rashness, but, in accordance with the spirit of my instructions, and what I deemed would be the wishes of the Committee and friends of the Mission, as well as my own feelings, I determined to make an effort—even through the Governor himself. How I succeeded will be presently seen.

“The Interpreter I found was a most intelligent and superior kind of man, speaking and writing very fair English. He was a German by birth, but now a prisoner for life on the Atlantic Island of Fernando de Noronha.”

Mr. Ellis's account of him is as follows :—

“The prisoner, who acted as our interpreter, was too remarkable a personage for me to omit giving a slight sketch of him. He was tall, thin, of light complexion and flaxen hair; his manners and conversation evinced a refinement and good

breeding that excited our interest and compassion. He told us that he was a German, that his father had been a merchant in Hull, that he was a *militaire* in the Brazilian service, that he had been eight years on the Island—to which, for some political offence he was banished for life—that he had a wife in the Island and two children. He said he was very badly off and begged some of Mrs. Snow's cast-off clothing for his wife, some salt meat, a little English tobacco, and some books or tracts. He could speak, fluently, English, German, French and Portuguese."

To proceed, however, with the Captain's narrative.

"Charles Seymour (such was his name) interpreted every thing I had to say, and many kindly expressions passed around. I gave full information as to our vessel, and at request wrote particulars, as also a list of anything I wanted. To this list were affixed prices in English and Brazilian monies, under the Governor's eye, and after a pleasing visit of near an hour, it was arranged that the things should be down on the beach for me the next morning at six, and I was to be with the Governor again soon after that hour. On taking leave, a guard was drawn up, two horses ready, and a friendly and polite adieu for the night made on the part of His Excellency and suite—the Doctor and I returning it heartily à l'Anglaise.

“ We then rode off and taking the same route by which we had come, got to the beach, where sable attendants took our horses, and it being nearly dusk, I at once gave orders to the men to get on board. The boat’s crew had amused themselves by collecting shells, &c., and Watts had given a religious book he was reading to one of the guard, who gladly received it—though in English—and asked for Portuguese books. This being told me, I promised some should come off in the morning, and I was truly pleased to find such an opening here, as well as at the Governor’s—to which I shall presently allude.

“ Dec. 13th. At 6 P.M. “ The Maidstone Hope,” with a store of books and tracts, and a dress and sundry things, kindly sent out by Mrs. Snow to the Interpreter’s wife, was pulled ashore without difficulty. I found horses waiting for me, and this time, accompanied by the second mate, and the cabin boy carrying the books, I started on the same route as yesterday. The articles I had ordered I passed on their way to the beach, and at the Governor’s house, I found His Excellency waiting for me. With the aid of our Interpreter I settled accounts, and paid in gold, which was no doubt acceptable, seeing that it was speedily transferred to His Excellency’s hands.

“ As the Interpreter had asked me to befriend

him, I now introduced the subject of books, and was able, by cautious management, to place my Bibles, &c. on the table. I asked leave to present one to the Interpreter, and also to allow three Testaments to be left for the poor prisoners. This was acceded to, and not only that, but the Governor himself expressed a desire to have one, if in Portuguese—and as I had provided myself with such, I gladly handed one to him. In giving the Interpreter his, and the presents I had brought with me, I bade him ever remember that it was not to myself he was indebted, but to the Missionary vessel the “Allen Gardiner,” and her owners the Patagonian Missionary Society. He was most thankful, and would have accompanied me on my way back, but, being a prisoner, I suppose he was not allowed, as he was recalled after going a few steps.

“I stopped at the cottage-hut he had pointed to me as his, and saw his wife and children—all black, or rather dark copper colour, and received their expressions of thanks for the articles given to them. Adding a few tracts in French, German and Portuguese, I bade them adieu, after caressing one of the little girls—a fine child of about five years old—and retraced my way as before, on horseback, to the beach, and having all on board by 10 A. M., made ready for our departure.

“ At 11 A.M. we got under weigh, and with all sails set passed the Citadel, where the colours were hoisted—to which we dipped ours and had a return, and where a white lady was seen watching our departure.

“ In concluding this hasty account of our visit here, I feel thankful when thinking that I was able to leave the Protestant Word of God in this singular, and, I believe, not very frequented Island, and I trust that what I have done will meet with the approval of friends at home, and be followed by the Divine blessing. I left about seventy-five Tracts—Portuguese, French, and one German; one Portuguese Bible; two Spanish Testaments; and two Portuguese Testaments; * the Interpreter telling me that of these latter, three should be distributed for use among the prisoners.”

Ah! lone Island of the sea! thus was precious seed cast upon thy soil—ofttimes watered with the captive's tear of sorrow. May He who from His throne of glory hears the groaning of the prisoner, cause the “good tidings” to bring a better than earthly deliverance to many a sin-bound and weary soul—and so bless the first Missionary work of the ALLEN GARDINER!

* The Allen Gardiner was supplied with her stock of Bibles, Testaments and Tracts, by the kind liberality of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society.

Little Willie, the Australian Orphan.

The narrative of which this is an abridgment, is here introduced to our readers as an instance of the grace of God shewn to a little heathen boy belonging to a nation as degraded and wild as the Fuegians themselves. Indeed the Australians and Fuegians have often been spoken of as specimens of the same class, and that the most abject of the human species, wandering, destitute of the common arts of life, ignorant even of husbandry, almost without clothing, and satisfied with the rudest shelter.

In one short year, however, we see one of these poor outcasts transformed into a grateful, affectionate Christian child—planning for his brothers, as the best of all the blessings with which he was surrounded, how to give them the knowledge of God.

And though we know it is not in the ordinary course of Divine Providence to grant such rapid success to human effort, yet is it cheering to our faith to witness it when granted, and we are reminded of the Word which assures us, that *the same Lord over all* is rich unto all that call upon Him.

About Christmas, 1850, a little orphan boy was wandering in the streets of Melbourne. He came there with some of his own black countrymen, who were bringing wood from the interior for sale. A poor woman pitied the neglected child, and gave him food and shelter for a few days. He went with her children to school, though he could not speak English, and here he attracted the notice of a clergyman—the Rev. Lloyd Chase, who, in hopes of training him to become a Missionary to his heathen countrymen, brought him to England for educa-

tion. During the voyage, Willie—as the child was called—was a great favorite with the sailors, being very quicksighted and active. One day he climbed to the mast-head, and said to the man stationed there, “Ver near moon,” and descended by one rope. He learned, while on shipboard, to repeat a little catechism which Mr. Chase prepared for him, and acquired a good deal of English.

On arriving in England he was immediately taken to Reading, where he found kind friends who took much pains with him. Learning to read was for a long time an up-hill task with him, but he was very fond of writing and drawing. His observation was very quick, and his readiness to imitate everything he saw done was surprising—but he at this time often shewed much sullenness of temper, and whenever he saw anything he wished for, would exclaim “Buy me that,” without evincing any sense of the kindness shewn him.

Towards the end of November he was taken to Iver, where he was not only kindly instructed by the Rev. James Chase, but had lessons, three times a week, in different trades, in order that he might be able to earn his own bread if needful, and it was surprising how quickly he learned to plait straw, make shoes, &c. At this time, the good seed which had been prayerfully sown

in little Willie's heart, began to spring up. He soon shewed great interest in divine things. Often, in looking at some Scripture prints, he would say, "Now look mine," meaning his favorite picture, which was Jesus kneeling in the garden of Gethsemane. One day he came up to Mrs. K. and said, "Ma'am, what Jesus say to us, when we go to heaven?" Not quite understanding what he meant, she said, "He will welcome us to heaven—He is gone to prepare a place for us." "But what He say?" said Willie. Mrs. K. remembered then, that the 25th chapter of St. Matthew's gospel was read at family prayers, and repeated, to Willie's great delight, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." They went on talking of that great day, and Willie anxiously asked if Jesus loved him. He took great delight in the services of the church, and it was quite a pleasure to him if he could get any one to read or repeat it to him, and if they made a mistake he would often correct them, for he knew a great part of the service by heart.

An attack of illness towards the end of the month of January, the second from which he suffered, now reduced him to a state of infantine weakness. He was at Reading, and Mr. Chase was sent for, and being very anxious that the

child should be baptized, carefully enquired into the state of his mind, by simple and searching questions. The Curate of the Parish also visited him, and, after examination, baptized him, in the presence of the family.

One evening, when Mr. Chase was about to leave him, he said, "I not say my prayers," so Mr. C. said, "Well, dear Willie, say them now;" and he then repeated them very solemnly, adding at the end, of his own accord,—

Glory, honour, praise and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

He afterwards asked Mr. C. to pray. He said, "What shall I ask God for?" Willie thought for some time and then said, "Ask God to take away my pain, and give me His Holy Spirit." Another night, when he made the same request, and was asked "Why do you want the Holy Spirit?" he replied, with surprise, "To make me clean heart."

Willie had one day been talking about his brothers to his kind hostess, and telling her his history, adding, "I should like to see my brothers again." She replied, "Well, perhaps you will see them some day, and then you can tell them all about England." "Yes," said Willie, "but I shall tell them *about God first*; no one know about God in the bush." Another day,

he said he should like to go and teach his brothers. Mr. Chase said, "Shall I go and teach them?" He seemed to think this would be of no use, and said, "They would not understand you, and you not understand them." When asked, "Willie, did you not pray to God in the bush?" He answered—almost reproachfully—"Not know God." Mrs. M. one day said to him, "How good it was of God to send such a kind friend to bring you to England." He replied, "And to tell me about Jesus; if Jesus had not died for me, I go to hell with the devils." Another day he said, "Mr. Chase, I love you."

When it became apparent that he could not recover, Mr. Chase told him the great God was going to send for him. He made no reply at the time, but at night said to the nurse, "I die in the morning." The last night was one of great restlessness and suffering, but he continued sensible to the last, and at six o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 10th of April, 1852, his spirit left its earthly tabernacle.

His remains were interred at the cemetery at Reading, and an inscription placed at the head of his grave, with the following text:—

"I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—REV. vii. 9.

Godly Zeal.

Have you, Christian reader, ever sought to fathom the full tide of interest and feeling, which has doubtless been raised in your heart, as you have heard of fresh openings for the spread of your Redeemer's kingdom and the glory of His name? Or, have you taken it for granted that, at such times, you are actuated by true zeal for His cause, and not by a mere enthusiasm which "shall be as the morning cloud and as the early dew that passeth away; as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney."

These two states of mind, which at first sight may so closely resemble each other, as to be easily confounded together, are well defined in the following terms. "Zeal is a principle, enthusiasm is a feeling. The one is a spark of a sanguine temperament and over-heated imagination; the other, a sacred flame, kindled at God's altar and burning on God's shrine." How well would it be, to examine each one for ourselves, to what source the interest we feel and the labour we bestow, on the cause of God, is to be traced.

Have our feelings been excited by accounts of suffering and martyrdom, brought from a distant land?—by earnest appeals made with dying breath, for the heathen of South America?—by the spirit of enterprise, connected with the setting forth of a new expedition, on an arduous mission? If these, or any other such grounds, form the basis of our interest and our energy, we are but the victims of enthusiasm, not the possessors of a sound and holy zeal.

"Zeal is a principle." It has a foundation and a superstructure; it may be employed against God or

for God ; in the one case it is a principle of hatred, exhibited in acts of enmity ; in the other, a principle of love, exhibited in acts of devotion. A holy zeal for God, looks beyond the things of time, for its spring of action, because it is not the product of the fallen heart of man, but one of the new created desires of the soul born of God.

“ We love Him, because He first loved us.” The child of God looks back to eternity, and sees that love fixed on *him* ; as those covenant purposes unfold, personal, individual love still appears ;—“ He gave Himself for *me*.” Here is the foundation of his love for God, and consequently of his zeal—which is but the development of the exercise of love.

Has such love been shewn me, from “ before the foundation of the world ?” Is it manifesting itself to me day by day ? Will it keep me to the end, so that I can say, “ I am continually with Thee, Thou hast holden me by my right hand, Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory ?” And shall not the flame of love burn brightly in my heart, and lead me to more abiding, more self-sacrificing exertion, than the kindlings of imagination, or the excitement of natural temperament can ever produce ? Thus, zeal for God will not be daunted by discouragements ; it will not be turned from its purpose ; it will not die out for want of continual external supplies of excitement ; it will not be dependant on large successes, but will be satisfied with those God may grant, knowing that all things proceed from Him and that He gives or withholds, according to His good pleasure. It will lead to the employment of all means within reach ; all human helps, as instruments to be used, according to the Lord’s appointment ;—especially to God himself, in

prayer for wisdom, grace, and strength to carry on the work which He has placed in our hands,—for the outpouring of His Spirit, and the ultimate fulfilment of His designs.

That cannot be true zeal for God, however active its professor may externally appear, which does not lead to earnest supplication. And why? Because human weakness and insufficiency for any good work, *must* be realised by every possessor of Divine grace, and all true grace turns to its author for continually increased supplies. “He giveth grace to help in time of need,” and He alone can “open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.” What a test is this, of the soundness of our zeal: may each of us try ourselves by it, rather than by the amount of active exertion we are able to make. The one *may be*, but the product of nature, the other *must be*, the work of a new and divine principle in the soul.

H. M. W.

A Family Offering.

Among the kind contributions which have reached us during the past month, one, conveyed in a particularly pleasing form, must be noticed, in order that its example may be followed.

It was a *Christmas gathering* from a family party—a gathering of small sums which would otherwise have been expended in mutual gifts. The donations bear mottos as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
A Beginning	0	0	4½
"I live in Hope"	0	2	6
"Of Thine own have we given Thee"	0	10	0
"Be zealous in a good cause"	0	5	0
"Be not weary in well doing"	0	1	0
1 Chron. xxii. 16.	0	1	6
One who is Sceptical	0	2	6
"A mite" from two Friends	0	2	0
An Ending	0	0	1½
	£1	5	0

We do not quite understand how and to what extent the "*sceptical*" donor owns his or her scepticism. We think, however, the gift is a proof that there is "hope even against hope," and we may be permitted to waft to him or her the sincere wish that the next donation given, may be headed, "One who is sanguine." Why not?

"Faith, mighty faith, *the promise sees,*
And looks to that alone;
 Laughs at impossibilities,
 And says, IT SHALL BE DONE!"

The Inca's Child.

The celebrated traveller Humboldt, explored the ruins of the ancient Inca's Palace at Casamarca, accompanied by an intelligent boy, the son of the Indian Cacique, and the descendant of the last Inca. A part of the conversation with his youthful guide has been embodied in

the following verses. The same Author alludes to the belief common among the native Peruvians, that a mighty conquerer of their own race shall arise, and restore their long lost power and glory to the children of the Sun.

Aye stranger, mark the ruin'd walls,
The broken columns round ;
'Twas here my fathers held their state,
As monarchs, robed and crowned.
'Twas here their ancient palace stood,
All bright with gems and gold ;
Things in this sunless western world
Undreamt of and untold.

And here with bloodless offerings,
And mystic rites divine,
They bowed their crested heads before
The Sun, their father's shrine.
But oh ! how long have passed away,
Those days of joy and pride ;
Here, by the Spaniard's cruel hand,
Peru's last Inca died.

Yet could'st thou cleave the solid earth .
That lies beneath thy feet ;
Glories thou hast no tongue to tell ;
Thy wandering gaze would meet.
There gardens many a mile extend,
Pure gold their trees and flowers,
And golden fruits the branches bend,
In those enchanted bowers.

Boy—if within the earth indeed
Those buried treasures lie,
How canst thou be content to pine
In hopeless poverty ?
Content to earn thy daily bread,
By ceaseless daily toil,
While useless 'neath the earth we tread,
Remains that precious spoil.

Stranger—we've bread enough to eat ;
 We need and ask no more ;
 The white man's hate would follow us,
 Were our's that golden shore.
 Besides, it is a holy thing,
 'Twere sin to wish it ours,
 And daring were the mortal hand
 Would touch those golden flowers.

For oh ! not yet the time is come
 That shall our right restore ;
 Our Father's eye is on the land,
 His children ruled before.
 Though long delayed the morning's dawn,
 'Twill greet our anxious eyes,
 Our Inca King for Cuzco's throne
 In victor strength shall rise.

Scorn not the Inca's simple faith
 In such a dream as this,
 If thou dost walk in clearer light
 And hope for purer bliss.
 And tho' the tale be all untrue,
 Reprove—destroy—it not,
 'Tis well that Fancy sheds her ray
 Upon so dark a lot.

Nought but the deathless soul of man
 A longing look may cast,
 Both onward to the days to be—
 And backward on the past.
 For all beside that breathe and feel
 Have but the present hour,
 The boon of hope and memory
 Is man's immortal dower.

And still in every human breast
 There glows the feeling strong—
 That there shall come a day of right
 For all that suffer wrong ;
 That high above the storms of earth
 A God of justice reigns,
 Who shall avenge the martyr's blood
 And break the captive's chains.

Aye—to that faith—or true—or false
 For many a bitter year
 A thousand, thousand hearts have clung
 'Midst agony and fear—
 Have upward looked through blinding tears
 To that one solace given,
 For those that have no other joy,
 By Him who dwells in Heaven.

It is not false, it is not vain,
 That hope so pure and blest,
 For justice shall the tyrant find
 And mercy the oppressed.
 Our God shall bear His mighty arm,
 Bid war and anguish cease,
 And the dark mystery of His ways
 Shall end in joy and peace.

A King shall come—a victor King
 Our waiting hearts to bless,
 Shall set the mourning captives free—
 Shall reign in righteousness.
 His smile of love o'er earth and sea
 Like sunshine shall abide,
 And every chain shall fall away
 And every tear be dried.

Aye, blest be God that *we* rejoice
 In hope of that bright day,
 And see earth's dewy tears lit up
 By morning's golden ray.
 But millions pine in darkness round,
 Or only raise their eyes
 With yearnings aimless—vague—intense,
 To dim and starless skies.

Oh lead them to the Mercy-seat,
 Where none e'er knelt in vain,
 Tell them of Him who came to die
 And yet shall come to reign.
 And may He speed the blessed day
 When on their darkened eyes
 The glorious sun of righteousness
 For ever shall arise.

DEBORAH.

